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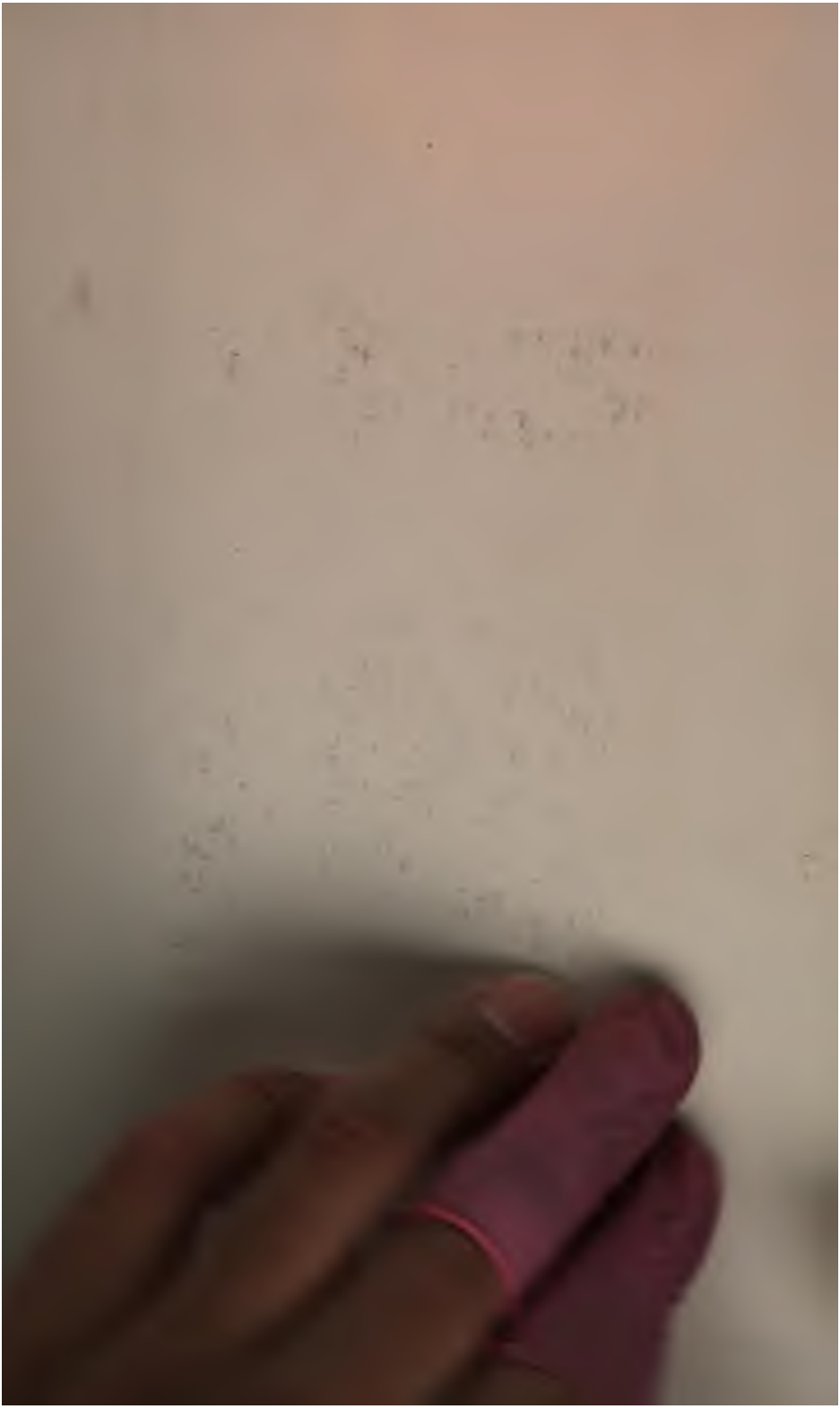

THE WORKS

OF

HENRY FIELDING, ESQ.

With an Essay on his Life and Genius

BY

ARTHUR MURPHY, ESQ.

A NEW EDITION

EDITED BY

JAMES P. BROWNE, M.D. (EDINB.)

IN ELEVEN VOLUMES

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THE

LETTER WRITERS:

OR,

A NEW WAY

TO KEEP

A WIFE AT HOME.

A FARCE

IN THREE ACTS.

FIRST ACTED IN 1781.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Rakel,	MR. LACY.
Commons,	MR. MULLART.
Mr. Wisdom,	MR. JONES.
Mr. Softly,	MR. HALLAM.
Risque,	MR. REYNHOLD.
John,	MR. WATHAN.
Sneaksby,	MR. DAVENPORT.

WOMEN.

Mrs. Wisdom,	MRS. LACY.
Mrs. Softly,	MRS. MULLART.
Betty,	MRS. STOKES.

CONSTABLES, WHORES, FIDDLERS, SERVANTS, &c.

SCENE, THE STREET.

A

NEW WAY

TO KEEP

A WIFE AT HOME.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *the Street.*

RAKEL, RISQUE.

RAKEL [*Reading a letter*]

'SIR,

'Your late behaviour hath determined me never to 'see you more; if you get entrance into this house for 'the future, it will not be by my consent; for I desire 'you would henceforth imagine there never was any 'acquaintance between you and

'LUCRETIA SOFTLY.'

So! the letter was thrown out of the window, was it?

Risq. Ay, Sir, I am sure there is no good news in it by the face of that jade Susan. I know by the countenance of the maid when the mistress is in good humour.

Rak. Well, may you meet with better success in the next expedition. Here, carry this letter to Mrs. Wisdom, I'll wait here till you return with an answer.

Risq. But, Sir———

Rak. Well, Sir?

Risq. This affair, Sir, may end in a blanketing, and that is a danger I never love to run with an empty stomach.

Rak. Sirrah; if I were to be tossed myself I would wish to be as empty as possible; but thou art such an epicure, thou art continually thinking on thy belly.

Risq. The reason of that is very plain, Sir; for I am continually hungry. Whilst I followed your honour's heels as a soldier I expected no better fare; but, since I have been promoted to the office of pimp, I ought to live in another manner. Would it not vex a man to the heart to run about gnawing his nails like a starv'd skeleton, and see every day so many plump brethren of the same profession riding in their coaches?

Rak. Bring me but an answer to my wish, and then———

Risq. Don't promise me, Sir——for then I shall be sure of having nothing.——If you were but as like a great man in your riches as you are in your promises, I should dine oftener by two or three days a week than I do now.

Rak. To your business. It is happy for the nation that this fellow ran away from his master; for, had he become an authorised attorney, he would have been a greater burden to the town he was quartered on than our whole regiment.

SCENE II.

RAKEL, COMMONS.

Com. Captain Rakel, your servant.

Rak. Jack Commons!——My dear rake, welcome to town: how do all our friends at quarters?

Com. All in the old way. I left your two brother officers with two parsons and the mayor of the town as drunk as your drums.

Rak. Mr. Mayor, indeed, is a thorough honest fellow; and hath not, I believe, been sober since he was in the chair; he encourages that virtue as a magistrate, which he lives by as a publican.

Com. Very fine, faith! and if the mayor was a glazier, I suppose he would encourage breaking windows too.

Rak. But prithee, what hath brought thee to town?

Com. My own inclinations chiefly. I resolved to take one swing in the charming plains of iniquity; so I am come to take my leave of this delicious lewd place, of all the rakes and whores of my acquaintance,——to spend one happy month in the joys of wine and women, and then sneak down into the country, and go into orders.

Rak. Ha, ha, ha! And hast thou the impudence to pretend to a call?

Com. Ay, Sir; the usual call; I have the promise of a good living. Lookee, captain, my call of piety is much the same as yours of honour.—You will fight, and I shall pray, for the same reasons, I assure you.

Rak. If thy gown doth not rob thee of sincerity, thou wilt have one virtue under it at least.

Com. Ay, ay, sincerity is all that can be expected; that is the chief difference among men. All men have sins; but some hide them. Vice is as natural to us as our skins, and both would equally appear, if we had neither clothes nor hypocrisy to cover them.

Rak. Thou art a fine promising holder forth, faith, and dost begin to preach in a most orthodox manner.

Com. Pox of preaching! will you go steal an act or two of the new tragedy?

Rak. Not I——I go to no tragedy——but the tragedy of Tom Thumb.

Com. The tragedy of Tom Thumb! what the devil is that?

Rak. Why, Sir, it is a tragedy that makes me laugh: and, if your sermons will do as much, I shall be glad to make one of your audience.

Com. Will you go to the tavern?

Rak. No, I am engaged.

Com. Engaged; then it must be to a bawdy-house, and I'll along with you.

Rak. Indeed, you cannot, my young Levite; for mine is a private bawdy-house, and you will not be admitted, even though you had your gown on.

Com. If thy engagement be not pressing, thou shalt go along with me: I will introduce thee to a charming fine girl, a relation of mine.

Rak. Dost thou think me dull enough to undergo the ceremonies of being introduced by a relation to a modest woman?—Hast thou a mind to marry me to her?

Com. No, Sir, she is married already.—There are a brace of them, as fine women as you have seen, and both married to old husbands.

Rak. Nay, then they are worth my acquaintance, and some other time thou shalt introduce me to them.

Com. Nay, thou shalt go drink tea with one of them now—It is but just by—I dined there to-day, and my uncle is now gone abroad. Come, 'tis but two steps into the square here, at the first two lamps.

Rak. The first two lamps!

Com. Ay, no farther——Her husband's name is Wisdom.

Rak. By all that's unlucky, the very woman I have sent Risque to! [*Aside.*

Com. Come, we'll go make her a visit now, and to-morrow I'll carry thee to my aunt Softly.

Rak. Another mistress of mine, by Lucifer. [*Aside.* Hast thou no more female relations in town?

Com. No more? Won't two serve your unreasonable appetite?

Rak. But thou seemest to be so free of them, I could wish thee, for the sake of the public, related to all the beauties in Christendom. But, Jack, I hope these two aunts of thine are not rigidly virtuous?

Com. Ha, ha, ha!—Do not I tell thee they are young and handsome, and that their husbands are old?

Rak. And thou wouldst not take it amiss if one were to dub an uncle of thine a cuckold?

Com. Harkye, Tom, if thou hadst read as much as I, thou wouldst know that cuckold is no such term of reproach as it is imagined: half the great men in history are cuckolds on record. Take it amiss! ha, ha, ha! Why, my uncle himself will not; for the whole world knows he is a cuckold already.

Rak. How?

Com. Ay, Sir, when an old man goes publicly to church with a young woman he proclaims that title loud enough. But come, will you to my aunt?

Rak. You must excuse me now.

Com. When I make you such another offer, you shan't refuse it: I thought you would have postpon'd any business for a mistress.

Rak. But I am in pursuit of another mistress, one I am pre-engaged to.—Afterwards, Sir, I am at the service of your whole family.

Com. Success attend your iniquity.—I'll enquire for you at the Tilt-yard. So, your servant.

Rak. Yours.—A very pretty fellow this—I find, if he should discover my amours, he is not likely to be any obstacle to them.

SCENE III.

RAKEL, RISQUE.

Rak. So, Sir.

Risq. Sir, I have with great dexterity deliver'd your honour's letter, and with equal pleasure have brought you an answer.

Rak. [*Reads.*]

'Be here at the time you mention, my husband is 'luckily out of the way. I wish your happiness be (as 'you say) entirely in the power of

'ELIZABETH WISDOM.'

Ay, now thou hast perform'd well indeed, and I'll give thee all the money I have in my pocket for an encouragement. Odso! I have but sixpence about me —here, take, take this and be diligent.

Risq. Very fine encouragement truly! This it is to serve a poor, beggarly, lousy——If half this dexterity had been employ'd in the service of a great man, I had been a captain or a Middlesex justice long ago—But I must tug along the empty portmanteau of this shabby no-pay ensign. Pox on't, what can a man expect who is but the rag-carrier of a rag-carrier?

SCENE IV.

MRS. WISDOM, RAKEL.

Mrs. Wisd. Sure never any thing was so lucky for us as this threatening letter: while my husband imagined

I should go abroad, he was almost continually at home: but now he thinks himself secure of my not venturing out, he is scarce ever with me.

Rak. How shall I requite this goodness, which can make such a confinement easy for my sake?

Mrs. Wisd. The woman that thinks it worth her while to confine herself for her gallant thinks herself sufficiently requited by his company.

Betty [*Entering.*] Oh! Madam, here's my master come home: had he not quarrell'd with the footman at the door, he had certainly found you together.

Rak. What shall I do?

Mrs. Wisd. Step into this closet—quick, quick, what can have sent him home so soon?

SCENE V.

MR. WISDOM, MRS. WISDOM.

Mrs. Wisd. Oh! my dear! you are better than your word now; this is kind, indeed, to return so much earlier than your promise.

Mr. Wisd. Mr. Mortgageland hath disappointed me: I'm afraid somebody else hath taken him off my hands: so let some of the servants get me my nightgown and slippers, for I intend to stay at home all the evening.

Mrs. Wisd. Was ever such ill-luck——they are both in my closet.——Lord, child, why will you put on that odious nightgown; indeed, it doth not become you—you don't look pretty in it, lovey, indeed you don't.

Mr. Wisd. Pshaw; it doth not become a wife to dislike her husband in any dress whatsoever.

Mrs. Wisd. Well, my dear, if you command, I will be always ready to obey.—Betty, go fetch your master's nightgown out of my closet.—Take care you don't open

the door too wide, lest you throw down a China basin that is just within it.

Mr. Wisd. Come, give me a kiss; you look very pretty to-night, you little wanton rogue.—Adod! I shall, I shall make thee amends for the pleasures you miss abroad.

Mrs. Wisd. So you won't put the money where the rogues order you, and you'll have your poor wife murder'd to save twenty guineas.

Mr. Wisd. If you stay at home, you will not be murder'd, and I shall save many a twenty guineas.

Mrs. Wisd. But then, I shall lose all my acquaintance by not returning their visits.

Mr. Wisd. Then I shall lose all my torments: and truly, if I owe this loss to the letter-writer, I am very much oblig'd to him. I would have tied a much larger purse to the knocker of my door to have kept it free from that rat-tat-tat-tat-tat, which continually thunder'd at it.

SCENE VI.

MR. SOFTLY, MR. WISDOM, MRS. WISDOM.

Mr. Soft. Mr. Wisdom, your servant, Madam, I am your humble servant: a friend of yours, Mr. Wisdom, expects you at Tom's.

Mr. Wisd. Nay, if he be come, I must leave thee for one hour, my dear. So, take the key of my closet, and fetch me that bundle of parchment that lies in the bureau.

Mrs. Wisd. I will, my dear.—This is extremely lucky. [*Aside.*

SCENE VII.

MR. WISDOM, MR. SOFTLY.

Mr. Soft. Well: doth the plot succeed notably?

Mr. Wisd. To my wish. She hath not ventured to stir abroad since. This demand you have drawn upon my wife for twenty pound, will be of more service to me than a draught on the bank for so many hundreds.

Mr. Soft. I wish your threatening letter to my wife had met with the same success: but alack! it hath a quite contrary effect. She swears she'll go abroad the more now to shew her courage: but, that she may not appear too rash, she hath put me to the expense of an additional footman; and, instead of staying at home, she carries all my blunderbusses abroad.——Her coach, when she goes a visiting, looks like a general officer's going to a campaign.

Mr. Wisd. But if it came to that extremity I would lock up my doors, and shut her in, on pretence of shutting rogues out.

Mr. Soft. But I cannot shut her companions out: I should have a regiment of women on my back for ill-using my wife, and have a sentence of cuckoldom pronounced against me at all the assemblies and visiting days in town. If I could prevail by stratagem; well: but I am too certain of the enemy's strength to attempt the subduing her by force.

Mr. Wisd. Thank my stars, my wife is of another temper.

Mr. Soft. You will not take it ill, brother Wisdom: but your wife is not a woman of that spirit as mine is.

Mr. Wisd. No, Heaven be praised; for of all evil spirits that of a woman is surely the worst.

Mr. Soft. Truly, it is a perfection that costs a man as much as it is worth.

Mr. Wisd. But what do you intend to do?

Mr. Soft. I know not. Something I must; for my house at present is like a garrison; I have continually guards mounting and dismounting, while I know no enemy but my wife, and she's within.

SCENE VIII.

MR. SOFTLY, MR. WISDOM, MRS. WISDOM.

Mrs. Wisd. Here are the parchments, my dear.

Mr. Wisd. You know the necessity of my engagement, and will excuse me.

Mr. Soft. No ceremony with me, brother.

Mr. Wisd. If you will stay with my wife till my return, she will be much obliged to you: you may entertain one another at picquet; you are no high player any more than she.

Mrs. Wisd. I shall be too hard for him; for I fancy he is a player much about your pitch, and you know I always get the better of you.

Mr. Wisd. Well, well, to it, to it. I leave you together.

SCENE IX.

MR. SOFTLY, MRS. WISDOM.

Mr. Soft. I am but a bad player, Madam; but to divert you—

Mrs. Wisd. How shall I get rid of him?—I am not much inclined to picquet at present, Mr. Softly.

Mr. Soft. Hum! very likely! any other game that you please——if I can play at it.

Mrs. Wisd. No, you can't play at it——for to be plain, I am obliged to write a letter into the country. I hope you'll excuse me.

Mr. Soft. Oh! dear sister! I will divert the time with one of these newspapers: ay, here's the Grub-street Journal—An exceeding good paper this; and hath commonly a great deal of wit in it.

Mrs. Wisd. ——But——I am the worst person in the world at writing: the least noise disturbs me.

Mr. Soft. I am as mute as a fish.

Mrs. Wisd. I know not how to express it, I am so ashamed of the humour——But I cannot write whilst any one is in the room.

Mr. Soft. Hum! very probable! there is no accounting for some humours—Well, you may trust me in the closet. This closet and I have been acquainted before now. [*Offers to go in.*

Mrs. Wisd. By no means, I have a thing in that closet you must not see.

SCENE X.

MR. SOFTLY, MRS. WISDOM, COMMONS.

Com. What, is not my uncle Wisdom returned yet?

Mrs. Wisd. I am surprised you should return, Sir, unless you have learnt more civility than you shew'd at dinner to-day; your behaviour then seem'd very unfit for one who intends to put on that sacred habit you are design'd for.

Com. You may be as scurrilous as you please, aunt: it hath been always my resolution to see my relations as seldom as I can; and when I do see them never to mind

what they say.—I have been at your house too, uncle Softly, and have met with just such another reception there: but come, you and I will go drink one honest bottle together—I have not crack'd a bottle with you since I came to town.

Mrs. Wisd. For Heaven's sake, dear brother, do any thing to get him hence.

Mr. Soft. Well, nephew, as far as a pint goes.

Com. Ay, ay, a pint is the best introduction to a bottle.—Aunt, will you go with us?

Mrs. Wisd. Faugh! brute!

Com. If you won't, you may let it alone.

Mr. Soft. Sister, your humble servant.

Mrs. Wisd. I'll take care to prevent all danger of a surprise [*locks the door*]—there.—Captain, captain, you may come out, the coast is clear.

SCENE XI.

MRS. WISDOM, RAKEL.

Rak. These husbands make the most confounded long visits.

Mrs. Wisd. Husbands! why I have had half a dozen visitants since he went away; I thought you had overheard us.

Rak. Not I, truly; I have been entertaining myself with the Whole Duty of Man, at the other end of the closet.

Mrs. Wisd. You are very unconcerned in danger, captain.

Rak. Yes, Madam, danger is my profession; and these sort of dangers are so common to me, that they give me no surprise. I have declar'd war with the

whole commonwealth of husbands ever since I arriv'd at years of discretion.

Mrs. Wisd. Rather with the wives, I'm afraid.

Rak. No, Madam; I always consider the wife as the town, and the husband as the enemy in possession of it. I am not for burning nor razing where I go; but when I have driven the enemy out of his fortress, I march in in the most gentle, peaceable manner imaginable. So, Madam, if you please, we will walk into the closet together.

Mrs. Wisd. What, to read the Whole Duty of Man? Ha, ha, ha!

Rak. Ay, my angel! and you shall say I practise what I read.——[*Takes her in his arms*, Mr. Wisdom *knocks, she starts from him.*

Mr. Wisd. [*without*] What, have you shut yourselves in?

Rak. Ourselves! oh! the devil, doth he know I am here?

Mrs. Wisd. No, no, no; to your hole, quick, quick, quick.

Mr. Wisd. Why, child, Mr. Softly, don't you hear? what, have you play'd yourselves asleep?

Mrs. Wisd. Oh! my dear, are you there?

SCENE XII.

MR. WISDOM, MRS. WISDOM.

Mr. Wisd. [*Entering.*] If we were not so nearly related, I should not like this locking up together. Heyday! Where is my brother Softly?

Mrs. Wisd. Alas! my dear, my ungracious nephew hath been here, and taken him away to the tavern.

Mr. Wisd. Why will you suffer that fellow to come within my doors, when you know it is against my will?

Mrs. Wisd. Alas, child, I don't know how to shut your doors against your own relations.

Mr. Wisd. And what were you doing, hey? that you were lock'd in so close by yourself.

Mrs. Wisd. I was only saying a few prayers, my dear; but indeed these incendiaries run so in my head, I never think myself safe enough.

Mr. Wisd. Heaven bless the hour I first thought of putting them there. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Wisd. Well, child, this is very good in you to come home so soon.

Mr. Wisd. I only call on you in my way to the city; for I must speak to alderman Longhorns before I sleep. I am sorry you have lost brother Softly; he might have diverted you a little.

Mrs. Wisd. I can divert myself well enough in my closet for that matter.

Mr. Wisd. Ay, do so. Reading is an innocent and instructive diversion. I will be back with the utmost expedition. Is your closet lock'd, child? there are some papers in it which I must take with me.—

Mrs. Wisd. What shall I do?—Lud, my dear, I—I —have lost the key, I think.

Mr. Wisd. Then it must be broke open; for they are of the utmost consequence——Nay, if you can't tell me where you have laid it, I can't stay, the lock must be broke open; I'll call up one of the servants.

Mrs. Wisd. Nay, then, confidence assist me.——Here, here it is, child—I have nothing but assurance to trust to; and I am resolv'd to exert the utmost.

[*Opens the door,* Rakel *runs against him, throws him down; he looks on* Mrs. Wisdom, *she points to the door, and he runs out.* Mrs. Wisdom *shrieks.*]

Mr. Wisd. Oh! I am murder'd.

Mrs. Wisd. The incendiaries are come. My dream is out, my dream is out.

Mr. Wisd. My horns are out.

Mrs. Wisd. Oh! my dear, sure never any thing was so lucky as this stay of yours. Heaven knows what he would have done to me had I been alone.

Mr. Wisd. Ay, ay, my dear, I know what he would have done to you very well.

Mrs. Wisd. I hope you will be advis'd, and put the money where you are desir'd, before any thing worse happens.

Mr. Wisd. I shall put you out of doors before any thing worse happens.

Mrs. Wisd. My dear?

Mr. Wisd. My devil! come, come, confess, it is done already; am I one or no?

Mrs. Wisd. Are you what, my love?

Mr. Wisd. Am I a beast, a monster? a husband?

Mrs. Wisd. Defend me——Sure the fright hath turn'd your brain. Are you a husband? yes, I hope so, or what am I?

Mr. Wisd. Ah! crocodile! I know very well what sort of robber was here. Nay, perhaps, he was a robber, and you may have conspired together to rob me: I don't doubt but you was concern'd in writing the letter too. No one likelier to extort money from a man than his wife.

Mrs. Wisd. Oh! barbarous, cruel, inhuman aspersion.

Mr. Wisd. Is he a conjuror as well as a thief, and could he go through the keyhole? How came he into that closet? How came he into that closet, Madam, without your knowledge? Answer me that. Did he go through the door?

Mrs. Wisd. I swear by——

Mr. Wisd. Hold, hold. I don't question but you will swear through a thousand doors to get off.

Enter JOHN.

John. Oh! Sir, this moment, as I was walking in the yard, I spied a fellow offering to get in at my lady's closet window.

Mr. Wisd. How!

John. Dear Sir, step but into the closet, you will find the window broke all to pieces.

Mr. Wisd. The villains!—John, take the candle and go in before me.

Mrs. Wisd. Miraculous fortune! Now will I stand it out that Rakel got in the same way. Sure it must have been the devil that hath broke these windows to encourage us to sin—by this delivery.—Oh! here comes my husband; it is my turn now to be angry, and his to ask pardon.

Mr. Wisd. John, do you watch carefully in the yard this night. I protest a man will shortly be safe no where.

Mrs. Wisd. Not when thieves get through keyholes.

Mr. Wisd. Come, I ask thy pardon; I am sorry I suspected thee: I will make thee amends, I will—I will stay at home this week with thee in spite of business: thou shalt tie me to thy girdle. Nay, do not take on thus, I will buy thy forgiveness. Here, here is a purse to put thy money in; and it shall not be long before I give thee some money to put in thy purse——you shall take the air every day in Hyde-Park, and I'll go with you for a guard: I vow you shall forgive me. I'll kiss you till you do.

Mrs. Wisd. You know the way to mollify me.

Mr. Wisd. Why, I was but in jest: I never thought you had any hand in the letter.

Mrs. Wisd. Did you not indeed?

Mr. Wisd. No, indeed; may I be worse than robb'd if I did.

Mrs. Wisd. Well, but don't jest so any more.

Mr. Wisd. I promise you:—but I must not lose a moment before I go into the city—

Mrs. Wisd. And will you leave me again to-night?

Mr. Wisd. You must excuse necessity, my dear.

Mrs. Wisd. My dear, I shall always obey your commands without any farther reason.

Mr. Wisd. What a happy man am I in a wife! If all women were but such blessings to their husbands as thou art, what a Heaven would matrimony be.

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, *the Street.*

RAKEL, *and afterwards* RISQUE.

RAKEL.

Love and war I find still require the same talents; to be unconcerned in danger is absolutely necessary to both. I know not whether it was more lucky that I thought of this stratagem, or that I found Risque on the spot to execute it. I dare swear she will soon take the hint: nor do I see any other way she could possibly have come off.—So, rascal, what success?

Risq. I have broke the windows with a vengeance; I have made room enough for your honour to march in at the head of a company of grenadiers, and all this without the least noise. But I hope the lady did not use your honour very ill, that her windows must be broken.

Rak. No, Mr. Inquisitive, I have done it for the lady's

sake, to give her an opportunity of saying I broke in there; for when I was taken in the closet I was obliged to bring her off by pretending myself a robber.

Risq. But if he should take you at your word, and prosecute you, who would bring your honour off?

Rak. No matter: it were better fifty such as I were hang'd than one woman should lose her reputation. But, as the closet was full of things of value, my touching none would sufficiently preserve me from any villainous imputation, should the worst happen.

Risq. I fancy, indeed, it would be no disgrace to be thought to have stolen all you have in your pocket.

Rak. What's that you are muttering? Harkye, rascal, be sure not to go to bed: I shall not be at home till early in the morning—Now for my unkind mistress; I may have better success there than I found with my kind one.

How bless'd is a soldier while licens'd to range,
How pleasant this whore for that to exchange.

Risq. Go thy ways, young Satan; the old gentleman himself cannot be much worse. Let me consider a little. My master doth not come home till morning, the closet is full of things of value, and I can very easily get into it.——Agad, and I'll have a trial. I am in no great danger of being caught in the fact; so if I bring off a good handsome booty—my master stands fair for being hang'd for it. Hey-day! what the devil have we here?

SCENE II.

COMMONS, *with* WHORES *and Music*, RISQUE.

Com. [*Sings*] Tol, lol de rol lol—Now am I Alex-

ander the Great, and you my Statira and Roxana.——You sons of whores, play me Alexander the Great's march.

1 *Fid.* We don't know it, an't please your worship.

Com. Don't you? Why then—play me the Black Joke.

2 *Wh.* Play the White Joke; that's my favourite.

Com. Ay, Black or White, they are all alike to me.

[*Music plays.*

2 *Wh.* We had better go to the tavern, my dear; the justices of the peace are so severe against us, we shall be taken up and sent to Bridewell.

Com. The justices be hang'd, they dare not attack a man of my quality. The moment they knew me to be a lord they would let us all go again.

1 *Wh.* Nay, my dear, I ask your pardon; I did not know you were a lord.

Com. Yes, my dear, yes; my lord Kilfob, that's my title, of the kingdom of Ireland.

Risq. [*Advancing.*] My lord Kilfob, I'm glad to see your honour in town.

Com. Ha! Ned Risque, give me thy hand, boy. Come, honest Risque, thou shalt go to the tavern with me, and I'll treat thee with a whore and a bottle of wine ——But harkye. [*Whispers.*

1 *Wh.* A lord, and so familiar with this fellow! This is some clerk or apprentice strutting about with his master's sword on.

2 *Wh.* I fancy, Sukey, this is a sharper, and no coming-down cull.

1 *Wh.* Ay, damn him, he'll make us pop our unders for the reckoning: we'll not go with him.

Com. If thou canst lend me half a crown, do; the devil take me if I do not pay thee again to-morrow.

Risq. That I would with all my heart, but I have not

one souse, I assure you.——I am on business for my master, and in a great hurry.——

Com. Get thee gone for a good-for-nothing dog as thou art. Come, sirrah, play on to the tavern.

2 *Wh.* I don't know what you mean, Sir; we are no company for such as you.

Com. I own you are not fit company for a lord;—but no matter, several lords keep such company; and since I stoop to you———

1 *Wh.* You stoop to us, scrub!

2 *Wh.* You a lord! You are some attorney's clerk, or haberdasher's 'prentice.

1 *Wh.* Do you sit behind a desk, or stand behind a compter?

2 *Wh.* We're not for such as you——we'd have you to know, fellow.

Com. But I am for such as you——and that I'll make you know with a vengeance———whores, strumpets!

Whores. Murder, murder, robbery, murder!

Com. I'll scour you with a pox.

[*Beats them off, and returns.*

2 *Fid.* I wish we were well rid of this chap, I wish we get any thing by him.

1 *Fid.* I wish we get off with a whole skin and a whole fiddle.

Com. I have paid you off, however.

1 *Fid.* I wish your honour would pay us off, too; for we are obliged to play to some country-dances.

Com. Are not you impudent dogs to ask any thing for such music?——I'll not give you a souse: you are a couple of wretched scrapers, and play ten degrees worse than the university. If you had your merit, you would have your fiddles broke about your heads.

1 *Fid.* Sir, you don't talk like a gentleman.

Com. Don't I, Sir? Why then I'll act like a gentle-

man. [*Draws.*] This is the way a man of honour pays debts, you dogs; I'll let out your own guts to make fiddle-strings of. A couple of cowardly dogs; run away from one. Blood! I have routed the whole army. Hannibal could have done no more. What pity it is such a brave fellow as I am should be made a parson of!

[*Linkboy crosses.*

Here, you son of a whore, come here. Are you the sun, or the moon, or one of the seven stars?

Link. Does your honour want a light, Sir?

Com. Want a light, Sir, ay, Sir? Do you take me for a Dissenter, you rascal? Do you think I carry my light within, sirrah? I travel by an outward light. So lead on, you dog, and light me into darkness.

A soph, he is immortal,
  And never can decay;
For how should he return to dust,
  Who daily wets his clay?

SCENE III.

RAKEL *and* MRS. SOFTLY.

Mrs. Soft. Forget that letter; it was the effect of a sudden short-liv'd anger which arose from a lasting love; jealousy is surely the strongest proof of that passion.

Rak. It is a proof I always wish to be without, if all my mistresses were as forward to believe my sincerity.

Mrs. Soft. All your mistresses——Bravo.

Rak. I speak of you, Madam, in the plural number, as we do of kings, from my reverence; for if I have another mistress upon earth, may I be—

Mrs. Soft. Marry'd to her—which would be curse

enough on both. But do not think, captain, that, should I once discover my rival, it would give me any uneasiness; the suspicion of the falsehood raised my anger, but the knowledge of it would only move my contempt. Be assur'd I have not love enough to make me uneasy, if I knew you were false; so hang jealousy, I will believe you true.

Rak. By all the transports we have felt together, by all the eager raptures which this very night hath witnessed to my passion—— [Softly *hems without.*

Mrs. Soft. Oh! heaven! My husband is upon the stairs,——

Rak. A judgment fallen upon me before I had forsworn myself—Have you no closet? no chimney?

Mrs. Soft. None, nor any way but this out of the room; he must see you—Say nothing, but bow and observe me.

SCENE IV.

MR. SOFTLY, MRS. SOFTLY, RAKEL.

Mr. Soft. Sure never man was so put to it to get rid of a troublesome companion.——Heyday, what's here?

Mrs. Soft. Sir, I assure you, I am infinitely oblig'd to you, and so is my husband: I am sorry he is not at home to return you thanks.

[*She courtesies all this time to him, who bows to her.*

Mr. Soft. What's the matter, child? what hath the gentleman done for me?

Mrs. Soft. Oh! my dear, I am glad you are come—— The gentleman hath done a great deal for me, he hath guarded me home from the play. Indeed, my dear, I am infinitely oblig'd to the gentleman.

Mr. Soft. Ay, we are both infinitely oblig'd to him. Sir, I am your humble servant: I give you a great many thanks, Sir, for the civility you have conferr'd on my wife. I assure you, Sir, you never did a favour to any one who will acknowledge it more.

Rak. The devil take me if ever I did; I have been as civil to several wives; but thou art the first husband that ever thank'd me for it. [*Aside.*

Mr. Soft. Sir, if you will partake of a small collation we have within, we shall think ourselves much honour'd in your company.

Rak. Sir, the honour would be on my side; but I am unhappily engag'd to sup with the duke of Fleet-street.

Mr. Soft. I hope, Sir, you will shortly give us some other opportunity to thank you.

Mrs. Soft. Pray, Sir, do not let it be long.

Mr. Soft. Sir, my doors will be always open to you.

Rak. All these acknowledgments for so small a gallantry make me asham'd: I was only fortunate in the occasion of doing what no young gentleman could have refused. However, Sir, I shall take the first opportunity to kiss your hands, and am your most obedient humble servant.——Not a step, Sir.

Mr. Soft. Sir, your most humble servant.

SCENE V.

MR. SOFTLY, MRS. SOFTLY.

Mr. Soft. I protest one of the civilest gentlemen I ever saw.

Mrs. Soft. Most infinitely well-bred.

Mr. Soft. I have been making a visit to my neighbour Wisdom, where whom should I meet with but that

unlucky rogue, my nephew Commons, who hath taken me to the tavern, and, I protest, almost fluster'd me.

Mrs. Soft. He was here just as you went out, and as rude as ever: but I gave him a sufficient rebuff: I fancy he'll scarce venture here again. And indeed, my dear, he is so very scandalous, I wish you would not suffer him.

Mr. Soft. He will be settled in the country soon, and so we shall be rid of him quite. But, my dear, I have some news to tell you: my sister, Wisdom, hath receiv'd just such another letter as yours, threatening to murder her in her chair the first time she goes abroad, unless she lays twenty guineas under a stone. Indeed, she shews abundance of prudence on this occasion, by keeping at home: she doth not go abroad and frighten her poor husband, as you do.

Mrs. Soft. My sister Wisdom receiv'd such a letter! I am heartily glad you have told me of it; for I owe her a visit, and on this occasion it would be unpardonable to neglect a moment.—Who's there—Order my chair this instant, and do you and the other footman take to your arms.

Mr. Soft. Why, you would not visit her at this time o'night?

Mrs. Soft. Oh! my dear! it is time enough; it is not yet ten. Oh! I would not for the world, when she will be sure too that I know it. My dear, your servant: I'll make but a short visit, and be back again before you can be set to supper.

Mr. Soft. Was ever so unfortunate a wretch as I am! All my contrivances to keep her at home do but send her abroad the more. But I have a virtuous wife, however; and truly virtuous women are so rare in this age, one cannot pay too dear for them—Oh! a virtuous wife is a most prodigious blessing.

SCENE VI.

MR. WISDOM'S *House.*

RAKEL, MRS. WISDOM.

Rak. To rally again the same night, after such a rebuff, is, I think, Madam, a sign of uncommon bravery.

Mrs. Wisd. What is it in me to lead you to that rally, captain, when I must share the chief part of the danger too?

Rak. Why indeed, Madam, to send me word of this second retreat of your husband was a kindness I know but one way how to thank you for; and I will thank thee so heartily, my dear, dear, lovely angel.

Betty. [*Entering.*] Oh! Madam! here's Mrs. Softly just coming up.

Rak. Mrs. Softly!

Mrs. Wisd. How came she to be let in? Were not my orders, Not at home?

Bet. She said she knew you were at home, and would see you.—She will be here this instant.

Rak. [*Offers to go into the closet.*] The door is lock'd.

Mrs. Wisd. And my husband hath the key.—It signifies not much if she sees you.

Rak. Oh! Madam, I am tender of your reputation—This table will hide me. [*Gets under it.*

SCENE VII.

MRS. WISDOM, MRS. SOFTLY.

Mrs. Soft. Oh! my dear, I am exceedingly concerned

to hear of your misfortune; I ran away the very minute Mr. Softly brought me the news.

Mrs. Wisd. I am very much obliged to you, my dear.

Mrs. Soft. But I hope you are not frighten'd, my dear?

Mrs. Wisd. It is impossible to avoid a little surprise on such an occasion.

Mrs. Soft. Oh yes! a little surprise at first; but when one hath sufficient guards about one there can be no danger. Have you not heard that I receiv'd just such another letter about three days ago?

Mrs. Wisd. And venture abroad so late?

Mrs. Soft. Ha, ha, ha! Have I not a vast deal of courage?

Mrs. Wisd. Indeed, I think so. I am sure I have not slept one wink these three nights.

Mrs. Soft. I have not slept much—for I was up two of them at a ball.

Mrs. Wisd. Why, you venture abroad as fearless as if no such thing had happen'd.

Mrs. Soft. It is only the expence of a footman or two the more; no one would stay at home for that, you know. Sure you don't intend to confine yourself any longer on this account. I would not stay at home three days, if I had receiv'd as many letters as go by the post in that time.

Mrs. Wisd. You have more courage than I: the apprehension of the danger with me would quite extinguish the pleasure.

Mrs. Soft. Oh! you cowardly creature, there is no pleasure without danger: but I thank heaven, my thoughts are always so full of the former, that I leave no room for any meditation on the latter.

SCENE VIII.

MR. WISDOM, MRS. WISDOM, MRS. SOFTLY, CONSTABLE, SERVANTS.

John. I'll take my oath I saw him go in.

Mrs. Wisd. Bless me, my dear, what's the matter?

Mr. Wisd. Don't be frighten'd, child; this fellow hath seen the rogue that was here to-day get into the house again. Mr. Constable, that is the closet-door: you have the key; therefore do you enter first, and we'll all follow you.

John. Ay, ay, let me alone; do you but lay hands on him, and I'll knock his brains out.

Mrs. Soft. Lud, sister, how you tremble! Take example by me, and don't be frighten'd——Here, John, Thomas, bring up your blunderbusses.

Mrs. Wisd. Support me, or I faint.

SCENE IX.

RISQUE [*discover'd.*]

Const. You may as well submit, Sir, for we are too strong for you.

John. Confess, sirrah! confess. How many are there of you?

Mr. Wisd. Search his pockets, Mr. Constable.

Mrs. Wisd. What do I see! }
Mrs. Soft. Captain Rakel's man! } [*Aside.*

Mr. Wisd. It is sufficient! the goods are found upon him. Sirrah! confess your accomplices this moment; you have no other way to save your life than by becoming evidence against your gang.

John. Learn to betray your friends, sirrah! if you would rob like a gentleman and not be hang'd for it.

Mr. Wisd. And so, Sir, I suppose it was you that writ the threat'ning letter to my wife. Why don't you speak? You may as well confess; for you will be hang'd whether you confess or no.

Const. Would it not be your wisest way to impeach your companions; so you may not only save your life, but get rewarded for your roguery?

Mr. Wisd. Is the rascal dumb? We'll find ways to make him speak, I warrant you.

SCENE X.

To them, COMMONS, *drunk and singing.*

Com. Hey! uncle, what a pox do you keep open house at this time of night? Oons, I thought you used to sneak to bed at soberer hours.

Mr. Wisd. How often must I forbid you my house?

Com. Sir, you may forbid me as often as you please; when your door is open I shall never be able to pass by.

Mr. Wisd. You shall find a very warm reception.

Com. As warm as you please, for it is damn'd cold without. But come, where's your liquor? You do not entertain all this company without wine, I hope. Why, what a pox are all these?——the militia!

Mr. Wisd. Sir, if you do not go out of my doors this instant, you shall be forc'd out.

Com. Damn your doors, Sir, and your tables too; I'll turn your house out o'doors, Sir——

[*Overturns the table, and discovers* Rakel.

SCENE XI.

MR. WISDOM, MRS. WISDOM, MRS. SOFTLY, RAKEL, RISQUE, CONSTABLE, SERVANTS.

John. More rogues! more rogues!

Const. I have him secure enough.

Mr. Wisd. This second visit, Sir, is exceeding kind. I suppose, Sir, this is the honest gentleman that conveys away the goods; we have stopped the goods, and shall convey you both to a proper habitation.

Rak. Damnation!
Mrs. Wisd. Ruin'd beyond retrieval. } [*Aside.*
Mrs. Soft. May I believe my eyes!

Mr. Wisd. [*To* Risque.] You will have but a short time to consider on't; so it were good for you to resolve on being an evidence, and save your own neck at the expense of his.

Risq. Well, Sir, if I must peach, I must, I think.

Mr. Wisd. [*To* Rakel.] Do you know this gentleman, Sir?

Rak. [*Aside.*] Confusion! what shall I do?

Const. How the rogues stare at one another! What, did you never see one another before?

Risq. Pox take him, I wish I had never seen him; I'm sure I am like to pay dear enough for his acquaintance.

Mr. Wisd. You have no other way to prevent it than by swearing against him.

Risq. Ay, ay, Sir, I'll swear against him; he brought me to this shame, so let me look to it: I never took these courses till I became acquainted with that highwayman there, who hath robb'd on all the roads of England.

Rak. Ha!

Const. And will you swear that this fellow wrote the letter to my master, to threaten to murder my lady whenever she went abroad?

Risq. Ay, that I will; I saw him write it with my own eyes.

Mr. Wisd. ———You saw him write it?

Risq. Yes, an't please your honour.

Mr. Wisd. I find this fellow will do our business without any other evidence.

Mrs. Soft. Can this be possible? } [*Aside.*

Mr. Wisd. And so, if my wife had ventured abroad, you had put your design into execution?

Risq. She would have been murder'd the very first time, an't please your honour.

Mr. Wisd. See there now—Did I not advise you like a friend?——In short, I know not when it will be safe for you to stir without your own doors.

Mrs. Wisd. And was I to have fallen by the hands of this gentleman?

Risq. Yes, Madam; he was to have murder'd your ladyship, and I was to have robb'd you.

Rak. Dog! villain!

Risq. Don't give ill language, Tom; I have often told you what your rogueries would come to. I told you, you would never leave off thieving but at the gallows.

Rak. Villain, be assur'd, I will be reveng'd on thee.

Risq. I desire of your worship that we may not be put together; I do not care for such company.

Mr. Wisd. Mr. Constable, convey them to the round-house; let them be kept separately, and in the morning you shall hear from me.

Rak. [*To* Wisd.] Sir, shall I beg to speak one word with you?

Mr. Wisd. You are sure he hath no arms about him, Mr. Constable?

Const. No, Sir, he hath no arms about him, nor anything else.

Rak. This prosecution will end in nothing but your own shame [*Apart to* Wisd.]; so you had best set me at liberty. Be assured that I am not the person you take me for; my character will make it evident that my design was neither to rob or murder you; my crime, Sir, will appear to be such as (Heaven be praised) our laws do not hang a man for.—As for that fellow there, he is my servant; but how, or with what design he came here, I cannot tell.

Mr. Wisd. And is this what you have to say, Sir?

Risq. Don't believe a word he says, Sir; for he is one of the damnedst liars that ever was hang'd; he'll tell you he kept a justice of peace for a servant, if you will believe him.

Mr. Wisd. He says he kept you as such.

Risq. Ay, there it is now. Art thou not a sad dog, Tom?—But thou wilt pay for all thy rogueries shortly. [Wisdom *points to the* Constable.

Const. Come, bring them along; march, you poor beggarly rascal——you a rogue, and be damn'd to you, without a penny in your pocket.

SCENE XII.

MR. WISDOM, MRS. WISDOM, MRS. SOFTLY.

Mr. Wisd. Don't be frighten'd, my dear; while you are at home, you are in no danger. Sister Softly, I am sorry you find my family in such disorder.

Mrs. Soft. I am heartily sorry for your sake, dear brother; but Heaven knows how soon it may be our own fate; for I suppose you know we have received a letter too.

Mr. Wisd. We must find some way to break the neck

of this trade. Here's my poor wife will not be able to stir abroad this winter.

Mrs. Soft. Not stir abroad this winter! Marry, forbid it; she hath staid at home longer already than I would have done, had the danger been ten times greater: I would rather lose my life than my liberty.——Where's the difference, whether one be lock'd up in one's own grave, or one's own house?—My soul is such an enemy to confinement, that if my body were confin'd, it would not stay in it.

Mr. Wisd. Oh lud! here's doctrine for my wife. May your body never enter my doors again, I pray Heaven. [*Aside.*] But if you have no more fears for yourself, I hope you would have some for your husband.

Mrs. Soft. Oh! dear Sir, the wife who loves her husband as well as herself is an exceeding good Christian. That man must be a most unreasonable creature, who expects a woman to abstain from pleasures for his sake.

Mr. Wisd. Hoity-toity! I hope you will allow that a woman ought to avoid some pleasures for the sake of her husband.

Mrs. Soft. Oh, certainly! ought, no doubt on't. But to speak freely, I am afraid when once a woman's pleasures run counter to the interest of her husband, when once she finds greater pleasures abroad than at home, I am afraid all the threat'ning letters in Europe will not keep her from them.

Mr. Wisd. Oh lud! Oh lud!

Mrs. Soft. But to shew you that I am of a contrary opinion, I will leave the most agreeable company in the world to go home with my husband.——No ceremony.

Mr. Wisd. I will see you into the chair.

Mrs. Soft. Sister, your servant.

Mrs. Wisd. My dear, I am yours.—What shall I think? Rakel cannot be guilty of such villany. But

then how came his servant here? He sent him to break the windows—and he exceeded his commission——It must be so——and what he hath said was only forg'd to excuse himself.

SCENE XIII.

MR. WISDOM, MRS. WISDOM.

Mr. Wisd. I wish you well home, Madam; and may you never come abroad again.—My dear, I am afraid she hath quite struck you dumb with surprise. This woman is a walking contagion, and ought not to be admitted into one's house. She is able to raise a universal conjugal rebellion in the nation.

Mrs. Wisd. Alas! my dear, I wish this affair had not happen'd. I vow, I feel a sort of pity for these poor wretches, whom necessity hath driven to such courses. One of them seems so young too, that if he were forgiven perhaps he might amend—

Mr. Wisd. His method of robbing, perhaps, and the next time cut our throats.

Mrs. Wisd. Strict justice seems too rigorous in my opinion; and, tho' it may be a womanish weakness, I could wish you would forgive them.

Mr. Wisd. Be assur'd, my love, it is a womanish weakness which makes you plead for the life of a young fellow. By the women's consent we should have no rogues hang'd till after they are forty.

Mrs. Wisd. In one so young, vice hath not so strong a root.

Mr. Wisd. You lie, my dear; vice hath often the strongest root in a young fellow. So, say no more, I am determin'd he shall be hang'd: I will go take my mess

of sugar-sops, and to bed. In the morning early I will go to a justice of the peace.

Mrs. Wisd. But consider, my dear, will you not provoke the rest of the gang to revenge?

Mr. Wisd. Fear nothing, my dear.

While in your husband's arms you keep your treasure,
You're free from fear of hurt.

Mrs. Wisd. ——————Or hope of pleasure.

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE, *an inner Room in the Round-house.*

COMMONS, RAKEL.

COMMONS.

PRITHEE, Tom, forgive me.

Rak. Forgive thee! Death and damnation! dost thou insult my misfortunes? Dost thou think I am come to the tree, where I am to whine out of the world like a good Christian, and forgive all my enemies. If thou wilt hear my last prayer, damn thee heartily, heartily.

Com. Amen, if I design'd thee any mischief.

Rak. Rat your designs; it is equal to me whether you design'd it or not; and I will forgive you and that rascal Risque at the same time.

Com. Nay, but, dear Tom, why the danger is not so great as thou apprehendest: it will never be believed that thou didst intend to rob my uncle; thy reputation will prevent that.

Rak. But it will be believed that I intended to cuckold your uncle; my reputation will not prevent that: and I would rather sacrifice the world than my mistress——Oons! I believe thou didst intend to discover me, to save the virtue of thy aunt.

Com. To save the devil! You should lie with all my aunts, or with my mother and sisters: nay, I will carry a letter for you to any of them.

Rak. Carry a letter! If thou wilt get me two letters that were taken out of my pocket when I was search'd, I will forgive thee—It is in vain to keep it a secret. Your uncle Wisdom hath in his possession a letter from each of your aunts, which, unless we get back, must ruin them both.

Com. But I suppose he hath read them already.

Rak. Then they are ruin'd already.

Com. Prithee, what are the letters?

Rak. I believe, Sir, you may guess what business is between them and me.

Com. Harkye, Tom———There is no smut in them.

Rak. There is nothing more in them than from the one an invitation to come and see her, and from the other a very civil message that she will never see my face again.

Const. [*Enters.*] Captain, you must go before the justice. As for you, Sir, you have your liberty to go where you please. I hope you will be as good as your word, and remember to buy your stockings at my shop; for, if I had not persuaded the gentlemen to make up the affair, you might have gone before the justice too.

Com. Mr. Constable, I am oblig'd to you; and, the next time you take me up, I hope I shall have more money in my pocket. Come, noble captain, be not dejected; I'll stand by thee, whatever be the consequence.———Mr. Constable, we'll wait on you imme-

diately.——Harkye, I have a thought just risen may bring the ladies off in the easiest manner imaginable.

Rak. What hath the devil inspired thee with?

Com. Suppose now I should swear that I forg'd their hands. Luckily for the purpose I have had a quarrel this very day with my uncle Wisdom, and another with my aunt Softly: so that we may persuade the old gentlemen that I sent the letters to you, in order to be reveng'd on them. Now, if we could persuade them to this.

Rak. Which we might, if they were as ready to believe any thing as thou art to swear any thing; but as the case happeneth to be quite contrary, thy stratagem is good for nothing: so fare you well. Nothing will prosper with me whilst I keep such a wicked fellow company.

Com. The invitation must be from my aunt Wisdom by his being there———Odd, if there be no direction, it may do——Thou art such a dear wicked dog, I cannot leave thee in the lurch.

SCENE II.

MR. WISDOM, MRS. WISDOM.

Mr. Wisd. Pray, no more of your good-nature, my dear. It is a very good-natur'd thing truly to save one rogue's throat, that he may cut twenty honest people's. The good-nature of women is as furious as their ill-nature; they would save or destroy, without distinction. But by this time, I suppose, my brother Softly is ready. So, child, good-morrow.

Mrs. Wisd. Nay, my dear, I dare not trust myself even in my own house without you, now you have provok'd the gang. So, if you are determin'd to go, you shall carry me to return my sister's visit.

Mr. Wisd. Indeed, my dear, I will carry you to a masquerade as soon. No, no; no more visiting there. If my sister's husband's brother marries a mad woman, she shall not spoil my wife; I'll carry you to no such lectures. She will teach you more naughtiness in half an hour, than half a dozen modern comedies! nay, than the lewd epilogues to as many modern tragedies.

Mrs. Wisd. Which you never suffer me to go to tho' you seldom miss yourself.

Mr. Wisd. Well, I must not lose a moment; good-morrow.

Mrs. Wisd. So you leave me behind to be murder'd.

Mr. Wisd. You'll come to no harm, I warrant you.

[*Exit.*

Mrs. Wisd. I cannot think that, when I know what you are going upon. If this generous creature should have honour enough to preserve my reputation, shall I suffer him to preserve it at the expence of a life, which was dearer to me than fame before, and by such an instance of honour will become still more precious. No, should it come to that, I will give up my honour to preserve my lover, and will be myself the witness to his innocence.——Who's there.

SCENE III.

MRS. WISDOM, BETTY.

Mrs. Wisd. Call a chair.

Bet. Madam!

Mrs. Wisd. Call a chair.

Bet. And is your ladyship resolv'd to venture abroad?

Mrs. Wisd. I begin to laugh at the danger I apprehended. But however, that I may not be too bold, order the footman to take a blunderbuss with him:

and, d'ye hear, order him to hire chairmen, and arm them with muskets. I am resolv'd to pluck up a spirit, Betty, and shew my husband that I am like other women.

Bet. I am heartily glad to see your ladyship hath so much courage; I always lik'd those families the best where the ladies governed the most. Where ladies govern there are secrets, and where there are secrets there are vails.——I liv'd with a lady once who used to give her clothes away every month, and her husband durst not oppose it.

Mrs. Wisd. Go, do as I bid you in a moment, I have no time to lose; I will but put on my mantle and be ready.

SCENE IV.

MR. SOFTLY'S *House.*

MRS. SOFTLY [*alone.*]

Mrs. Soft. That he should convey himself under her table without her knowledge, is something difficult to believe. Nor can I imagine any necessities capable of driving him to so abandon'd a course. Her concern seem'd to have another cause than fear. Besides, I remember, when we were at the masquerade together, he talked to her near an hour; and, if I mistake not, she was so pleased with his conversation that she gave him encouragements which he was unlikely to have mistaken.——It must be so——whatever was his design, she was privy to it. He is false, and so adieu, good captain.

SCENE V.

MR. SOFTLY, MRS. SOFTLY.

Mr. Soft. My dear, your servant: no news of my brother Wisdom yet? I have been considering how lucky it is that ours was not the house attack'd—— we might not so happily have discover'd it. (Poor fool, how little she suspects who the incendiaries were.)

Mrs. Soft. Heaven send the gang be quite broke; I shall be oblig'd to make more servants mount the guard now whenever I go out.

Mr. Soft. It would be much more adviseable for you to stay at home, and then no one need mount guard upon you but your husband.

Mrs. Soft. Never name it, I am no more safe at home than abroad; for, if the rogues should set our house on fire, I am sure no one would wish to be in it.

Mr. Soft. Still my arguments retort upon me, and like food to ill blood promote the disease, not the cure. Well, my dear, take your swing, I'll give you no more of my advice——and I heartily wish you may never stay at home.

Mrs. Soft. Why do you wish so?

Mr. Soft. Because I am sure you must be lam'd first.

Mrs. Soft. Why, indeed, my dear, I think no one would stay at home who had legs to go abroad.

Mr. Soft. Truly, my dear, if I was sure she would have staid at home, I would have chosen a wife without legs, before the finest legg'd woman in the universe; but she who can't walk, will be carry'd. I have no need to complain of your legs, for they seldom carry you further than your own door. And truly, my dear, reckoning the

number of your attendants, you go abroad now upon a dozen legs.

Servant [*Enters.*] Sir, Mr. Wisdom to wait on your worship.

Mr. Soft. Shew him up:—Will you stay and hear the trial?

Mrs. Soft. No, I have other business; by that time I am dress'd, I expect a lady to call on me to go to another trial; I mean the rehearsal of the new opera.

SCENE VI.

MR. WISDOM, MR. SOFTLY.

Mr. Soft. Brother Wisdom, your servant: my wife tells me you have made a discovery of the incendiaries. Ha, ha, ha! she little thinks who wrote the letters.

Mr. Wisd. No, nor do you think who will appear to have written them.

Mr. Soft. I hope we shall not appear to have written them.

Mr. Wisd. No, no. One of the fellows I have in custody offers to swear it on the other.

Mr. Soft. How! but you know we cannot admit of such a testimony, whereof we know the falsehood.

Mr. Wisd. And what then? you don't take the false oath, do you? Are you to answer for the sins of another?

Mr. Soft. But will not the other circumstances do without that of the letter?

Mr. Wisd. Yes, they will do to hang him; but will not have the same terror on our wives.

Mr. Soft. I am glad of it with all my heart; I am sure I have severely paid for all the terrors I have given my

wife: if I could bring her to be only as bad as she was before, I should think myself entirely happy. In short, brother, I have found by woeful experience, that mending our wives is like mending our constitutions, when often after all our pains we would be glad to return to our former state.

Mr. Wisd. Well, brother, if it be so, I have no reason to repent having been a valetudinarian.—But, let me tell you, brother, you do not know how to govern a wife.

Mr. Soft. And let me tell you, brother, you do not know what it is to have a woman of spirit to govern.

Mr. Wisd. A fig for her spirit, I know what it is to have a virtuous wife; and perhaps I am the only man in town that knows what it is to keep a wife at home.

Mr. Soft. Brother, do not upbraid me with my wife's going abroad: if she doth, it is in the best company. And for virtue —— for that, Sir, my wife's name is Lucretia——Lucretia the second; and I don't question but she's as chaste as the first was.

Mr. Wisd. Ay, ay, and I believe so too——But don't let the squeamishness of your conscience put a stop to my success: And let me tell you, if you are not advantaged by the stratagem, you will be disadvantaged by the discovery; for if you put such a secret into your wife's bosom, let me tell you, you are not Solomon the second.

SCENE VII.

MR WISDOM, MR. SOFTLY, CONSTABLE, RAKEL, RISQUE, CLERK, SERVANTS.

Servant. Sir, here is a constable with some prisoners.

Mr. Soft. Bring them in. Brother Wisdom, I will

stretch both law and conscience as wide as possible to serve you.

Const. Come, gentlemen, walk in and take your places.

Mr. Soft. Are these the two fellows, Mr. Constable, that you found last night broke into Mr. Wisdom's house?

Const. Yes, an't please your worship.

Risq. We are the two rogues, an't please your worship.

Mr. Wisd. This fellow is to be admitted evidence against the other.

Risq. Yes, I am evidence for the king.

Mr. Soft. Where is my clerk? Mr. Sneaksby, let that fellow be sworn.

Risq. May it please your worship, I have a sort of scruple of conscience; I have been told that you are apter to hire rogues to swear against one another than to pay them for it when they have done it. Therefore, supposing it to be all the same case with your worship, I should be glad to be paid beforehand.

Mr. Soft. What does the simple fellow mean?

Mr. Wisd. Perhaps we shall not want his evidence; here are some papers which were found in the other's pocket. I have open'd one of them only, which I find to contain the whole method of their conspiracy.

Mr. Soft. Mr. Sneaksby, read these papers.

Sneaks. [*reads.*] 'To Ensign Rakel. Parole Plunder.'

Mr. Wisd. Plunder's the word, egad!

Sneaks. 'For the guard to-morrow, Ensign Rakel, 'two serjeants, two corporals, one drum, and six and 'thirty men.'

Mr. Soft. Why, the rogues are incorporated, they are regimented——we shall shortly have a standing army of rogues as well as of soldiers.

Mr. Wisd. Six and thirty rogues about the town to-day: Mr. Softly, we must look to our houses, I expect to hear of several fires and murders before night.

Mr. Soft. Truly, brother Wisdom, I fear it will be necessary to keep the city train-bands continually under arms.

Mr. Wisd. They won't do, Sir, they won't do. Six and thirty of these bloody fellows would beat them all. ——Sir, six and thirty of these rogues would require at least one hundred of the foot-guards to cope with them.

Mr. Soft. Mr. Sneaksby, read on, we shall make farther discoveries I'll engage.

Sneaks. Here's a woman's hand, may it please your worship.

Mr. Soft. Read it, read it, there are women robbers as well as men.

Sneaks. [*reads.*] 'Be here at the time you mention, 'my husband is luckily out of the way. I wish your 'happiness be, as you say, entirely in the power of

'ELIZABETH WISDOM.'

Mr. Wisd. What's that? Who's that?

Sneaks. Elizabeth Wisdom.

Mr. Wisd. [*Snatches the letter.*] By all the plagues of hell, my wife's own hand too.

Mr. Soft. I always thought she would be discover'd, one time or other, to be no better than she should be.

[*Aside.*

Mr. Wisd. I am confounded, amazed, speechless.

Mr. Soft. What's the matter, brother Wisdom? Sure your wife doth not hold correspondence with these people; your wife! that durst not go abroad for fear of them; who is the only wife that her husband can keep at home.

Mr. Wisd. Blood and furies, I shall become the jest of the town.

Sneaks. May it please your worship, here is one letter more, in a woman's hand too.

Mr. Soft. The same woman's hand, I warrant you.

Sneaks. [*reads.*] 'Sir, your late behaviour hath deter-
'min'd me never to see you more: if you get entrance
'into this house for the future, it will not be by my
'consent; for I desire you would henceforth imagine
'there never was any acquaintance between you and

'LUCRETIA SOFTLY.'

Mr. Wisd. Ha!

Mr. Soft. Lucretia Softly!——Give me the letter.——Brother Wisdom, this is some counterfeit.

Mr. Wisd. It must be so. Sure it cannot come from Lucretia the second; she that is as chaste as the first Lucretia was——She correspond with such as these, who never goes out of doors but to the best company in town!

Mr. Soft. 'Tis impossible!

Mr. Wisd. You may think so; but I, who understand women better, will not be so easily satisfied.——I'll go fetch my wife hither, and if she doth not acquit herself in the plainest manner, brother Softly, you shall commit her and her rogues together.——Ha! what do I see? An apparition!

SCENE VIII.

To them, MRS. WISDOM, *guarded.*

Mrs. Wisd. Let the rest of my guards stay without.—My dear, your servant.

Mr. Wisd. This must be some delusion, this can't be real.

Mrs. Wisd. I see you are surpriz'd at my courage, my

dear; but don't think I have ventured hither alone, I have a whole regiment of guards with me.

Mr. Wisd. You have a whole regiment of devils with you, my dear.

Mrs. Wisd. Ha, ha, ha!

SCENE IX.

To them, MRS. SOFTLY.

Mrs. Soft. Joy of your coming abroad, sister Wisdom! I flew to meet you the moment my servant brought me the agreeable news you were here.

Mrs. Wisd. I am extremely oblig'd to you, Madam; but I wish this surprise may have no ill effect on poor Mr. Wisdom; he looks as if he had seen an apparition.

Mrs. Soft. Nay, it will be a great surprise to all your acquaintance; you must have made an hundred visits before it will be believ'd.

Mrs. Wisd. Oh! my dear, I intend to make almost as many before I go home again.

Mr. Wisd. Plagues and furies!

Mr. Soft. I fancy, brother Wisdom, you begin to be as weary of the letter-project as myself.

Mr. Wisd. Harkye, you, crocodile —— devil! come here, do you know this hand? [Softly *shews* Mrs. Softly *her letter at the same time.*

Mrs. Wisd. ———Ha! [*Starts.*

Mr. Wisd. You counterfeited your fear bravely; you were much terrified with the thoughts of the enemy, while you have kept a private correspondence with him.

SCENE *the last.*

To them, COMMONS.

Com. So, uncles, I see you take turns to keep the rendezvous. Uncle Wisdom, I hope you are not angry with me for what I said last night. When a man is drunk, you know, his reason is not sober; and when his reason is not sober, a man that acts according to his reason cannot act soberly. There's logic for you, uncle; you see I have not forgotten all my university learning.

Mr. Wisd. I shall take another opportunity, Sir, to talk with you.

Com. Well, aunt Wisdom, I hope you will reconcile my uncle to me; I should have waited on you last night, according to your invitation, when my uncle was abroad, but I was engag'd. I receiv'd your letter too, Madam.

Mrs. Soft. My letter, brute!

Com. Yes, Madam; did you not send me a letter last night that you would never see my face again, desiring me to forget that I had ever any acquaintance with you: nay, I think you may be asham'd to own it; here's a good-natured woman that tries to make up all differences between relations——Ha! what do I see! captain Rakel.

Rak. You see a man who is justly punished by the shame he now suffereth for the injury he hath done you. Those two letters you mention, I took last night from your bureau, which you accidentally left open: and fir'd with the praises which you have so often and so justly bestowed on this lady, I took that opportunity, when she told me her husband would be absent, to convey myself

through the window into the closet. What follow'd, I need not mention any more than what I design'd.

Com. Rob my bureau, Sir!

Rak. Nay, dear Jack, forgive me; these ladies have the greatest reason to be offended, since the letters, being found in my pockets, had like to have caused some suspicions which would not have been to their advantage.

Mrs. Wisd. Excellent creature!

Rak. But, gentlemen, if you please to look at these letters, you will find they are not directed to me.

Mrs. Wisd. They have no direction at all.

Mr. Soft. I told you, brother, my wife could not be guilty.

Mr. Wisd. I am heartily glad to find mine is not—you see, Madam, what your disobedience to my orders had like to have occasion'd — How often have I strictly commanded you never to write to that fellow?

Mrs. Wisd. His carelessness hath cured me for the future.

Mr. Wisd. And so, Sir, you keep company with highwaymen, do you?

Com. What do you mean, Sir?

Mr. Wisd. Sir, you will know when your acquaintance is sent to Newgate.—Brother Softly, I desire you would order a Mittimus for these fellows instantly.

Com. A Mittimus! for whom?

Mr. Wisd. For these honest gentlemen, your acquaintance, who were broke into my house.

Com. Do you know, Sir, that this gentleman is an officer of the army?

Mr. Wisd. Sir, it is equal to me what he is. If he be an officer, he only proves that a rogue may be under a red coat, and very shortly you will prove that a rogue may be under a black one.

Com. Why, Sir, you will make yourselves ridiculous, that will be all you will get by it. I'll be the captain's witness, he had no ill design on your house.

Mr. Wisd. And I suppose, Sir, you will be his witness that he did not write the letter threat'ning to murder my wife.

Mrs. Soft. That I will. If any one be convicted as an incendiary, I am afraid it will go hard with you two.—I overheard your fine plot.—Sister Wisdom, do you know this hand?—This is the threat'ning letter.

[*Shewing a letter.*

Mrs. Wisd. Sure it cannot be my husband's?

Mrs. Soft. As surely as that which you receiv'd was written by mine.

Mrs. Wisd. Amazement! What can it mean?

Mrs. Soft. Only a new way to keep a wife at home; which, I dare swear, mine heartily repents of.

Mr. Soft. Ay, that I do indeed.

Mrs. Wisd. And is it possible that these terrible threat'ning letters can have come from our own dear husbands?

Mrs. Soft. From those very hands which should defend us against all our enemies.

Mr. Soft. ——Come, brother Wisdom,—I see we are fairly detected; we had as good plead guilty, and sue for mercy. I assure you, my dear, I shall think myself very happy if you will return to your old way of living, and go abroad just as you did before this happen'd.

Mr. Wisd. Truly I believe it would have been soon my interest to have made the same bargain.

Mrs. Soft. Lookye, my dear, as for the blunderbusses, I agree to leave them at home; but I am resolv'd not to part with the additional footman; he must remain as a sort of monument of my victory.

Mr. Soft. Well, brother Wisdom, what shall be done

with the prisoner? This fellow's oath will have no great weight in a court of justice.

Mr. Wisd. Do just what you will; I am so glad and sorry, pleas'd and displeas'd, that I am almost out of my senses.

Rak. I told you how the prosecution would end. Upon my honour, Sir, I had no design upon any thing that belongs to you, but your wife.

Mr. Wisd. Your very humble servant, Sir. I do believe you by the emptiness of your pockets; but this gentleman seem'd to have some other design by the fulness of his.

Mr. Soft. With what conscience, sirrah, did you presume to take a false oath?

Risq. With the same, Mr. Justice, that you would have received it, when you knew it to be false. Lookee, gentlemen, you had best hold your tongues, or I shall become evidence for the king against you both. As for my master, he, I hope, will forgive me; for I only intended to get the reward, and then I would have sworn all back again.—Sir, if your honour doth not forgive me, I'll confess that I brought you the letters from the ladies, and spoil all yet.

Rak. By your amendment, I know not what I may be brought to do——till I get you to the regiment.

Com. Well, uncle Wisdom, you are not angry, are you?

Mrs. Wisd. Let me intercede, my dear.

Mr. Wisd. You are always interceding for him; I wish his own good behaviour would. I think, for the sake of religion, I will buy him what he desires, a commission in the army; and then the sooner he is knock'd on the head the better.

Rak. Well, brother, if thou dost come among us, it may be some time or other in my power to make thee

reparation.—But to you, Madam, I never shall be able to give any satisfaction for my bold design against your virtue.

Mrs. Wisd. Unless by desisting for the future.

Mrs. Soft. Be assur'd if my sister forgives you the injury you intended her, I never will.

Mr. Soft. Come, come, my dear, you must be of a more forgiving temper; and since matters are like to be amicably adjusted, you shall entertain the company at breakfast, and we will laugh away the frolic.

Rak. Pray, ladies, let me give you this advice: If you ever should write a love-letter, never sign your name to it.—And, gentlemen, that you may prevent it——think not by any force or sinister stratagem to imprison your wives. The laws of England are too generous to permit the one, and the ladies are generally too cunning to be outwitted by the other.——But let this be your maxim,

Those wives for pleasures very seldom roam,
Whose husbands bring substantial pleasures home.

THE

GRUB-STREET OPERA;

AS IT WAS ACTED AT

THEATRE IN THE HAYMARKET.

BY

SCRIBLERUS SECUNDUS.

SING.	NOM.	Hic, hæc, hoc.
	GEN.	Hujus.
	DAT.	Huic.
	ACCUS.	Hunc, hanc, hoc.
	VOC.	Caret. LIL. Gram. quod vid.

INTRODUCTION.

SCRIBLERUS, PLAYER.

PLAYER.

I VERY much approve the alteration of your title from the Welsh to the Grub-street Opera.

Scrib. I hope, Sir, it will recommend me to that learned society: for they like nothing but what is most indisputably their own.

Play. I assure you, it recommends you to me, and will, I hope, to the town.

Scrib. It would be impolitic in you, who are a young beginner, to oppose that society, which the established theatres so professedly favour: besides, you see the town are ever on its side: for I would not have you think, Sir, all the members of that august body confined to the street they take their name from; no, no, the rules of Grub-street are as extensive as the rules of the King's Bench. We have them of all orders and degrees; and it is no more a wonder to see our members in ribands, than to see them in rags.

Play. May the whole society unite in your favour!

Scrib. Nay, Sir, I think no man can set out with greater assurance of success.—It was the favour which the town hath already shewn to the Welsh Opera, which gave birth to this, wherein I have kept only what they particularly approved in the former.——You will find several additions to the first act, and the second and third, except in one scene, entirely new.

Play. You have made additions, indeed, to the altercative or scolding scenes, as you are pleased to call them.

Scrib. Oh! Sir! they cannot be heighten'd; too much altercation is the particular property of Grub-street: with what spirit do Robin and Will rap out the lie at one another for half a page together—You lie, and you lie—Ah! Ah! the whole wit of Grub-street consists in these two little words—you lie.

Play. That is esteemed so unanswerable a repartee, that it is, among gentlemen, generally the last word that is spoken.

Scrib. Ay, Sir, and it is the first and last among ours. ——I believe I am the first that hath attempted to introduce this sort of wit upon the stage; but it hath flourished among our political members a long while. Nay, in short, it is the only wit that flourishes among them.

Play. And you may get as much by it as they do. ——But, pray, Sir, what is the plot or design of this Opera? For I could not well discover at the rehearsals.

Scrib. As for plot, Sir——I had written an admirable one; but having observed that the plot of our English Operas have had no good effect on our audiences—so I have e'en left it out—For the design, it is deep—very deep.———This Opera was writ, Sir, with a design to instruct the world in economy.—It is a sort of family Opera. The husband's vade-mecum; and it is very necessary for all married men to have it in their houses. ———So if you please I will communicate a word or two of my design to the audience, while you prepare matters behind the scenes.

Play. I shall expect you there, Sir.

The author does, in humble scenes, produce
Examples fitted to your private use.

Teaches each man to regulate his life,
To govern well his servants and his wife.
Teaches that servants well their masters chouse;
That wives will ride their husbands round the house.
Teaches that jealousy does oft arise,
Because men's sense is dimmer than their eyes.
Teaches young gentlemen do oft pursue
More women than they well know how to—woo;
Teaches that parsons teach us the right way,
And when we err we mind not what they say.
Teaches that pious women often groan,
For sake of their religion—when they've none;
Teaches that virtue is the maid's best store:
Teaches all these, and teaches nothing more.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Sir Owen Apshinken, a gentleman of Wales, in love with tobacco,	MR. FURNIVAL.
Master Owen Apshinken, his son, in love with womankind,	MR. STOPLER.
Mr. Apshones, his tenant,	MR. WATHAN.
Puzzletext, his chaplain, in love with women, tobacco, drink, and backgammon,	MR. REYNHOLDS.
Robin, his butler, in love with Sweetissa,	MR. MULLART.
William, his coachman, enemy to Robin, in love with Susan,	MR. JONES.
John, his groom, in love with Margery,	MR. DOVE.
Thomas, the gardener,	MR. HICKS.

WOMEN.

Lady Apshinken, wife to Sir Owen, a great housewife, governante to her husband, a zealous advocate for the church,	MRS. FURNIVAL.
Molly Apshones, daughter to Mr. Apshones, a woman of strict virtue,	MISS PATTY VAUG

Sweetissa, waiting-woman, *Susan*, cook, *Margery*, housemaid,	Women of strict virtue in love with	ROBIN, WILL, JOHN,	MRS. NOI MRS. MU MRS. LA

SCENE, WALES, NORTH OR SOUTH.

THE

GRUB-STREET OPERA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, SIR OWEN APSHINKEN'S *House. Table and chairs.*

SIR OWEN APSHINKEN *and* PUZZLETEXT *smoking.*

SIR OWEN.

COME, Mr. Puzzletext, it is your glass.—Let us make an end of our breakfast before Madam is up.—Oh, Puzzletext! what a fine thing it is for a man of my estate to stand in fear of his wife, that I dare not get drunk so much as — once a day, without being called to an account for it.

Puz. Petticoat-government is a very lamentable thing indeed.—But it is the fate of many an honest gentleman.

AIR I.

What a wretched life
Leads a man a tyrant wife,
While for each small fault he's corrected;
One bottle makes a sot,
One girl is ne'er forgot,
And duty is always neglected.

But tho' nothing can be worse
Than this fell domestic curse,
Some comfort this may do you,
So vast are the hen-peck'd bands,
That each neighbour may shake hands,
With my humble service to you.

Sir Owen. Oh, Puzzletext! if I could but enjoy my pipe undisturb'd, how happy should I be! for I never yet could taste any pleasure but in tobacco.

Puz. Tobacco is a very good thing, indeed, and there is no harm in taking it abundantly.

SCENE II.

SIR OWEN APSHINKEN, LADY APSHINKEN, PUZZLETEXT.

Lady Ap. At your morning-draught, Sir Owen, I find, according to custom; but I shall not trouble myself with such a drone as you are. Methinks you, Mr. Puzzletext, should not encourage drunkenness.

Puz. I ask your ladyship's pardon; I profess I have scarce drunk your health this morning—and wine, while it contributeth only to the cheering of the spirits, is not forbidden us.—I am an enemy to excess—but as far as the second bottle, nay, to some constitutions, a third, is, no doubt, allowable—and I do remember to have preached with much perspicuity even after a fourth.

Lady Ap. Oh intolerable! do you call four bottles no excess?

Puz. To some it may, to others it may not.——Excess dependeth not on the quantity drank, but on the quality of him who drinketh.

Lady Ap. I do not understand this sophistry—tho' I think I have some skill in divinity.—

Puz. Oh, Madam! no more—Your ladyship is the

honour of your sex in that study, and may properly be termed 'The great Welsh lamp of divinity.'

Lady Ap. I have always had an inclination to maintain religion in the parish——and some other time shall be glad to dispute with you concerning excess——but at present I must impart something to you concerning my son, whom I have observed too familiar with the maids———

Puz. Which of the maids, Madam?—Not one of my mistresses, I hope. [*Aside.*

Lady Ap. Truly, with all of them—and unless we prevent it, I am afraid we shall hear of a marriage not much to our liking——and you know, Mr. Puzzletext, how hard a thing it would be for us, who have but one child, to have him throw himself away.

Puz. What methods shall we take in order thereto?

Lady Ap. I know but one—we must prevent his marrying them, by marrying them to others—we have as many men as maids; now I rely on you to match them up to one another;—for whilst there is one unmarried wench in the house, I shall think him in danger.—Oh, Mr. Puzzletext! the boy takes after his father, not me—his head is full of nothing but love; for whatever Nature hath done for him in another way, she hath left his head unfurnish'd.

Puz. Love, in a young mind, is powerful indeed.

AIR II. *Lads of Dunce.*

If love gets into a soldier's heart,
He puts off his helmet, his bow and his dart.
Achilles, charm'd with a nymph's fair eye,
A distaff took, and his arms laid by.
The gay Gods of old their heav'n would quit,
And leave their ambrosia for a mortal tit-bit;

The first of their tribe, that whore-master Jove,
Preferred to all heav'ns, the heaven of love.

Lady Ap. I think you have already asked them all in church, so that you have only to hasten the match ——this I assure you, I shall not forget the favour. I am now going to take a short airing in the Park, in my own chaise, and would have you remember we have no time to lose.

Puz. Well, Sir, you heard what my lady says—what shall I do?

Sir Owen. E'en what she commands.—If she interferes not with my pipe, I am resolv'd not to interfere with her family.—Let her govern, while I smoke.

Puz. Upon my word, Sir Owen is a thorough epicurean philosopher. I must now seek the young squire, who is a philosopher of another kind.

SCENE III.

OWEN *solus* [*with two letters.*]

This is the day wherein Robin and Sweetissa propose to be married, which unless I can prevent, I lose all my hopes of her; for when once a woman knows what's what, she knows too much for me.——Sure never man was so put to it in his amours—for I do not care to venture on a woman after another, nor does any woman care for me twice.

AIR III. *Let the drawer bring clean glasses.*

How curst the puny lover!
How exquisite the pain,
When love is fumbled over,
To view the fair's disdain!

But Oh! how vast the blessing!
Whom to her bosom pressing,
She whispers, while caressing
Oh! when shall we again?

Here are two letters, which I have forged; one as from Susan to Robin, the other from William to Sweetissa: these must be dropped where they may be found by the improper parties, and will create a jealousy, whereof I may reap the fruit, and Sweetissa's maidenhead may be yet my own.

SCENE IV.

PUZZLETEXT AND OWEN.

Puz. Mr. Owen! I have been searching for you. I am come, child, to give you some good instructions.—I am sorry to hear you have an intention to disgrace your family by a marriage inferior to your birth.

Owen. Do not trouble your head with my marriage, good Mr. Parson.—When I marry, 'twill be to please myself, not you.

Puz. But let it not be such a marriage as may reflect upon your understanding.—Consider, Sir,—consider who you are.

AIR IV. *March in Scipio.*

Think, mighty Sir, ere you are undone,
Think who you are, Apshinken's only son;
At Oxford you have been, at London eke also;
You're almost half a man, and more than half a beau:
Oh do not then disgrace the great actions of your life!
Nor let Apshinken's son be buried in his wife.

Puz. You must govern your passions, master Owen.

Owen. You may preach, Mr. Parson, but I shall very little regard you. There is nothing so ridiculous as to hear an old fellow railing at love.

Puz. It is like a young fellow's railing at age.

Owen. Or a courtier out of place at court.

AIR V. *Sir Thomas I cannot.*

The worn-out rake at pleasure rails,
And cries, 'Tis all idle and fleeting;
At court, the man whose int'rest fails,
Cries, All is corruption and cheating.
But would you know
Whence both these flow?
Tho' so much they pretend to abhor 'em,
That rails at court,
This at love's sport,
Because they are neither fit for 'em,
fit for 'em,
Because they are neither fit for 'em.

Owen. Besides, doctor, I fancy you have not always govern'd your own passions, tho' you are so fond of correcting others: as a poet burlesques the nonsense of others, while he writes greater nonsense himself———

Puz. Or as a prude corrects the vices of others, while she is more vicious herself.

Owen. Or as a parson preaches against drinking, and then goes to the alehouse.

Puz. Very true—if you mean a presbyterian parson.

AIR VI. *One evening having lost my way.*

I've heard a noncon. parson preach
'Gainst whoring with just disdain;
Whilst he himself to be naught did teach
Of females as large a train

As stars in the sky, or lamps in the street,
Or beauties in the Mall we meet,
Or as—or as—or as,
Or as the whores in Drury-lane.

Owen. Thy similes are all froth, like bottled ale—— and it is as difficult to get thee out of a simile, as out of an alehouse.

AIR VII. *Dutch skipper.*

Puz. The gaudy sun adorning
With brightest rays the morning,
the morning,
Shines o'er the eastern hill;
And I will go a sporting,
Owen. And I will go a courting,
a courting,
There lies my pleasure still.
Puz. In gaffar Woodford's ground
A brushing hare is found,
A course which even kings themselves might see;
Owen. And in another place
There lies a brushing lass,
Which will give one ten times more sport than she.

Second Part.

Puz. What pleasure to see, while the greyhounds are running,
Poor puss's cunning, and shifting, and shunning!
To see with what art she plays still her part,
And leaves her pursuers afar:
First this way, then that;
First a stretch, and then squat,
Till quite out of breath,
She yields her to death.
What joy, with the sportsman's compare?

Owen. How sweet to behold the soft blooming lass,
With blushing face, clasp'd close in embrace!
To feel her breasts rise, see joy fill her eyes,
And glut on her heav'n of charms!
While sighing and whining,
And twisting and twining,
With kissing and pressing,
And fondest caressing,
With raptures she dies in your arms.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

SWEETISSA AND MARGERY.

Sweet. If ever you had known what it is to love, Margery, you would not have wonder'd how I could prefer a man to his master.

Marg. I should not have wonder'd indeed, if our young squire had been like most young country squires—But he is a fine gentleman, Sweetissa.

Sweet. From such fine gentlemen, may my stars deliver me, Margery.

Marg. What, I suppose you are afraid of being made jealous, by his running after other women.

Sweet. Pshaw! I should not think him worth being jealous of—he runs after every woman he sees; and yet, I believe, scarce knows what a woman is,—Either he has more affectation than desire, or more desire than capacity. O Margery, when I was in London with Madam, I have seen several such sparks as these; some of them would attempt making love too——Nay, I have had such lovers!—But I could never find one of them that would stand it out.

AIR VIII. *Bessy Bell and Mary Gray.*

In long pig-tails and shining lace,
  Our beaus set out a-wooing;
Ye widows, never shew them grace,
  But laugh at their pursuing.
But let the daw, that shines so bright,
  Of borrow'd plumes bereft be,
Alas! poor dame, how naked the sight!
  You'll find there's nothing left ye.

Oh Margery! there is more in Robin's little finger, than in a beau's whole body.

Marg. Yes, and more roguery in him than—

Sweet. I know you are prejudiced against him from what William says; but be assur'd that is all malice; he is desirous of getting his place.

Marg. I rather think that a prejudice of yours against William.

Sweet. O Margery, Margery! an upper servant's honesty is never so conspicuous, as when he is abused by the under-servants.—They must rail at some one, and if they abuse him, he preserves his master and mistress from abuse.

Marg. Well, I would not have such a sweetheart.

Sweet. Pugh! if all you say were true, what is it to me? If women were to consider the roguery of their lovers, we should have even fewer matches among people of quality than we have.

AIR IX. *Mad Moll.*

Why should not I love Robin?
  And why should not Bob love me?
While ev'ry one else he is fobbing,
  He still may be honest to me.

For tho' his master he cheats,
His mistress shares what he gains;
And whilst I am tasting the sweets,
The devil take her who complains.

Marg. But should he be taken indeed;
Ah! think what a shame it would be
To have your love dragg'd out of bed,
And thence in a cart to the tree.

Sweet. Let halters tie up the poor cheat,
Who only deserves to be bang'd;
The wit who can get an estate,
Hath still too much wit to be hang'd.

But I don't speak this on Robin's account; for if all my master's ancestors had met with as good servants as Robin, he had enjoyed a better estate than he had now.

SCENE VI.

ROBIN AND SWEETISSA.

AIR X. *Masquerade minuet.*

Rob. Oh my Sweetissa!
Give me a kiss-a,
Oh what a bliss-a
To behold your charms!
My eyes with gazing
Are set a blazing,

Sweet. Come then and quench them within my arms.

Rob. Oh my Sweetissa! thou art straighter than the straightest tree—sweeter than the sweetest flower—thy hand is as white as milk, and as warm; thy breast is as white as snow, and as cold.—Thou art, to sum thee up

at once, an olio of perfections; or, in other words, a garden of bliss which my soul delights to walk in.—Oh! I will take such strides about thy form, such vast, such mighty strides—

Sweet. Oh Robin! it is as impossible to tell thee how much I love thee, as it is to tell—how much water there is in the sea.

Rob. My dear Sweetissa! had I the learning of the author of that opera-book in the parlour-window, I could not make a simile to my love.

Sweet. Be assur'd there shall be no love lost between us.

AIR XI. *Young Damon once the happiest swain.*

When mutual passion hath possess'd,
With equal flame, each amorous breast,
  How sweet's the rapt'rous kiss?
While each with soft contention strive,
Which highest ecstasies shall give,
  Or be more mad with bliss!

Rob. Oh my Sweetissa! how impatient am I till the parson hath stitch'd us together; then, my dear, nothing but the scissars of the fates should ever cut us asunder.

Sweet. How charming is thy voice! sweeter than bag-pipes to my ear: I could listen ever.

Rob. And I could view thee ever: thy face is brighter than the brightest silver. O could I rub my silver to be as bright as thy dear face, I were a butler indeed!

Sweet. Oh Robin! there is no rubbing on my face; the colour which I have, nature, not art, hath given; for on my honour, during the whole time I have lived with my mistress, out of all the pots of paint which I have plaster'd on her face, I never stole a bit to plaster on my own.

Rob. Adieu, my dear, I must go whet my knives; by that time the parson will be return'd from coursing, and we will be married this morning.—Oh Sweetissa! it is easier to fathom the depth of the bottomless sea than my love.

Sweet. Or to fathom the depth of a woman's bottomless conscience than to tell thee mine.

Rob. Mine is as deep as the knowledge of physicians.

Sweet. Mine as the projects of statesmen.

Rob. Mine as the virtue of whores.

Sweet. Mine as the honesty of lawyers.

Rob. Mine as the piety of priests.

Sweet. Mine as—I know not what.

Rob. Mine as—as—as—I'gad I don't know what.

AIR XII. *All in the Downs.*

Would you my love in words display'd,
A language must be coin'd to tell;
No word for such a passion's made,
For no one ever lov'd so well.
Nothing, Oh! nothing's like my love for you,
And so my dearest, and so my dearest, and my
dear, adieu.

SCENE VII.

SWEETISSA AND MARGERY.

Sweet. Oh my Margery! if this fit of love continues, how happy shall I be!

Marg. Ay, it will continue the usual time, I warrant you, during the honey-moon.

Sweet. Call it the honey-year, the honey-age. Oh, Margery! sure never woman lov'd as I do!—tho' I am

to be married this morning, still it seems long to me. To a mind in love, sure an hour before marriage seems a month.

Marg. Ay, my dear, and many an hour after marriage seems a twelvemonth; it is the only thing wherein the two states agree; for we generally wish ourselves into it, and wish ourselves out of it.

Sweet. And then into it again; which makes one poet say, love is like the wind.

Marg. Another, that it is like the sea.

Sweet. A third, a weather-cock.

Marg. A fourth, a Jack with a lanthorn.

Sweet. In short, it is like every thing.

Marg. And like nothing at all.

AIR XIII. *Ye nymphs and sylvan gods.*

Sweet. How odd a thing is love,
Which the poets fain would prove
To be this and that,
And the Lord knows what,
Like all things below and above.
But believe a maid,
Skill'd enough in the trade
Its mysteries to explain;
'Tis a gentle dart,
That tickles the heart,
And tho' it gives us smart,
Does joys impart,
Which largely requite all the pain.

Marg. Oh, my dear! whilst you have been singing, see what I have discovered!

Sweet. It is a woman's hand, and not my own. [*Reads.*] Oh, my Margery! now I am undone indeed.—Robin is false, he has lain with, and left our Susan.

Marg. How!

Sweet. This letter comes from her, to upbraid him with it.

Marg. Then you have reason to thank fate for this timely discovery.——What would it avail you to have found it out when you were married to him?—When you had been his wife, what would it have profited you to have known he had another?

Sweet. True, true, Margery; when once a woman is married, 'tis too late to discover faults.

AIR XIV. *Red house.*

Ye virgins who would marry,
Ere you choose, be wary,
If you'd not miscarry,
Be inclin'd to doubting:
Examine well your lover,
His vices to discover,
With caution con him over,
And turn quite inside out him;
But wedding past,
The stocking cast,
The guests all gone,
The curtain drawn,
Be henceforth blind,
Be very kind,
And find no faults about him.

Sweet. Oh Margery! I'm resolv'd never to see Robin more.

Marg. Keep that resolution, and you will be happy.

SCENE VIII.

ROBIN.

How truly does the book say--hours to men in love are like years. Oh for a shower of rain to send the parson home from coursing, before the canonical hours are over!—Ha! what paper is this?—The hand of our William is on the superscription.

To MRS. SWEETISSA.

'MADAM,

'Hoping that you are not quite de-t-e-r-ter-m-i-n-e-ed, 'determined to marry our Robin, this comes for to let 'you know'—[I'll read no more: can there be such falsehood in mankind?—I find footmen are as great rogues as their masters; and henceforth I'll look for no more honesty under a livery, than an embroider'd coat—but let me see again!—] 'to let you know I am 'ready to fulfil my promise to you.'

Ha! she too is guilty.—Chambermaids are as bad as their ladies, and the whole world is one nest of rogues.

AIR XV. *Black joke.*

The more we know of human kind,
The more deceits and tricks we find
  In every land as well as Wales;
For would you see no roguery thrive,
Upon the mountains you must live,
  For rogues abound in all the vales.

The master and the man will nick,
The mistress and the maid will trick;
For rich and poor
Are rogue and whore,
There's not one honest man in a score,
Nor woman true in twenty-four.

SCENE IX.

ROBIN AND JOHN.

Rob. Oh John! thou best of friends! come to my arms—For thy sake I will still believe there is one honest—one honest man in the world.

John. What means our Robin?

Rob. O my friend! Sweetissa is false, and I'm undone—let this letter explain the rest.

John. Ha! and is William at the bottom of all?—Our William who us'd to rail against women and matrimony! Oh! 'tis too true what our parson says, there's no belief in man.

Rob. Nor woman neither.——John, art thou my friend?

John. When did Robin ask me what I have not done?—Have I not left my horses undrest, to whet thy knives?—Have I not left my stable unclean'd, to clean thy spoons? And even the bay stone-horse unwater'd, to wash thy glasses!

Rob. Then thou shalt carry a challenge for me to William.

John. Oh Robin! consider what our parson says—We must not revenge, but forget and forgive.

Rob. Let our parson say what he will.—When did he himself forgive? Did he forgive gaffar Jobson having wrong'd him of two cocks of hay in five load?—Did he forgive gammar Sowgrunt for having wrong'd him of a

tythe-pig?——Did he forgive Susan Foulmouth, for telling him he lov'd the cellar better than the pulpit?—No, no, let him preach up forgiveness, he forgives nobody.—So I will follow his example, not his precepts.—Had he hit me a slap in the face, I could have put up with it.—Had he stole a silver spoon, and laid the blame on me, though I had been turn'd away, I could have forgiven him. But to try to rob me of my love—that, that, our John, I never can forgive him.

AIR XVI. *Tipling John.*

The dog his bit
Will often quit,
A battle to eschew;
The cock his corn
Will leave in barn,
Another cock in view.
One man will eat
Another's meat,
And no contention seen;
Since all agree
'Tis best to be,
Tho' hungry, in a whole skin.
But should each spy,
His mistress by,
A rival move his suit,
He quits his fears,
And by the ears
They fall together to't.
A rival shocks,
Men, dogs, and cocks,
And makes the gentlest froward;
He who won't fight
For mistress bright,
Is something worse than coward.

John. Nay, to say the truth, thou hast reason on thy side. Fare thee well.—I'll go deliver thy message, and thou shalt find I will behave myself like a Welchman, and thy friend.

SCENE X.

ROBIN.

Now were it not for the sin of self-murder, would I go hang myself at the next tree.—Yes, Sweetissa, I would hang myself, and haunt thee.—Oh woman, woman! is this the return you make true love?—No man is sure of his mistress, till he has gotten her with child.—A lover should act like a boy at school, who spits in his porridge that no one may take it from him.—Should William have been beforehand with me—Oh!

SCENE XI.

ROBIN AND SWEETISSA.

Sweet. Oh! the perjury of men! I find dreams do not always go by contraries; for I dreamt last night, that I saw our Robin married to another.

[*A long silence, and walking by one another, she takes out her handkerchief, and bursts out a crying.*

Rob. Your crying won't do, Madam; I can tell you that.—I have been fool long enough—I have been cheated by your tears too often, to believe them any longer.

Sweet. Oh barbarous, perfidious, cruel wretch!—Oh! I shall break my heart—Oh!

Rob. No, no, your heart is like a green stick, you

may bend it, but cannot break it.—It will bend like a willow, and twist round any one.

Sweet. Monster! monster!

Rob. Better language would shew better breeding.

AIR XVII. *Hedge-lane.*

Rob. Indeed, my dear,
With sigh and tear,
Your point you will not carry;
I'd rather eat
The offal meat,
Than others' leavings marry.

Sweet. Villain, well
You would conceal
Your falsehood by such catches;
Alas! too true
I've been to you,
Thou very wretch of wretches.

Well you know
What I might do,
Would I but with young master.

Rob. Pray be still,
Since by our Will,
You're now with child of bastard.

Sweet. I with child?

Rob. Yes, you with child.

Sweet. I with child, you villain?

Rob. Yes, you,
Madam, you,
And now with child by William.

It is equal to me with whom you play your pranks; and I'd as lieve be my master's cuckold as my fellow-

servant's.——Nay, I had rather, for I could make him pay for it.

Sweet. Oh, most inhuman! dost thou not expect the ceiling to fall down on thy head, for so notorious a lie? Dost thou believe in the Bible? Dost thou believe there is such a thing as the Devil? Dost thou believe there is such a place as Hell?

Rob. Yes, I do, Madam; and you will find there is such a place to your cost.—Oh, Sweetissa, Sweetissa! that a woman could hear herself ask'd in church to one man, when she knew she had to do with another?

Sweet. I had to do with another?

Rob. You, Madam, you.

Sweet. I had to do with Will?

Rob. Yes, you had to do with Will.

AIR XVIII. *Lord Biron's Maggot.*

Sweet. Sure nought so disastrous can woman befal,
As to be a good virgin, and thought none at all.
Had William but pleas'd me,
It never had teaz'd me
To hear a forsaken man bawl.
But from you this abuse,
For whose sake and whose use
I have safe cork'd my maidenhead up;
How must it shock my ear!
For what woman can bear
To be call'd a vile drunkard,
And told of the tankard,
Before she has swallow'd a cup?

Rob. O Sweetissa, Sweetissa! well thou knowest that, wert thou true, I'd not have sold thee for five hundred pounds. But why do I argue longer with an ungrateful

woman, who is not only false, but triumphs in her falsehood; her falsehood to one who has been too true to her. Since you can be so base, I shall tell you what I never did intend to tell you—When I was in London, I might have had an affair with a lady, and slighted her for you.

Sweet. A lady! I might have had three lords in one afternoon; nay, more than that, I refused a man with a thing over his shoulder like a scarf at a burying for you and these men, they say, are the greatest men in the kingdom.

Rob. O Sweetissa! the very hand-irons thou didst rub, before thou wast preferr'd to wait on thy lady, have not more brass in them than thy forehead.

Sweet. O Robin, Robin! the great silver candlesticks in thy custody are not more hollow than thou art.

Rob. O Sweetissa! the paint, nay, the eyebrows that thou puttest on thy mistress are not more false than thou.

Sweet. Thou hast as many mistresses as there are glasses on thy sideboard.

Rob. And thou lovers as thy mistress has patches.

Sweet. If I have you will have but a small share.

Rob. The better my fortune.——To lose a wife when you have had her is to get out of misfortune——to lose one before you get her is to escape it; especially if it be one somebody has had before you.—He that marries pays the price of virtue.—Whores are to be had cheaper.

AIR XIX. *Do not ask me.*

A woman's ware like china,
  Once flaw'd is good for naught;
When whole, tho' worth a guinea,
  When broke's not worth a groat.

A woman at St. James's
With guineas you obtain,
But stay till lost her fame is,
She'll be cheap in Drury-lane.

SCENE XII.

SWEETISSA AND MARGERY.

Sweet. Ungrateful, barbarous wretch!

Marg. What is the matter?

Sweet. Oh, Margery! Robin——

Marg. What more of him?

Sweet. O! worse than you can imagine—worse than I could have dreaded: Oh, he has sullied my virtue!

Marg. How! your virtue?

Sweet. Yes, Margery, that virtue which I kept lock'd up as in a cupboard; that very virtue he has abus'd—he has barbarously insinuated to be no virtue at all.——Oh, I could have borne any fate but this;——I that wou'd have carried a knapsack thro' the world, so that my virtue had been safe within it——I that would have rather been the poorest man's wife, than the richest man's whore——To be call'd the miss of a footman, that would not be the miss of a king!

Marg. It is a melancholy thing indeed.

Sweet. O Margery! men do not sufficiently understand the value of virtue.——Even footmen learn to go a whoring of their masters——and virtue will shortly be of no use, but to stop bottles.

AIR XX. *Tweed-side.*

What woman her virtue would keep,
When nought by her virtue she gains?

While she lulls her soft passions to sleep,
  She's thought but a fool for her pains.
Since valets, who learn their lords' wit,
  Our virtue a bauble can call,
Why should we our ladies' steps quit,
  Or have any virtue at all?

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, *the Fields.*

MR. APSHONES AND MOLLY.

MR. APSHONES.

I TELL you, daughter, I am doubtful whether his designs be honourable: there is no trusting these flutt'ring fellows; they place as much glory in winning a poor girl, as a soldier does in conquering a town. Nay, their very parents often encourage them in it; and when they have brought up a boy to flatter and deceive the women, they think they have given him a good education, and call him a fine gentleman.

Molly. Do not, dear Sir, suspect my Owen: he is made of a gentler nature.

Mr. Aps. And yet I have heard that that gentle gentleman, when he was at London, rumaged all the playhouses for mistresses: nay, you yourself have heard of his pranks in the parish; did he not seduce the fiddler's daughter?

Molly. That was the fiddler's fault; you know he sold his daughter, and gave a receipt for the money.

Mr. Aps. Hath he not made mischief between several

men and their wives? And do you not know that he lusts after every woman he sees, though the poor wretch does not look as if he was quite come from nurse yet.

Molly. Sure angels cannot have more sweetness in their looks than he.

Mr. Aps. Angels! baboons! these are the creatures that resemble our beaus the most. If they have any sweetness in them, 'tis from the same reason that an orange hath. Why have our women fresher complexions and more health in their countenances here than in London, but because we have fewer beaus among us; in that I will have you think no more of him; for I have no design upon him, and I will prevent his designs upon you. If he comes here any more I will acquaint his mother.

Molly. Be first assured that his designs are not honourable, before you rashly ruin them.

Mr. Aps. I will consent to no clandestine affair. Let the great rob one another, and us, if they please; I will show them the poor can be honest. I desire only to preserve my daughter, let them preserve their son.

Molly. O, Sir, would you preserve your daughter, you must preserve her love.

AIR XXI.

So deep within your Molly's heart,
  Her Owen's image lies,
That if with Owen she must part,
  Your wretched daughter dies.
Thus when unto the soldier's breast
  The arrow flies too sure,
When thence its fatal point you wrest,
  Death is his only cure.

Mr. Aps. Pugh, pugh, you must cure one love by

another: I have a new sweetheart for you——and I'll throw you in a new suit of clothes into the bargain——which, I can tell you, is enough to balance the affections of women of much higher rank than yourself.

Molly. Nothing can recompence the loss of my Owen; and as to what he loses by me, my behaviour shall make him amends.

Mr. Aps. Poor girl! how ignorant she is of the world; but little she knows that no qualities can make amends for the want of fortune, and that fortune makes sufficient amends for the want of every good quality.

Molly. My dear Owen, I am sure, will think otherwise.

AIR XXII. *Let ambition fire the mind.*

Happy with the man I love,
  I'll obsequious watch his will;
Hottest pleasures I shall prove,
  While his pleasures I fulfil.
Dames, by proudest titles known,
  Shall desire what we possess;
And while they'd less happy own
  Grandeur is not happiness.

Mr. Aps. I will hear no more—remember what I have said, and study to be dutiful—or you are no child of mine.

Molly. Oh! unhappy wretch that I am: I must have no husband, or no father—What shall I do—or whither shall I turn? Love pleads strong for a husband, duty for a father—yes, and duty for a husband too—but then what is one who is already so.—Well then, I will antedate my duty. I will think him my husband before he is so. But should he then prove false—and when I've

lost my father, should I lose my husband too, that is impossible—falsehood and he are incompatible.

AIR XXIII. *Sweet are the charms.*

Beauties shall quit their darling town,
Lovers shall leave the fragrant shades,
Doctors upon the fee shall frown,
Parsons shall hate the masquerades;
Nay, ere I think of Owen ill,
Women shall leave their dear quadrille.

SCENE II.

OWEN, MOLLY.

Owen. My dear Molly, let not the reflection on my past gaieties give thee any uneasiness; be assur'd I have long been tir'd with variety, and I find after all the changes I have run through both of women and clothes —a man hath need of no more than one woman and one suit at a time.

AIR XXIV. *Under the greenwood-tree.*

To wanton pleasures, roving charms,
I bid a long adieu,
While wrapt within my Molly's arms,
I find enough in you.
By houses this, by horses that,
By clothes a third's undone,
While this abides—the second rides,
The third can wear but one.

Molly. My dear, I will believe thee, and am resolv'd from this day forward to run all the hazards of my life with thee.—Let thy rich parents or my poor parents say

what they will, let us henceforth have no other desire than to make one another parents.

Owen. With all my heart, my dear; and the sooner we begin to love—the sooner we shall be so.

Molly. Begin to love!—Alas, my dear, is it now to begin?———

Owen. Not the theory of love, my angel—to that I have long been an apprentice; so long that I now desire to set up my trade.

Molly. Let us then to the parson—I am as willing to be married as thou art.

Owen. Why the parson, my dear?——

Molly. We can't be married without him.—

Owen. No, but we can love without him; and what have we to do with marriage while we can love?—Marriage is but a dirty road to love—and those are happiest who arrive at love without travelling thro' it.

AIR XXV. *Dearest charmer.*

Will you still bid me tell,
What you discern so well
By my expiring sighs,
My doating eyes?
Look thro' th' instructive grove,
Each object prompts to love,
Hear how the turtles coo,
All nature tells you what to do.

Molly. Too well I understand you now—No, no, however dirty the road of marriage be—I will to love no other way—Alas! there is no other way but one—and that is dirtier still—None travel through it without sullying their reputations beyond the possibility of cleaning.

Owen. When cleanliness is out of fashion, who would

desire to be clean?—And when ladies of quality appear with dirty reputations, why should you fear a little spot on yours?

Molly. Ladies of quality may wear bad reputations as well as bad clothes, and be admir'd in both—but women of lower rank must be decent, or they will be disregarded; for no woman can pass without one good quality, unless she be a woman of very great quality.

Owen. You judge too severely.—Nature never prompts us to a real crime: it is the imposition of a priest, not nature's voice, which bars us from a pleasure allow'd to every beast but man—but why do I this to convince thee by arguments of what thou are sufficiently certain? Why should I refute your tongue, when your fond eyes refute it.

AIR XXVI. *Canny Boatman.*

How can I trust your words precise,
My soft desires denying,
When, Oh! I read within your eyes,
Your tender heart complying.
Your tongue may cheat,
And with deceit,
Your softer wishes cover;
But Oh! your eyes
Know no disguise,
Nor ever cheat your lover.

Molly. Away, false perjur'd barbarous wretch—is this the love you have for me, to undo me——to ruin me?

Owen. Oh! do not take on thee thus, my dear Molly—I would sooner ruin myself than thee.

Molly. Ay, so it appears.—Oh! fool that I was to think thou could'st be constant who hast ruin'd so many women—to think that thou ever didst intend to marry

me, who hast long been practis'd in the arts of seducing our sex—Henceforth I will sooner think it possible for butter to come when the witch is in the churn—for hay to dry in the rain—for wheat to be ripe at Christmas—for cheese to be made without milk—for a barn to be free from mice—for a warren to be free from rats—for a cherry orchard to be free from blackbirds—or for a churchyard to be free from ghosts, as for a young man to be free from falsehood.

Owen. Be not enrag'd, my sweetest dear—Let me kiss away thy passion.

Molly. Avaunt—a blight is in thy kiss—thy breath is the wind of wantonness—and virtue cannot grow near thee.

AIR XXVII. *I'll range around.*

Since you so base and faithless be,
And would—without marrying me,
A maid I'll go to Pluto's shore,
Nor think of men or—marriage more.

Owen. You'll repent that resolution before you get half-way———She'll go pout and pine away half an hour by herself, then relapse into a fit of fondness, and be all my own.

AIR XXVIII. *Chloe is false.*

Women in vain love's powerful torrent
With unequal strength oppose;
Reason awhile may stem the strong current,
Love still at last her soul o'erflows;
Pleasures inviting,
Passions exciting,
Her lover charms her,
Of pride disarms her,
Down she goes.

SCENE III. *A Field.*

ROBIN, WILLIAM, JOHN, THOMAS.

Will. Here's as proper a place as can be for our business.

Rob. The sooner the better.

John. Come, Thomas, thou and I will not be idle.

Tho. I'll take a knock or two for love, with all my heart.

AIR XXIX. *Britons strike home.*

Will. Robin, come on, come on, come on,
As soon as you please.
Rob. Will, I will hit thee a slap in the,
Slap in the, slap in the face.
Will. Would, would I could see it,
I would with both feet,
Give thee such a kick by the by.
Rob. If you dare, Sir, do.
Will. Why do not, Sir, you?
Rob. I'm ready, I'm ready,
Will. And so am I, too.

Tho. You must fight to some other tune, or you will never fight at all.

SCENE IV.

ROBIN, WILLIAM, JOHN, THOMAS, SUSAN.

Sus. What are you doing, you set of lazy rascals?—Do you consider my master will be at home within these two hours, and find nothing ready for his supper?

Will. Let master come when he will——If he keeps Robin, I am free to go as soon as he pleases; Robin and I will not live in one house together.

Sus. Why, what's the matter?

Rob. He wanted to get my mistress from me, that's all.

Will. You lie, sirrah, you lie.

Rob. Who do you call liar, you blockhead?——I say, you lie.

Will. And I say you lie.

Rob. And you lie.

Will. And I say you lie again.

Rob. The devil take the greatest liar, I say.

AIR XXX. *Mother quoth Hodge.*

Sus. Oh fie upon't, Robin, Oh fie upon't, Will,
What language like this, what scullion defames?
'Twere better your tongues should ever be still,
Than always be scolding and calling vile names.

Will. 'Twas he that lies
Did first devise,
The first words were his, and the last shall be mine.

Rob. You kiss my dog.

Will. You're a sly dog.

Rob. Loggerhead.

Will. Blockhead.

Rob. Fool.

Will. Fox.

Rob. Swine.

Will. Sirrah, I'll make you repent you ever quarrell'd with me—I will tell my master of two silver spoons you

stole—I'll discover your tricks—your selling of glasses, and pretending the frost broke them—making master brew more beer than he needed, and then giving it away to your own family; especially to feed the great swoln belly of that fat-gutted brother of yours—who gets drunk twice a-day at master's expence.

Rob. Ha, ha, ha! And is this all?

Will. No, sirrah, it is not all—then there's your filing the plate, and when it was found lighter, pretended that it wasted in cleaning; and your bills for tutty and rotten stone, when you us'd nothing but poor whiting. Sirrah, you have been such a rogue, that you have stole above half my master's plate, and spoil'd the rest.

Sus. Fie upon't. William, what have we to do with master's losses? He is rich, and can afford it.—Don't let us quarrel among ourselves—let us stand by one another—for, let me tell you, if matters were to be too nicely examined into, I am afraid it would go hard with us all——Wise servants always stick close to one another, like plums in a pudding that's overwetted, says Susan the cook.

John. Or horse in a stable that's on fire——says John the groom.

Tho. Or grapes upon a wall—says Thomas the gardener.

Sus. Every servant should be sauce to his fellow-servant——as sauce disguises the fault of a dish—so should he theirs.——O William, were we all to have our deserts, we should be finely roasted indeed.

AIR XXXI. *Dame of Honour.*

A wise man others' faults conceals
His own to get more clear of;
While folly all she knows reveals,
Sure what she does to hear of.

The parson and the lawyer's blind,
Each to his brother's erring——
For should you search, he knows you'd find
No barrel the better herring.

AIR XXXII. *We have cheated the parson.*

Rob. Here stands honest Bob, who ne'er in his life
Was known to be guilty of faction and strife.
But Oh what can
Appease the man,
Who would rob me of both my place and my wife.

Will. If you prove it, I will be hang'd, and that's fair.

Rob. I've that in my pocket will make it appear.

Will. Pry'thee what?

Rob. Ask you that,
When you know you have written against me so flat.

Here is your hand, tho' there is not your name to it—is not this your hand, Sir?

Will. I don't think it worth my while to tell you whether it is or no.

Rob. Was it not enough to try to supplant me in my place, but you must try to get my mistress?

Will. Your mistress—any man may have your mistress that can outbid you, for it is very well known you never had a mistress without paying for her.

Rob. But perhaps you may find me too cunning for you, and while you are attempting my place, you may lose your own.

AIR XXXIII. *Hark, hark, the cock crows.*

Will. When master thinks fit,
I am ready to quit
A place I so little regard, Sir;

For while thou art here,
No merit must e'er
  Expect to find any reward, Sir.
The groom that is able
To manage his stable,
  Of places enough need not doubt, Sir;
But you, my good brother,
Will scarce find another,
  If master should e'er turn you out, Sir.

Sus. If you can't be friends without it, you had best fight it out once for all.

Will. Ay——so say I.

Rob. No, no, I am for no fighting; it is but a word and a blow with William; he would set the whole parish together by the ears, if he could; and it is very well known what difficulties I have been put to to keep peace in it.

Will. I suppose peace-making is one of the secret services you have done master——for they are such secrets, that your friend the devil can hardly discover—and whence does your peace-making arise, but from your fears of getting a black eye, or bloody nose, in the squabble?—for if you could set the whole parish a boxing, without boxing yourself, it is well known you would do it, sirrah, sirrah——had your love for the tenants been the occasion of your peace-making, as you call it, you would not be always making master so hard upon them in every court; and prevent him giving them the fat ox at Christmas, on pretence of good husbandry.

Rob. Yours you have a great love for, master, we know by your driving to inch, as you do, sirrah. You are such a headstrong devil, that you will overturn the coach one day or other, and break both master and mistress's necks; it is always neck or nothing with you.

Sus. Oh fie! William, pray let me be the mediator between you.

Rob. Ay, ay, let Susan be the mediator, I'll refer my cause to any one—it is equal to me.

Will. No, no, I shall not refer an affair, wherein my honour is so concerned, to a woman.

AIR XXXIV. *Of a noble race was Shinken.*

Good madam Cook, the greasy,
Pray leave your saucy bawling,
Let all your toil
Be to make the pot boil,
For that's your proper calling.

With men as wise as Robin,
A female judge may pass, Sir;
For where the grey mare
Is the better horse, there
The horse is but an ass, Sir.

SCENE V.

ROBIN, THOMAS, SUSAN.

Sus. Saucy fellow.

Tho. I suppose he is gone to inform master against you.

Rob. Let him go, I am too well with Madam to fear any mischief he can make with master.—And harkye, between you and I, Madam won't suffer me to be turn'd out——you heard William upbraid me with stealing the beer for my own family; but she knows half of it hath gone to her own private cellar, where she and the parson sit and drink, and meditate ways to propagate religion in the parish——

Sus. Don't speak against Madam, Robin——she is an exceeding good woman to her own servants.

Rob. Ay, ay, to us upper servants—we that keep the keys fare well enough————and for the rest, let them starve for Robin.——It's the way of the world, Susan; the heads of all professions thrive, while the others starve.

AIR XXXV. *Pierot's tune.*

Great courtiers palaces contain,
While small ones fear the gaol,
Great parsons riot in champagne,
Small parsons sot on ale;
Great whores in coaches gang,
Smaller misses,
For their kisses,
Are in Bridewell bang'd;
While in vogue,
Lives the great rogue,
Small rogues are by dozens hang'd.

SCENE VI.

SUSAN, SWEETISSA.

Sweet. Oh brave Susan! what, you are resolved to keep open doings: when a woman goes without the precincts of virtue, she never knows where to stop.

AIR XXXVI. *Country garden.*

Virtue within a woman's heart,
By nature's hand is ramm'd in,
There must be kept by steady art,
Like water when its damm'd in.

But the dam once broken,
Past all revoking,
Virtue flies off in a minute;
Like a river left,
Of water bereft,
Each man may venture in it.

Sus. I hope you will pardon my want of capacity, Madam, but I don't know what you mean.

Sweet. Your capacity is too capacious——Madam.

Sus. Your method of talking, Madam, is something dark.

Sweet. Your method of acting is darker, Madam.

Sus. I dare appeal to the whole world for the justification of my actions, Madam; and I defy any one to say my fame is more sullied than my plates, Madam.

Sweet. Your pots you mean——Madam: if you are like any plates, it is soup-plates, which any man may put his spoon into.

Sus. Me, Madam.

Sweet. You, Madam.

AIR XXXVII. *Dainty Davy.*

Sus. What the devil mean you thus
Scandal scattering,
Me bespattering,
Dirty slut, and ugly puss,
What can be your meaning?

Sweet. Had you, Madam, not forgot,
When with Bob you——you know what,
Surely, Madam, you would not,
Twice enquire my meaning.

There, read that letter, and be satisfied how base you

have been to a woman, to whom you have professed a friendship.

Sus. What do you mean by offering me a letter to read? when you know———

Sweet. When I know you writ it, Madam.

Sus. When you know I can neither write nor read, Madam.—It was my parents' fault, not mine, that gave me not a better education; and if you had not been taught to write, you would have been no more able to write than myself—tho' you barbarously upbraid me with what is not my fault.

Sweet. How?—and is it possible you can neither read nor write?

Sus. Possible!—why should it be impossible for a servant not to be able to write—when so many gentlemen can't spell————

Sweet. Here is your name to a love letter, which is directed to Robin—wherein you complain of his having left you, after he had enjoy'd you.——

Sus. Enjoy'd me!

Sweet. It is so I assure you.————

Sus. If ever I had anything to say to Robin———— but as one fellow servant might say to another fellow-servant, may my pot ne'er boil again.

Sweet. I am sorry you cannot read, that you might see the truth of what I say, that you might read Susan Roastmeat in plain letters; and if you did not write it yourself, sure the devil must have writ it for you.——

Sus. I think I have said enough to satisfy you,—and as much as is consistent with my honour.

Sweet. You have, indeed, to satisfy me of your innocence——nor do I think it inconsistent with my honour to assure you I am sorry I said what I said—I do, and humbly ask your pardon, Madam.

Sus. Dear Madam, this acknowledgment from you is

sufficient—Oh! Sweetissa, had I been one of those, I might have had to do with my young master.

Sweet. Nay, for that matter, we might all have had to do with my young master; that argues little in your defence——but this I am assured of—if you cannot write at all—you did not write the letter.

AIR XXXVIII. *Valentine's day.*

A woman must her honour save,
  While she's a virgin found;
And he can hardly be a knave
  Who is not worth a pound.

On horseback he who cannot ride,
  On horseback did not rob;
And since a pen you cannot guide,
  You never wrote to Bob.

SCENE VII.

OWEN AND MR. APSHONES.

Mr. Aps. I desire not, Mr. Owen, that you would marry my daughter; I had rather see her married to one of her own degree.——I had rather have a set of fine healthy grandchildren ask me blessing, than a poor puny breed of half-begotten brats—that inherit the diseases as well as the titles of their parents.

Owen. Pshaw, pshaw, master Apshones, these are the narrow sentiments of such old fellows as you, that have either never known or forgotten the world, that think their daughters going out of the world, if they go five miles from them——and had rather see them walk a foot at home than ride in a coach abroad.

Mr. Aps. I would not see her ride in her coach this year, to see her ride in an hearse the next.

Owen. You may never arrive to that honour, good Sir.

Mr. Aps. I would not advise you to attempt bringing any dishonour on us——that may not be so safe as you imagine.

Owen. So safe.

Mr. Aps. No, not so safe, Sir.——I have not lost my spirit with my fortune; I am your father's tenant, but not his slave.——Tho' you have ruin'd many poor girls with impunity, you may not always succeed so——for, let me tell you, Sir, whoever brings dishonour on me, shall bring ruin on himself.

Owen. Ha—ha—ha!

Mr. Aps. I believe both Sir Owen and her ladyship too good people to suffer you in these practices, were they acquainted with them——Sir Owen hath still behaved as the best of landlords; he knows a landlord should protect, not prey on his tenants—should be the shepherd, not the wolf to his flock—but one would have thought, you imagin'd we lived under that barbarous custom—I have read of—when the landlord was entitled to the maidenheads of all his tenants' daughters.

Owen. Ha, ha, ha! thou art a very ridiculous, comical, odd sort of an old fellow, faith.

Mr. Aps. It is very likely you and I may appear in the same light to one another.—Your dress would have made as ridiculous a figure in my young days, as mine does now. What is the meaning of all that plastering upon your wigs? unless you would insinuate that your brains lie on the outside of your heads.

Owen. Your daughter likes our dress, if you don't.

Mr. Aps. I desire you would spare my daughter, Sir, —I shall take as much care of her as I can,—and if

you should prevail on her to her ruin, be assured your father's estate should not secure you from my revenge.—You should find that the true spirit of English liberty acknowledges no superior equal to oppression.

Owen. The true spirit of English liberty—ha, ha, ha!—thou art not the first father, or husband, that hath bluster'd in this manner, and been afterwards as quiet as a lamb.—He were a fine gallant, indeed, who would be stopt in the pursuit of his mistress, by the threatenings of her relations.—Not that I should care to venture, if I thought the fellow in earnest—but your heroes in words are never so in deeds.

AIR XXXIX. *My Chloe, why do you slight me?*

The whore of fame is jealous,
The coward would seem brave;
For we are still most zealous
What most we want to have.
The madman boasts his senses,
And he, whose chief pretence is
To liberty's defence, is
Too oft the greatest slave.

SCENE VIII.

OWEN AND MOLLY.

Owen. She here!

Mol. Cruel, dost thou fly me? am I become hateful in thy sight?—are all thy wicked vows forgotten? for sure if thou didst even remember them, they would oblige thee to another behaviour.

Owen. Can you blame me for obeying your commands

in shunning you? Sure you have forgotten your last vows, never to see me more.

Mol. Alas! you know too well that I am as insincere in every repulse to you as you have been in your advances to me. How unjustly do men accuse us of using a lover ill, when we are no sooner in his power than he uses us so?

AIR XL. *Sylvia my dearest.*

Cruellest creature, why have you woo'd me,
Why thus pursu'd me,
  Into love's snare?
While I was cruel
I was your jewel;
  Now I am kind, you bid me despair.

Nature's sweet flowers
  Warm seasons nourish,
In summer flourish,
  Winter's their bane:
Love, against nature
  Check'd, grows the greater;
And best is nourish'd with cold disdain.

Owen. How canst thou wrong me so, my dear Molly? Your father hath been here, and insulted me in the rudest manner; but notwithstanding that I am resolved————

Mol. To fulfil your promise and marry me.

Owen. Why dost thou mention that hateful word? That, that is the cruel frost which nips the flower of love. Politeness is not a greater enemy to honesty, nor quadrille to common sense, than marriage is to love. They are fire and water, and cannot live together. Mar-

riage is the only thing thou shouldst ask, that I would not grant.

Mol. And till you grant that, I will grant nothing else.

Owen. It is for your sake I would not marry you; for I could never love, if I was confined to it.

AIR XLI.

How happy's the swain,
Whom beauty firing,
All admiring,
All desiring,
Never desiring in vain.
How happy to rove
Thro' sweetest bowers,
And cull the flowers,
In the delicious garden of love.
How wretched the soul,
Under controul.
To one poor choice confin'd a while,
Wanton it exerts the lass,
No, no, let the joys of my life,
Like the years in circles roll.
But since you are so ungrateful,
Since my service is so hateful,
Willing I my place forsake.

Mol. He's gone! he's lost for ever! irrevocably lost: Oh! virtue! where's thy force? where are those thousand charms that we are told to lie in thee, when lovers cannot see them? Should Owen e'er return, should he renew his entreaties, I fear his success; for I find every day love attains more and more ground of virtue.

AIR XLII. *Midsummer wish.*

When love is lodg'd within the heart,
Poor virtue to the outworks flies,
The tongue in thunder takes its part,
And darts in lightning from the eyes.
From lips and eyes with gested grace,
In vain she keeps out charming him,
For love will find some weaker place,
To let the dear invader in.

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE, SIR OWEN APSHINKEN'S *House.*

SIR OWEN, *smoking.*

WHAT a glorious creature was he who first discovered the use of tobacco!——the industrious retires from business——the voluptuous from pleasure——the lover from a cruel mistress——the husband from a curs'd wife——and I from all the world to my pipe.

AIR XLIII. *Freemason's tune.*

Let the learn'd talk of books,
The glutton of cooks,
The lover of Celia's soft smack-o;
No mortal can boast
So noble a toast,
As a pipe of accepted tobacco.

Let the soldier for fame,
And a general's name,
In battle get many a thwack-o;
Let who will have most,
Who will rule the roast,
Give me but a pipe of tobacco.

Tobacco gives wit
To the dullest old cit,
And makes him of politics crack-o;
The lawyers i' th' hall
Were not able to bawl,
Were it not for a whiff of tobacco.

The man whose chief glory
Is telling a story,
Had never arrived at the knack-o,
Between ev'ry heying,
And as I was saying,
Did he not take a whiff of tobacco.

The doctor who places
Much skill in grimaces,
And feels your pulse running tick-tack-o;
Would you know his chief skill?
It is only to fill,
And smoke a good pipe of tobacco.

The courtiers alone
To this weed are not prone;
Would you know what 'tis makes them so slack-o!
'Twas because it inclin'd
To be honest the mind,
And therefore they banish'd tobacco.

SCENE II.

SIR OWEN AND LADY APSHINKEN.

Lady Ap. It is very hard, my dear, that I must be an eternal slave to my family; that the moment my back is turned every thing goes to rack and manger; that you will take no care upon yourself, like a sleepy good-for-nothing drone as you are.

Sir Owen. My wife is a very good wife, only a little inclin'd to talking. If she had no tongue, or I had no ears, we should be the happiest couple in Wales.

Lady Ap. Sir Owen! Sir Owen! it is very well known what offers I refus'd, when I married you.

Sir Owen. Yes, my dear, it is very well known, indeed—I have heard of it often enough in conscience.—But of this I am confident—if you had ever had a better offer, you knew your own interest too well to have refus'd it.

Lady Ap. Ungrateful man!—If I have shewn that I know the value of money, it has been for your interest as well as mine; and let me tell you, Sir, when ever my conscience hath struggled with my interest, she hath always got the better.

Sir Owen. Why possibly it may be so—for I am sure which ever side your tongue is of, will get the better.—And harkye, my dear, I fancy your conscience and your tongue lie very near together.—As for your interest, it lies too near your heart to have any intercourse with your tongue.

Lady Ap. Methinks, Sir Owen, you should be the last who reflected on me for scolding your servants.

Sir Owen. So I would, if you would not scold at me.—Vent your ill-nature on all the parish, let me and

my tobacco alone, and I care not: but a scolding wife to me is a walking bass-viol out of tune.

Lady Ap. Sir, Sir, a drunken husband is a bad fiddle-stick to that bass-viol, never able to put her into tune, nor to play any tune upon her.

Sir Owen. A scolding wife is rosin to that fiddle-stick, continually rubbing it up to play, till it wear out.

AIR XLIV. *Tenant of my own.*

Of all bad sorts of wives
The scolds are sure the worst,
With a hum drum, scum, hurry scurry scum,
Would I'd a cuckold been,
Ere I had been accurst
With your hum, drum, &c.

Would he have curst mankind
(If Juno's drawn to life)
When Jupiter Pandora sent,
He should have sent his wife,
With her hum drum, &c.

SCENE III.

LADY APSHINKEN AND SUSAN.

Lady Ap. Go thy ways, for an errant knight as thou art.—So, Susan, what brings you?

Sus. The bill of fare, Madam.

Lady Ap. The bill of fare! this looks more like a bill for a month than a day.

Sus. Master hath invited several of the tenants to-day, Madam.

Lady Ap. Yes, I am acquainted with your master's

generosity—he would keep a tenant's table by his consent.—On my conscience, he would suffer some of the poorer tenants to eat more than their rent out.

Sus. Heaven bless him for such goodness!

Lady Ap. This sirloin of beef may stand, only cut off half of it for to-morrow——it is too big for one dish.

Sus. O dear Madam! it is a thousand pities to cut it.

Lady Ap. Pshaw! I tell you no polite people suffer a large dish to come to their table.—I have seen an entertainment of three courses, where the substance of the whole would not have made half a sirloin of beef.

Sus. The devil take such politeness, I say.

Lady Ap. A goose roasted—very well; take particular care of the giblets, they bear a very good price in the market. Two brace of partridges—I'll leave out one of them. An apple-pie with quinces—why quinces, when you know quinces are so dear?—There; and for the rest, do you keep it, and let me have two dishes a day, till it is out.

Sus. Why, Madam, half the provision will stink at that rate.

Lady Ap. Then they will eat the less of it.—I know some good housewives that never buy any other, for it is always cheap, and will go the farther.

Sus. So, as the smell of the old English hospitality us'd to invite people in, that of the present is to keep them away.

Lady Ap. Old English hospitality! Oh, don't name it, I am sick at the sound.

Sus. Would I had liv'd in those days!—I wish I had been born a cook in an age when there was some business for one! before we had learnt this French politeness, and been taught to dress our meat by nations that have no meat to dress.

AIR XLV. *The king's old courtier.*

When mighty roast beef was the Englishman's food,
It ennobled our hearts and enriched our blood,
Our soldiers were brave and our courtiers were good.
Oh the roast beef of England,
And old England's roast beef!

But since we have learnt from all-conquering France,
To eat their ragouts as well as to dance,
Oh what a fine figure we make in romance!
Oh the roast beef of England,
And old England's roast beef!

Lady Ap. Servants are continually jealous of the least thrift of a master or mistress; they are never easy but when they observe extravagance.

SCENE IV.

LADY APSHINKEN AND PUZZLETEXT.

AIR XLVI. *Oh Jenny, Oh Jenny.*

Lady Ap. Oh doctor, Oh doctor, where hast thou been?
Sure woman was never like me perplext!
I have been chiding:
Puz. I have been riding,
And meditating upon my text.

Lady Ap. I wish you would give us a sermon on charity, that my servants might know that it is no charity to indulge in a voluptuous appetite.

Puz. There is, Madam, as your ladyship very well knows, a religious charity, and irreligious charity.——Now the religious charity teaches us rather to starve the

belly of our friend, than feed it. Verily, starving is voluptuous food for a sinful constitution.

Lady Ap. I wish, doctor, when you go next to London, you would buy me up, at the cheapest rates, all the books upon charity that have been publish'd.

Puz. I have a treatise, Madam, which I shall shortly publish, which will comprehend the whole. It will be writ in Latin, and dedicated to your ladyship.

Lady Ap. Any thing for the encouragement of religion.——I am a great admirer of the Latin language.—I believe, doctor, I now understand Latin as well as English.—But oh, doctor! it gives me pain, very great pain, that notwithstanding all our endeavours, there should yet remain so many wicked people in our parish. ——One of the tenants, the other day, abus'd his wife in the most terrible manner. Shall I never make them use their wives tolerably?

AIR XLVII.

Lady Ap. Ah, doctor! I long, much as misers for pelf,
To see the whole parish as good as myself.
Puz. Ah, Madam! your ladyship need not to doubt,
But that by my sermons will be soon brought about.
Lady Ap. Ah, man! can your sermons put them in the right way,
When not one in ten e'er hears what you say?
Puz. Ah, Madam! your ladyship need not to fear,
If you make them pay, but I'll make them hear.

SCENE V.

To them ROBIN.

AIR XLVIII. *In Porus.*

Rob. Some confounded planet reigning,
Surely hath, beyond explaining,
Your sex beguiled,
Sense defiled,
Sense awry led
To mistake:
I should wonder,
Could you blunder
Thus awake.
But if your almighty wit
Me for William will quit,
E'en brew as you bake.

Lady Ap. What's the meaning of this?

Rob. Is your ladyship a stranger to it then?—Madam, don't you know that I am to be turn'd away, and William made butler?

Lady Ap. How!

Rob. Nay, I assure your ladyship it is true. I just now receiv'd a message from master, to give an account of the plate—and perhaps I shall give a better account than William would, had he been butler as long as I have.

Lady Ap. I am out of all patience; I'll to Sir Owen this moment—I will see whether I am a cypher in this house or no.

Puz. Harkye, Mr. Robin, you are safe enough—her ladyship is your friend.—So go you and send me a bottle

of good wine into my room, for I am a very good friend of yours.

SCENE VI.

ROBIN *solus*.

It is not that I intend to live long in the family—but I don't care to be turn'd away.—I would give warning myself, and if this storm blows over, I will.—Thanks to my industry, I have made a shift to get together a little comfortable subsistence for the rest of my days.—I'll purchase some little snug farm in Wales of about a hundred a year, and retire with—ha!—with whom shall I retire, since Sweetissa's false?—What avails it to me that I can purchase an estate, when I cannot purchase happiness?

AIR XLIX. *Cupid, God of pleasing anguish.*

What avail large sums of treasure,
But to purchase sums of pleasure,
  But your wishes to obtain?
Poor the wretch whole worlds possessing,
While his dearest darling blessing
  He must sigh for still in vain.

SCENE VII.

ROBIN AND SWEETISSA.

Rob. Where is my wealth, when the cabinet it was lock'd up in is broke open and plunder'd?

Sweet. He's here!—love would blow me like a whirlwind to his arms, did not the string of honour pull me back—Honour, that forces more lies from the mouth of a woman, than gold does from the mouth of a lawyer.

Rob. See where she stands! the false, the perjur'd she. —Yet, guilty as she is, she would be dearer to my soul than light—did not my honour interpose—My honour, which cannot suffer me to wed a whore. I must part with honour, or with her—and a servant without honour is a wretch indeed!—How happy are men of quality, who cannot lose their honour, do what they will?—Right honour is tried in roguery, as gold is in the fire, and comes out still the same.

AIR L. *Dame of honour.*

Nice honour by a private man
  With zeal must be maintained!
For soon 'tis lost, and never can
  By any be regained.
But once right honourable grown,
  He's then its rightful owner;
For though the worst of rogues he's known,
  He's still a man of honour.

Sweet. I wish I could impute this blindness of yours to love. But, alas! love would see me, not my faults. ——You see my faults, not me.

Rob. I wish it were possible to see you faultless—but alas! you are so hemm'd in with faults, one must see through them to come at you.

Sweet. I know of none, but loving you too well.

Rob. That may be one, perhaps, if you were great with William.

Sweet. Oh Robin! if thou art resolv'd to be false, do not, I beseech thee, do not let thy malice conspire to ruin my reputation.

Rob. There, Madam, read that letter once more, then bid me be tender of your reputation, if you can—tho'

women have always the boldest claims to reputation when they have the least pretensions to it; for virtue, like gunpowder, never makes any noise till it goes off—when you hear the report, you may be sure it's gone.

Sweet. This is some conspiracy against me; for may the devil fetch me this instant, if ever I saw this letter before.

Rob. What! and drop it from your pocket?

Sweet. Oh base man!—if ever I suffer'd William to kiss me in my life, unless when we have been at questions and commands, may I never—be kiss'd while I live again.—And if I am not a maid now—may I die as good a maid as I am now.—But you shall see that I am not the only one who can receive letters and drop them from their pockets too.——There, if thou art guilty, that letter will shock thee—while innocence guards me.

AIR LI. *Why will Florella.*

When guilt within the bosom lies,
  A thousand ways it speaks.
It stares affrighted thro' the eyes,
  And blushes thro' the cheeks.

But innocence, disdaining fear,
  Adorns the injur'd face,
And, while the black accuser's near,
  Shines forth with brighter grace.

Rob. Surprising!—sure some little writing devil lurks in the house. Ha! a thought hath just shot thro' my brain. Sweetissa, if you have virtue—if you have honour—if you have humanity, answer me one question. Did the parson ever make love to you?

Sweet. Why do you ask me that?

Rob. These two letters are writ by the same hand;

and if they were not writ by William, they must have been by the parson—for no one else, I believe, can write or read in the house.

Sweet. I can't say he hath, nor I can't say he hath not. Once he told me that if I was worth a hundred pounds he'd marry me.

Rob. Did he? that's enough; by George I'll make an example of him—I'll beat him till he hath as great an aversion to marriage as any priest in Rome hath.

Sweet. O fie! what, beat the parson?

Rob. Never tell me of the parson—if he will have my meat, I'll give him some sauce to it.

Sweet. Consider, good Robin; for tho' thou hast been a base man to me, I would not have thee damn'd.

Rob. The parson would send me to heaven, I thank him.—I'd rather be damn'd than go to heaven as the parson's cuckold. Sbud! I'll souse him till he shall have as little appetite for woman's flesh as horse flesh.

AIR LII. *Hunt the squirrel.*

Sweet. Oh, for goodness sake forbear!
Think he's a parson, think he's a parson;
Look upon the cloth he wears,
Ere you pull his ears.

Rob. Cease your chattering, I will batter him;
Blood and thunder-bolt!
I'll rub him, drub him, scrub him down,
As jockeys do a colt.

Sweet. He's gone; perhaps will knock the parson on the head. What can he then expect but to be hang'd by the neck? Oh! that he were hang'd once safe about my neck. Ye powers preserve him from the hangman's noose, and tie him fast in Hymen's.

SCENE VIII.

SWEETISSA AND JOHN.

Sweet. Oh, John! fly! if thou wilt save thy friend—fly up into the parson's closet.

John. What's the matter?

Sweet. One moment's delay, and Robin's lost.—He is gone in a mighty passion to beat the parson; run and prevent him, for if he should kill the parson, he will be hang'd.

John. Kill him! if he lifts up his hand against him, he will be put in the spiritual court and that's worse than hanging.

Sweet. Fly, fly, dear John.—What torments attend a mind in love.

AIR LIII. *The play of love.*

What vast delights must virgins prove,
Who taste the dear excess of love!
Since, while so many ways undone,
And all our joys must fly from one,
Eager to love's embrace we run.
So when in some small island lies
The eager merchant's brilliant prize,
That dear, that darling spot to gain,
He views black tempests with disdain,
And all the dangers of the main.

SCENE IX.

OWEN AND SWEETISSA.

Owen. Sweetissa in tears!—so looks the lily after a

shower, while drops of rain run gently down its silken leaves, and gather sweetness as they pass.

AIR LIV. *Si cari.*

Smile, smile, Sweetissa smile;
Repining banish,
Let sorrow vanish,
Grief does the complexion spoil.
Smile, smile, Sweetissa, smile;
Lift up your charming, cha—a—arming,
Charming, charming eyes,
As the sun's brightest rays in summer skies.

What is the matter my dear Sweetissa?

Sweet. Whatever be the matter—it is no matter of yours, master Owen.

Owen. I would hug thee in my arms and comfort thee—if thou would'st let me. Give me a buss—do.

AIR LV. *Sleepy body.*

Sweet. Little master,
Pretty master,
Your pursuit give over;
Surely nature
Such a creature
Never meant for a lover.
A beau, and baboon,
In a dull afternoon,
May ladies divert by their capers;
But weak is her head
Who takes to her bed
Such a remedy for the vapours.
Little master, &c.

SCENE X.

OWEN, *solus*.

AIR LVI.

Go, and like a slub'ring Bess howl,
  Whilst at your griefs I'm quaffing,
For the more you cry, the less you'll—
                Tol, lol, de rol.
  Be inclin'd to laughing.

SCENE XI.

OWEN AND SUSAN.

Owen. So, Mrs. Susan, which way are you going?

Sus. Going!—why, I am going to find Madam out—if she will have no victuals, she shall have no cook for Susan. If I cut the sirloin of beef, may the devil cut me.

AIR LVII. *South-sea tune.*

An Irishman loves potatoes;
  A Frenchman chews
  Sallads and ragouts;
A Dutchman, waterzuche;
  The Italian, macaroons;
The Scotchman loves sheeps' heads, Sir;
The Welch with cheese are fed, Sir;
  An Englishman's chief
  Delight is roast beef;
And if I divide the ox' sirloin
  May the devil cut off mine.

Owen. Oh! do not spoil thy pretty face with passion. Give me a kiss, my dear pretty little cook.

Sus. Give you a kiss!—give you a slap in the face, or a rod for your backside. When I am kiss'd, it shall be by another guise sort of spark than you. Sbud! your head looks like the scrag end of a neck of mutton just flour'd for basting. A kiss!—a fart!

SCENE XII.

OWEN AND MARGERY.

Owen. Go thy ways, greasy face. Oh, here's my little Margery now.

Marg. Not so little neither, Master Owen. I am big enough for you still.

Owen. And so thou art, my dear, and my dove—Come, let us—let us—let us—

Marg. Let us what?

Owen. Let us, I'gad, I don't know what—Let us kiss like any thing.

Marg. Not so fast, squire—your mamma must give you a larger allowance before it comes to that between you and me. Look'ee, Sir, when you can produce that fine apron you promised me, I don't know what my gratitude may bring me to. But I am resolv'd, if ever I do play the fool, I'll have something to shew for it, besides a great belly.

Owen. Pox on 'em all!—I shall not compass one out of the whole family.—I'gad, I'll e'en go back to Molly, and make sure of her, if possible—or I may be in danger of dying half a maid yet; for the devil take me, if I ha'n't a shrewd suspicion that, in all my amours, I never yet thoroughly knew what a fine woman was. I fancy it often happens so among us fine gentlemen.

AIR LVIII.

The idle beau of pleasure
Oft boasts a false amour,
As breaking cit his treasure,
Most gaudy, when most poor;
But the rich miser hides the stores he does amass,
And the true lover still conceals his happy lass.

SCENE XIII.

PUZZLETEXT, ROBIN, AND JOHN.

Puz. I will have satisfaction.—Speak not to me, Master John, of any thing but satisfaction.—I will box him.——I will shew him that I was not bred at Oxford for nothing.——Splutter! I will shew him my head is good for something else besides preaching.

[*Butts at him.*

Rob. You would have arm'd my head better for butting, I thank you.

Puz. You are a lying rascal, and a liar in your teeth.

Rob. You are a liar in your tongue, doctor, and that's worse.

Puz. The lie to me, sirrah! I will cut your brains out, if you have any brains. Let me go, John,—let me go.

Rob. Let him come: I warrant he goes back again faster than he came.

Puz. Sbud! sbud! sbud!

John. Fie, doctor! be not in such a passion; consider who you are—you must forgive.

Puz. I will not forgive.——Forgiveness is sometimes a sin, ay, and a damn'd sin.—No, I will not forgive him.

—Sirrah, I will make such an example of you, as shall deter all such vagabonds for the future how they affront the church.

AIR LIX. *Buff-coat.*

Puz. In spiritual court
I'll show you such sport,
Shall make you your own folly curse, Sir.
Rob. But you shall be bit,
For I'll stand in the sheet,
And keep you from handling my purse, Sir.
Puz. In this you'll be sham'd,
In the other world damn'd,
Here a priest, there a devil you'll find, Sir.
Rob. I shall know then if priest
Or devil be best
At the art of tormenting mankind, Sir.
Puz. Let me go, John—I will—splutter!

SCENE XIV.

SIR OWEN APSHINKEN, LADY APSHINKEN, PUZZLETEXT, ROBIN, WILLIAM, JOHN, SUSAN, SWEETISSA, MARGERY.

Lady Ap. Heyday! what's the meaning of this? Mr. Puzzletext, you are not mad I hope?

Puz. Splutter! my lady, but I am. I have been abus'd—I have been beaten.

Lady Ap. It cannot be by Robin, I am sure; he's peaceably enough inclin'd.

Will. He'll not strike a blow, unless he's forced to it, I warrant him.

Puz. Yes, it is by Robin; he hath abus'd me for writing to his mistress, when I have not had a pen in my hand, save for half a sermon, these six months.

Will. Sure letters run strangely in his head!—he

hath quarrell'd with me once to-day, and now he hath quarrell'd with Mr. Puzzletext, for writing to his mistress——He knows his own demerits, and therefore is jealous of every man he sees for a rival.

Rob. I have not so bad an opinion of myself as to be jealous of you, however sensible you may be of your own merits.

Lady Ap. Let us have no quarrelling here, pray.—I thought you had more sense than to quarrel with the church. [*Aside to* Robin.

Will. Master may keep you, if he pleases——when he knows you are a rogue; but I'll swear to your stealing the two silver spoons.

Sweet. You have reason to talk, good Mr. William——I'll swear to your having robb'd one of the coaches of the curtains to make yourself a waistcoat; and your having stolen a pair of buckles out of the harness, and sold them to Mr. Owen, to wear them in his shoes.

Sus. If you come to that, Madam, who stole a short silk apron from my lady, and a new flannel petticoat, which you have on at this moment?

John. Not so fast, good Susan saucebox—Who basted away dozens of butter more than she need, that she may sell the grease——Who brings in false bills of fare, and puts the forg'd articles in her own pocket?—Who wants wine and brandy for sauces and sweetmeats, and drinks it herself?

Will. And who wants strong beer for his horses, which he drinks himself?

Marg. I think you should forget that, lest you should be put in mind of the same practice with the coach-horses.

Sus. I suppose when you remember that, you don't forget taking a dram from her ladyship's bottle every time you make the bed.

Lady Ap. I can excuse you there, Margery, for I keep all my bottles under lock and key.

Sus. But I suppose your ladyship will not excuse her from a false key, the which I will take my oath she hath now in her pocket.

Lady Ap. Very fine, indeed!

Puz. Verily, I am concern'd to find my sermons have had no better effect on you. I think it is a difficult matter to determine which deserves to be hang'd most; and if Robin, the butler, hath cheated more than other people, I see no other reason for it, but because he hath had more opportunity to cheat.

Rob. Well said, parson!—once in thy life thou hast spoken truth.

Will. We are none of us so bad as Robin, tho'—there's cheating in his very name.—Robin, is as much as to say, robbing.

Puz. That is none of the best puns, Master Will.

Rob. Well said, parson, again!

AIR LX. *Ye madcaps of England.*

In this little family plainly we find
A little epitome of human kind,
Where down from the beggar, up to the great man,
Each gentleman cheats you no more than he can.
Sing tantarara, rogues all.

For if you will be such a husband of pelf,
To be serv'd by no cheats you must e'en serve yourself;
The world is so cramm'd brimful of deceit,
That if Robin be a name for a cheat,
Sing tantarara, Bobs all, Bobs all,
Sing tantarara, Bobs all.

Lady Ap. And have I been raking, and rending, and

scraping, and scratching, and sweating, to be plunder'd by my servants?

Sir Owen. Why, truly, my dear, if you had any family to provide for, you would have had some excuse for your saving, to save fortunes for your younger children.—But as we have but one son to provide for, and he not much worth providing for, e'en let the servants keep what they have stole, and much good may it do them.

Lady Ap. This is such notorious extravagance!

Omnes. Heavens bless your good honour.

AIR LXI. *My name is old Hewson.*

Rob. I once as your butler did cheat you,
For myself I will set up now;
If you come to my house I will treat you
With a pig of your own sow.

Sweet. I once did your ladyship chouse,
And rob you of trinkets good store;
But when I am gone from your house,
I promise to cheat you no more.

Will. Your lining I own, like a blockhead,
I stole, to my utter reproach;
But you will be money in pocket,
If you will sell off your horses and coach.

Sus. My rogueries are all confest,
And for a new maid you may look;
For where there's no meat to be drest,
There is little need of a cook.

Chorus. And so we all give you warning,
And give you a month's wages too;
We all go off to-morrow morning,
And may better servants ensue.

SCENE XV.

To them OWEN AND MOLLY.

Owen.
Molly. } Your blessing, Sir.

Sir Owen.
Lady Ap. } How.

Owen.
Molly. } We are your son and daughter.

Sir Owen. My son married to the daughter of a tenant!

Owen. Oh, Sir! she is your tenant's daughter, but worthy of a crown.

AIR LXII. *Fond Echo.*

Molly. Oh, think not the maid whom you scorn,
With riches delighted can be!
Had I a great Princess been born
My Owen had dear been to me!
On others your treasures bestow,
Give Owen alone to these arms;
In grandeur and wealth we find woe,
But in love there is nothing but charms.

Owen. In title and wealth what is lost,
In tenderness oft is repaid;
Too much a great fortune may cost,
Well purchas'd may be the poor maid.
While fancy's faint dreams cheat the great,
We pleasure will equally prove;
While they in their palaces hate,
We in our poor cottage may love.

Sir Owen. She sings delightfully, that's the truth on't.

Owen. T'other song,—t'other song—ply him with songs till he forgives us.

AIR LXIII. *Lass of Patie's Mill.*

Molly. If I too high aspire,
'Tis love that plumes my wing,
Love makes a clown a squire,
Would make a squire a king.
What maid that Owen spies,
From Love can e'er be free?
Love in his lac'd coat lies,
And peeps from his toupee.

Sir Owen. I can hold out no longer.

Lady Ap. Nor I: let me see you embrace one another, and then I'll embrace you both.

AIR LXIV. *Caro vien.*

Molly. With joy my heart's o'erflowing:

Owen. With joy my heart's jolly.

Molly. Oh, my dearest sweet Owen!

Owen. O, my charming Molly!

Since I am happy myself, I will make others so.—These letters, Robin, which caus'd all the jealousy between you and Sweetissa, I wrote out of a frolic.

Rob. Ha! and did I suspect Sweetissa falsely!

Sweet. And did I suspect my Robin?

Rob. Oh, my Sweetissa! my sweet.

Sweet. Oh, my Robin! my Bob.

Rob. This hour shall make us one.——Doctor, lead to church.

Will. What say'st thou, Susan? Shall we follow our leaders?

Sus. Why, faith, I am generally frank, you know, and speak my mind.—I say, yes.

John. And thou, Margery?

Marg. I do not say no.

Puz. I am ready to do your business whenever you please.

Owen. Lookye, as I have married first, I desire my wedding may be celebrated first, at least with one dance; for which I have prepar'd the fiddles.

Puz. And for which I have prepar'd my fiddle too; for I am always in utrumque paratus.

Owen. This shall be a day of hospitality, I am resolv'd.

Lady Ap. And I am resolv'd not to see it; and would advise you not to be extravagant in it.

A dance here.

AIR LXV. *Little Jack Horner.*

Puz. Couples united,
Ever delighted,
May they ne'er disagree!
Women. First we will wed,
Men. Then we'll to bed;
Omnes. What happy rogues are we!
Chorus. Couples united,
Ever delighted,
May we ne'er disagree!
First we will wed,
Then we'll to bed;
What happy rogues are we.

THE

LOTTERY.

A FARCE,

AS IT WAS ACTED AT

THE THEATRE-ROYAL, IN DRURY-LANE, IN 1731.

PROLOGUE:

SPOKEN BY MR. CIBBER, JUN.

As Tragedy prescribes to passion rules,
So Comedy delights to punish fools;
And while at nobler games she boldly flies,
Farce challenges the vulgar as her prize.
Some follies scarce perceptible appear
In that just glass, which shews you as you are.
But farce still claims a magnifying right,
To raise the object larger to the sight,
And shew her insect fools in stronger light.
Implicit faith is to her poets due,
And all her laughing legends still are true.
Thus when some conjurer does wives translate,
What dull affected critic damns the cheat?
Or should we see credulity profound,
Give to ten thousand fools, Ten Thousand Pound;
Should we behold poor wretches horse away
The labour of a twelvemonth in a day;
Nay, should our poet, with his muse agog,
Shew you an Alley-broker for a rogue,
Tho' 'tis a most impossible suggestion,
Faith! think it all but Farce, and grant the question.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Mr. Stocks, ...	MR. HARPER.
Jack Stocks, ...	MR. CIBBER, JUN.
First Buyer, ...	MR. BERRY.
Second Buyer, a Hackney Coachman,	MR. MULLART.
Lovemore, ...	MR. STOPPELAER.
Whisk, ...	MR. R. WETHERILT.

WOMEN.

Chloe, ...	MISS RAFTOR.
Mrs. Stocks, Sister-in-law to Stocks,	MRS. WETHERILT.
Jenny, ...	MISS WILLIAMS.
Lady, ...	MRS. OATES.

SERVANTS, &c.

SCENE, LONDON.

THE

LOTTERY.

SCENE I.

MR. STOCKS *alone.*

AIR I.

A LOTTERY is a taxation
Upon all the fools in creation;
And Heav'n be prais'd
It is easily rais'd,
Credulity's always in fashion:
For Folly's a fund
Will never lose ground,
While fools are so rife in the nation.
[*Knocking without.*

Enter 1 BUYER.

1 *Buy.* Is not this a house where people buy lottery-tickets?

Stocks. Yes, Sir——I believe I can furnish you with as good tickets as any one.

1 *Buy.* I suppose, Sir, 'tis all one to you what number a man fixes on?

Stocks. Any of my numbers.

1 *Buy.* Because I wou'd be glad to have it, Sir, the number of my own years, or my wife's; or, if I cou'd

not have either of those, I wou'd be glad to have it the number of my mother's.

Stocks. Ay, or suppose, now, it was the number of your grandmother's?

1 *Buy.* No, no! she has no luck in lotteries: she had a whole ticket once, and got but fifty pounds by it.

Stocks. A very unfortunate person, truly. Sir, my clerk will furnish you, if you'll walk that way up to the office. Ha, ha, ha!—There's one 10,000*l.* got.——What an abundance of imaginary rich men will one month reduce to their former poverty.

[*Knocking without.*]

Come in.

Enter 2 BUYER.

2 *Buy.* Does not your worship let horses, Sir?

Stocks. Ay, friend.

2 *Buy.* I have got a little money by driving a hackney-coach, and I intend to ride it out in the lottery.

Stocks. You are in the right; it is the way to drive your own coach.

2 *Buy.* I don't know, Sir, that;———but I am willing to be in Fortune's way, as the saying is.

Stocks. You are a wise man, and it is not impossible but you may be a rich one.—'Tis not above——no matter how many to one, but that you are this night worth ten thousand pounds.

AIR II. *Freemason's tune.*

Here are the best horses
That ever ran courses,
Here is the best pad for your wife, Sir;
Who rides one a-day,
If luck's in his way,
May ride in a coach all his life, Sir.

The Sportsman esteems
The horse more than gems,
That leaps o'er a pitiful gate, Sir;
But here is the hack,
If you sit but his back,
Will leap you into an estate, Sir.

2 *Buy.* How long a man may labour to get that at work, which he can get in a minute at play!

AIR III. *Black Joke.*

The soldier, in a hard campaign,
Gets less than the gamester by throwing a main,
Or dealing to bubbles, and all, all that:
The stoutest sailor, every one knows,
Gets less than the courtier, with cringing bows,
And Sir, I'm your vassal, and all, all that:
And town-bred ladies too, they say,
Get less by virtue than by play:
And Dowdy Joan
Had ne'er been known,
Nor coach had been her ladyship's lot,
But for the black ace, and all, all that.

And belike you, Sir, I wou'd willingly ride upon the number of my coach.

Stocks. Mr. Trick, let that gentleman have the number of his coach—[*Aside.*] No matter whether we have it or no. As the gentleman is riding to a castle in the air, an airy horse is the properest to carry him. [*Knocking hard without.*] Heyday! this is some person of quality, by the impudence of the footman.

Enter LADY.

Lady. Your servant, Mr. Stocks.

Stocks. I am your ladyship's most obedient servant.

Lady. I am come to buy some tickets, and hire some horses, Mr. Stocks.—I intend to have twenty tickets and ten horses every day.

Stocks. By which, if your ladyship has any luck, you may very easily get 30,000*l.* or 40,000*l.*

Lady. Please to look at these jewels, Sir——they cost my lord upwards of 6000*l.*——I intend to lay out what you will lend upon 'em.

Stocks. If your ladyship pleases to walk up into the dining-room, I'll wait on you in a moment.

Enter PORTER.

Well, friend, what's your business?

Porter. Here's a letter for you, an't please you.

Stocks. [*Reading.*]

'Brother STOCKS,

'Here is a young lady, come to lodge at my house 'from the country, has desir'd me to find out some one 'who may instruct her how to dispose of 10,000*l.* to 'the best advantage.—I believe you will find her worth 'your acquaintance. She seems a mere novice, and I 'suppose has just receiv'd her fortune; which is all 'that's needful from

'Your affectionate brother,

'TIM. STOCKS.'

Very well.——It requires no other answer than that I will come. [*Knocking hard without.*

Heyday! more people of quality— [*Opens the door.*

Enter JACK STOCKS.

Ha!

J. Stocks. Your servant, brother.

Stocks. Your servant, brother.—Why, I have not seen you this age.

J. Stocks. I have been a man of great business lately.

Stocks. I hope your business has turn'd to a good account.——I hope you have clear'd handsomely.

J. Stocks. Ay, it has turn'd to a very good account. ——I have clear'd my pockets, faith!———

Stocks. I am sorry for that——but I hope you will excuse me at present, dear brother.—Here is a lady of quality stays for me; but as soon as this hurry of business is over, I shou'd be very glad to——drink a dish with you at any coffee-house you will appoint.

J. Stocks. Oh! I shall not detain you long; and so, to cut the affair as short as possible, I desire you would lend me a brace of hundreds.

Stocks. Brother!

J. Stocks. A brace of hundreds! Two hundred pounds in your own language.

Stocks. Dear Jack, you know I wou'd as soon lend you two hundred pounds as one; but I am at present so out of cash, that——

J. Stocks. Come, come, brother, no equivocation: two hundred pounds I must have, and will.

Stocks. Must have and will!—Ay, and shall have too, if you can get 'em.

J. Stocks. 'Sdeath, you fat rascal! what title had you to come into the world before me.

Stocks. You need not mention that, brother; you know my riches, if I have any, are owing to my industry; as your poverty is to your laziness and extravagance—— and I have rais'd myself by the Multiplication-table, as you have undone yourself at the Hazard-table.

J. Stocks. That is as much as to say, I have undone myself like a gentleman, and you have rais'd yourself like a pickpocket——Sirrah, you are a scandal to the

family; you are the first tradesman that has been in it.

Stocks. Ay, and the first that has been worth a groat in it, and, tho' you don't deserve it, I have thought of a method to put you in a way to make you the second. There, read that letter. [J. Stocks *reads it to himself.*] Well, Sir, what say you to 10,000*l.* and a wife?

J. Stocks. Say, that I only want to know how to get them.

Stocks. Nothing so easy.—As she is certainly very silly, you may depend upon it, she will be very fond of a lac'd coat and a lord.—Now, I will make over both those to you in an instant. My Lord Lace hath pawn'd his last suit of birth-night clothes to me; and as I intend to break before he can redeem 'em—the clothes and the title are both at your service—So, if your lordship pleases to walk in, I will but just dispatch my lady, and be with you.

J. Stocks. If I can but nick this time, ame's-ace, I defy thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter LOVEMORE.

What a chase has this girl led me! However I have track'd her all the way, till within a few miles of this town. If I start her again, let her look to't. I am mistaken, or she began to find her passion growing too violent, before she attempted this flight, and when once a woman is fairly wounded, let her fly where she will, the arrow still sticks in her side.

AIR IV. *Chloe is false, but still she is charming.*

Women in vain love's powerful torrent
With unequal strength oppose;
Reason, awhile, may stem the strong current,
Love still at last her soul o'erflows.
Pleasures inviting,
Passions exciting,
Her lover charms her,
Of pride disarms her;
Down, down she goes.

Enter WHISK.

So Whisk, have you heard any news?

Whisk. News, Sir! ay, I have heard news, and such as will surprise you.

Lovem. What! no rival, I hope.

Whisk. You will have rivals enough now, I suppose. ——Why, your mistress has got into fine lodgings in Pall-Mall.——I found her out by meeting that baggage her maid, in the street, who would scarce speak to me. I followed her to the door; where, in a very few minutes, came out such a procession of milliners, mantua-makers, dancing-masters, fiddlers, and the devil knows what; as I once remember at the equipping a parliament man's country lady, to pay her first visit.

Lovem. Ha! by all that's infamous, she is in keeping already; some bawd has made prize of her as she alighted from the stage-coach.——While she has been flying from my arms, she has fallen into the colonel's.

AIR V.

How hapless is the virgin's fate,
Whom all mankind's pursuing;
For while she flies this treach'rous bait,
From that she meets her ruin.

So the poor hare, when out of breath,
From hound to man is prest,
Then she encounters certain death,
And 'scapes the gentler beast. [*Exeunt.*

Enter CHLOE *and* JENNY.

Chloe. Oh Jenny! mention not the country, I faint at the sound of it——there is more pleasure in the rattling of one hackney coach than in all the music, that romances tell us of, in singing birds and falling waters.

AIR VI.

Farewel, ye hills and valleys;
Farewel, ye verdant shades;
I'll make more pleasant sallies
To plays and masquerades.
With joy, for town I barter
Those banks where flowers grow;
What are roses to a garter?
What lilies to a beau?

Jenny. Ay, Madam——would the 10,000*l.* prize were once come up.

Chloe. Oh Jenny! be under no apprehension. It is not only from what the fortune-teller told me, but I saw it in a coffee-dish, and I have dreamt of it every night these three weeks.——Indeed, I am so sure of it, that I think of nothing but how I shall lay it out.

Jenny. Oh, Madam! there is nothing so easy in nature, in this town, as laying it out.

Chloe. First of all, Jenny, I will buy one of the best houses in town, and furnish it.—Then I intend to set up my coach and six, and have six fine tall footmen.—Then I will buy me as many jewels as I can wear.—All

sorts of fine clothes I'll have too.—These I intend to purchase immediately: and then for the rest, I shall make a shift, you know, to spend it in housekeeping, cards, plays, and masquerades, and other diversions.

Jenny. It is possible you may.—She has laid out twenty thousand of her ten, already.

Chloe. Well I shall be a happy creature.—I long to begin, methinks.

AIR VII. *In Perseus and Andromeda.*

Oh what pleasures will abound,
When I've got ten thousand pound!
Oh how courted I shall be!
Oh what lords will kneel to me!
Who'll dispute my
Wit and beauty,
When my golden charms are found!
O what flattery,
In the lottery,
When I've got ten thousand pound!

An't I strangely altered in one week, Jenny? Don't I begin to look as if I was born and bred in London, already? Eh! does not the nasty red colour go down out of my face? An't I a good deal of pale quality in me?

Jenny. Oh, Madam, you come on gloriously!

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Madam! here's one Mr. Spadille at the door!

Chloe. Mr. Spadille! who is that?

Jenny. It is your ladyship's Quadrille master, Madam.

Chloe. Bid him come another time.—I an't in a humour to learn any thing more this morning.—I'll take

two lessons to-morrow though—for they tell me one is not qualified for any company till one can play at Quadrille.

Serv. Mr. Stocks the broker too, Madam, is below.

Chloe. Oh! that's the gentleman who is to dispose of my ten thousand pound for me—desire him to walk up. Is it not pretty now to have so many visitants? Is not this better than staying at home for whole weeks, and seeing none but the curate and his wife, or the squire?

Jenny. It may be better for you than seeing the squire; for, if I mistake not, had you staid many weeks longer, he had been a dangerous visitant.

Chloe. I am afraid so too——for I began to be in love with him, and when once a woman's in love, Jenny———

Jenny. Lud have mercy upon her!

AIR VIII.

Chloe. When love is lodg'd within the heart
Poor virtue to the outworks flies;
The tongue in thunder takes her part,
She darts in lightning from the eyes.
From lips and eyes with gifted grace
In vain we keep out charming sin;
For love will find some weaker place
To let the dear invader in.

Enter STOCKS.

Stocks. I had the honour of receiving your commands, Madam.

Chloe. Sir, your humble servant—Your name is Mr. Stocks, I suppose.

Stocks. So I am called in the Alley, Madam; a name, though I say it, which wou'd be as well received at the

bottom of a piece of paper as any He's in the kingdom. But if I mistake not, Madam, you wou'd be instructed how to dispose of 10,000*l.*

Chloe. I wou'd so, Sir.

Stocks. Why, Madam, you know, at present, public interest is very low, and private securities very difficult to get——and I am sorry to say it, I am afraid there are some in the Alley who are not the honestest men in the kingdom. In short, there is one way to dispose of money with safety and advantage, and that is——to put it into the charitable corporation.

Chloe. The charitable corporation! pray, what is that?

Stocks. That is, Madam, a method, invented by some very wise men, by which the rich may be charitable to the poor, and be money in pocket by it.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Madam, here is one my Lord Lace desires to know if you are at home.

Chloe. Lord Lace! Oh Gemini! who's that?

Stocks. He is a man of the first quality, and one of the best estates in the kingdom: why, he's as rich as a supercargo.

Enter JACK STOCKS, *as Lord Lace.*

J. Stocks. Bid the chair return again an hour hence, and give orders that the chariot be not used this evening. ——Madam, I am your most obedient humble servant. ——Ha! Egad, Madam, I ask ten thousand pardons, I expected to have met another lady.

Stocks. I suppose your lordship means the countess of——

J. Stocks. Ay, the Countess of Seven Dials.

Stocks. She left these lodgings this day se'nnight, my lord, which was the day this lady came into 'em.

J. Stocks. I shall never forgive myself being guilty of so great an error; and unless the breath of my submission can blow up the redundancy of your good-nature, till it raise the wind of compassion, I shall never be able to get into the harbour of quiet.

Stocks. Well said, faith—the boy has got something by following plays, I see. [*Aside.*

Chloe. Is this one of your proud lords? Why, he is ten times more humble than the parson of our parish.

J. Stocks. Ha! and are you then resolved not to pardon me! Oh! it is now too late; you may pronounce my pardon with your tongue, when you have executed me with your eyes.

AIR IX.

Chloe. Alas! my lord, you're too severe,
Upon so slight a thing;
And since I dare not speak for fear,
Oh give me leave to sing.
A rural maid you find in me,
That fate I've oft deplor'd;
Yet think not I can angry be
With such a noble lord.

J. Stocks. Oh ravishing! exquisite! ecstacy! joy! transport! misery! flames! ice! How shall I thank this goodness that undoes me!

Chloe. Undoes you, my lord!

J. Stocks. Oh Madam! there is a hidden poison in those eyes for which nature has no antidote.

Jenny. My lord has the same designs as the squire, I fear; he makes love too violent for it to be honourable. [*Aside.*

Chloe. Alas, my lord! I am young and ignorant—though you shall find I have sense enough to make a good market. [*Aside.*

J. Stocks. Oh Madam! you wrong your own charms.—Mr. Stocks, do you send to this lady the diamond ring you have of mine to set——shall I beg you would honour it with wearing! It is a trifle, not worth above 3000*l.*—You shall have it again the day after we are married, upon honour. [*Aside to* STOCKS.

Stocks. It shall be sent to your lordship's order in three days' time——which will be after you are married, if you are married at all. [*Aside to him.*

Chloe. Indeed, my lord, I know not what to say.

J. Stocks. Nor I neither, rat me! [*Aside.*] Say but you will be mine.

Chloe. You are too hasty, Sir. Do you think I can give my consent at first sight?

J. Stocks. Oh! it is the town way of wooing; people of fashion never see one another above twice before marriage——

Stocks. Which may be the reason why some of 'em scarce see one another above twice after they are married.

J. Stocks. I would not presume to ask such a thing, if I were not pressed by necessity. For if I am not married in a day or two, I shall be obliged to marry another whom I have promis'd already.

Chloe. Nay, if you have been once false, you will always be so.

AIR X.

I've often heard
  Two things averr'd
By my dear grandmamma,

To be as sure,
As light is pure,
As knavery in law.
The man who'll prove
Once false to love,
Will still make truth his scoff;
And woman that
Has——you know what,
Will never leave it off.

Stocks. I see, Madam, this is a very improper time for business, so I'll wait on your ladyship in the afternoon.

J. Stocks. Let me beg leave, Madam, to give you a little advice. I know something of this town.—Have nothing to do with that fellow, he is one of the greatest rogues that ever was hang'd.

Chloe. I thought, my lord, you had spoke just now as if you had employ'd him too.

J. Stocks. Yes, Madam, yes,——the fellow has some 40 or 50,000*l.* of mine in his hands, which if ever I get out, I give you my honour, if I can help it, I'll never see his face again. But as for your money, don't trouble yourself about it, leave the disposal of that to me.—I'll warrant I find ways to lay it out.

Enter LOVEMORE.

Lovem. My Chloe! Ha! can you turn thus disdainful from me?

Chloe. Sir, I know you not.

Lovem. Not know me! And is this the fellow for whom I am unknown? this powderpuff.—Have you surrender'd to him, in one week, what I have been ages in soliciting.

J. Stocks. Harkye, Sir,——whoever you are, I wou'd

not have you think, because I am a beau, and a lord, that I won't fight.

Lovem. A lord! Oh! there it is! the charms are in the title.—What else can you see in this walking perfume shop that can charm you? Is this the virtue, and the virtue, that you have been thund'ring in my ears? 'Sdeath! I am distracted! that ever a woman shou'd be proof against the arts of mankind, and fall a sacrifice to a monkey.

AIR XI. *Son Confuso.*

Some confounded planet reigning
Must have mov'd you to these airs;
  Or could your inclination
    Stoop so low,
  From my passion,
    To a beau?
  Blood and thunder!
  Wounds and wonder;
Can you under-rate me so?

But since I, to each pretender,
My pretensions must surrender,
Farewel all your frowns and scorns;
  Rot me, Madam, I
  Wish my rival joy!
Much joy! much joy of his horns.
Zounds! and furies! can I bear it?
Can I tamely stand the shock?
  Sure——ten thousand devils
    Cannot prove
  Half such evils,
    As to love.

Blood and thunder!
Wounds and wonder!
Who'd be under
Woman's love?

AIR XII.

Chloe. Dear Sir, be not in such a passion,
There's never a maid in the nation
Who would not forego
A dull squire for a beau;
Love is not your proper vocation.

Lovem. Dear Madam, be not in such a fury,
For from St. James's to Drury,
No widow you'll find,
No wife of your mind.

Chloe. Ah hideous! I cannot endure you.
Ah! see him——how neat!
Ah! smell him——how sweet!
Ah! hear but his honey words flow!
What maid in her senses,
But must fall into trances,
At the sight of so lovely a beau!

J. Stocks. Ha, ha, ha! we are very much oblig'd to you, Madam—Ha, ha!—squire Noodle, faith, you make a very odd sort of a ridiculous figure, Ha, ha!

Chloe. Not worth your lordship's notice.

Lovem. I would advise you, my lord, as you love the safety of that pretty person of yours, not to let me find it at my return; for, if I come within the smell of your pulvilio, I will so metamorphose your beauship——

J. Stocks. Impudent scoundrel!

Chloe. I am frighten'd out of my wits, for I know he is very desperate.

J. Stocks. Oh, Madam! leave me to deal with him; I'll let a little light through his body.

Chloe. Ah! but, my lord! what will be the consequence of that?

J. Stocks. Nothing at all, Madam——I have kill'd half a dozen such dirty fellows, and no notice taken of it.

Chloe. For my sake, my lord, have a care of yourself.

AIR XIII.

Ah think, my lord! how I should grieve
  To see your lordship bang'd;
But greater still my fears, believe,
  Lest I should see you hang'd.
  Ah! who could see,
  On Tyburn-tree,
You swinging in the air!
  A halter round
  Your white neck bound,
Instead of solitaire.

J. Stocks. To prevent all danger, then, let us be married this instant.

Chloe. Oh fy! my lord; the world will say I am a strange forward creature.

J. Stocks. The world, Madam, might be saucy enough to talk of you, if you were married to a private gentleman——but as you will be a woman of quality, they won't be surpriz'd at anything you do.

Chloe. People of quality have indeed privileges, they say, beyond other people; and I long to be one of them.

AIR XIV. *White Joke.*

Oh how charming my life will be,
When marriage has made me a fine lady!
In chariot, six horses, and diamonds bright,
In Flanders lace, and 'broidery clothes,
O how I'll flame it among the beaus!
In bed all the day, at cards all the night.
Oh! how I'll revel the hours away!
Sing it, and dance it, coquette, and play;
With feasting, toasting,
Jesting, roasting,
Rantum scantum, flanting janting,
Laughing at all the world can say. [*Exeunt.*

Jenny. This is something like——there is some mettle in these London lords——Our poor country squires will always put us to the blush of consenting——these sparks know a woman's mind before she speaks it. Well, it is certainly a great comfort to a woman, who has done what she should not do, that she did it without her own consent.

Enter LOVEMORE.

Lovem. Ha! flown? Mrs. Jenny, where's your mistress?

Jenny. My mistress, Sir, is with my master.

Lovem. Damnation! Where? Shew me this instant, and——

Jenny. And what? It is surprising to me how a man of Mr. Lovemore's sense should pursue a woman who uses him so ill; when, to my certain knowledge, there is a woman in the world has a much juster notion of his merit.

Lovem. Harkye, Mrs. Minx, tell me where your mistress is, or I'll squeeze your little soul out.

Jenny. Oh, murder! murder! help! murder!

Enter MRS. STOCKS.

Mrs. Stocks. Heyday! What's the matter? Who is this committing murder in my house? Who are you, Sir? What rascal, what thief are you, Sir? Hey!

Lovem. This must be the bawd, by the politeness of her language. [*Aside.*]——Dear Madam, be not in such a passion; I am no bilking younger brother; and though I am no lord, you may find me a good customer, and as good a paymaster as any lac'd fop in Christendom.

Mrs. Stocks. Sir, I keep no shop, nor want any of your custom.——What has he done to you, child? [*To* Jenny.

Jenny. He has done nothing to me, indeed Madam, only squeez'd me by the arm, to tell him where my mistress was.

Mrs. Stocks. And what have you to do with her mistress?

Lovem. Why faith, I am like to have nothing to do with her mistress, without your good offices.—Lookye, mother, let me have the first of her, and here are 500*l.* at your service.

Mrs. Stocks. What does the saucebox mean?

Lovem. Ha, ha, ha!

AIR XV.

When the candidate offers his purse,
  What voter requires what he meant?
When a great man attempts to disburse,
  What little man asks his intent?
Are you not then asham'd,
When my mistress I've nam'd
And my purse I've pull'd out,
Any longer to doubt
  My meaning, good mother?

Mrs. Stocks. Mother!——O that ever I should live to see this day!—I that have escap'd the name of a whore in my youth, to be call'd a bawd in my old age.——Sirrah, sirrah, the mother that bore you was not an honester woman.

Enter JACK STOCKS, *and* CHLOE.

J. Stocks. What's the matter, Mrs. Stocks?

Mrs. Stocks. Oh, Madam! had you heard how I've been abus'd on your account—Here's a filthy fellow has offer'd me money to——

Chloe. What, dear Madam?

Mrs. Stocks. To procure your ladyship—dear Madam——

J. Stocks. Sir, I desire you wou'd omit any farther solicitation to this lady, and on that condition I forgive the past. This lady is now my wife.

Lovem. How! Is this true, Chloe?

Chloe. Ev'n as you've heard, Sir.

J. Stocks. Here's a fellow won't take a lord's word for a wife.

Lovem. Henceforth, I will never take a woman's word for any thing.

J. Stocks. Then I wish you'd take yourself away, Sir.

Lovem. Sir, I shall take the liberty of staying here, because I believe my company is disagreeable to you.

J. Stocks. Very civil, faith!—Come, my dear, let us leave this sullen gentleman to enjoy his spleen by himself.

Chloe. Oh my dear lord! let's go to the Hall to see the lottery drawn.

J. Stocks. If your ladyship pleases.——So, dear squire, adieu. [*Exeunt* J. Stocks *and* Chloe.

Lovem. I'll follow her still; for such a coxcomb of a husband will but give her a better relish for a gallant.

[*Exit.*

Jenny. And I'll follow you still; for such usage from one mistress, will give you the better relish for another.

SCENE III. *Guildhall.*

COMMISSIONERS, CLERKS, SPECTATORS, MOB, &c.

1 *Mob.* What, are they not drawing yet?
Stocks. No, but they'll begin presently.

AIR XVI. *South-sea ballad.*

Stocks. The lottery just is beginning,
'Twill soon be too late to get an estate,
For, Fortune, like dames fond of sinning,
Does the tardy adventurer hate.
Then if you've a mind to have her,
To-day with vigour pursue her,
Or else to-morrow,
You'll find to your sorrow,
She'as granted another the favour,
Which to-day she intended for you, Sir.

1 *Mob.* Never tell me, Thomas, it is all a cheat; what do those people do behind the curtain? There's never any honesty behind the curtain.

2 *Mob.* Harkye, neighbour, I fancy there is somebody in the wheels that gives out what tickets he pleases; for if you mind, sometimes there are twenty blanks drawn together, and then two or three prizes.

1 *Mob.* Nay, if there be twenty blanks drawn together, it must be a cheat; for, you know the man where I hired my horses told me there was not quite ten blanks to a prize.

2 *Mob.* Pox take their horses! I am sure they have

run away with all the money I have brought to town with me.

1 *Mob.* And yet it can't be all a cheat, neither; for you know Mrs. Sugarsops of our town got twenty pound.

2 *Mob.* Ay, you fool; but does not her brother live with a parliament-man?

1 *Mob.* But he has nothing to do with the lottery, has he?

2 *Mob.* Ah, Laud help thee!——Who can tell what he has to do with it?

1 *Mob.* But here's Mrs. Sugarsops herself.

Enter MRS. SUGARSOPS.

Sug. How do you, neighbour Harrow?

2 *Mob.* Ah! Mrs. Sugarsops! you are a lucky woman.

Sug. I wish you would make your words good.

2 *Mob.* Why, have not you got twenty pounds in the lottery?

Sug. Ah Lud! that's all rid away, and twenty pounds more to it.——Oh! 'tis all a cheat; they let one get a little at first, only to draw one in, that's all. I have hired a horse to-day; and, if I get nothing by that, I'll go down in the country to-morrow.

1 *Mob.* I intend to ride no longer, nor neighbour Graze here neither.—He and I go halves in a ticket to-day.—See here is the number.

Sug. As I live, the very ticket I have hired myself!

2 *Mob.* Nay, that cannot be. It may be the same number, perhaps, but it cannot be the same ticket, for we have the whole ticket for ourselves.

Sug. I tell you, we are both cheated.

Irishman. Upon my shoul, it is very brave luck, indeed; the deel take me but this will be brave news to carry back to Ireland.

1 *Mob.* Ay, there's he that has got the five thousand pound which came up to-day.

2 *Mob.* I give you joy of the five thousand pound, Sir.

Irishman. Ah honey! fait, I have not got it as yet—but, upon my shoul, I was within a ticket of it, joy.

3 *Mob.* I hope your worship will take care that my horse be drawn to-day, or to-morrow, because I shall go out of town next day.

Stocks. Never fear, friend.

Sug. You are a fine gentleman, to let me the same ticket you had let before to these men here.

Stocks. Pshaw! Madam, it's impossible; it's a mistake!

Sug. Here is the number, Sir; it is the same on both papers.

Stocks. Ha! why Mr. Trick has made a little blunder here indeed! However, Madam, if it comes up a prize, you shall both receive it.—Ha, ha, ha! d'ye think my horses won't carry double, Madam?—This number is a sure card, for it was drawn a blank five days ago.

[*Aside.*

Enter COACHMAN.

Coach. Oh Sir! your worship has let me a very lucky horse: it is come up twenty pound already. So if your worship would let me have the money—

Stocks. Let me see, tickets are this day nineteen pound; and your prize is worth eighteen pound eighteen shillings; so if you give me two shillings, which are the difference, we shall be quit.

Coach. How, Sir! how!

Stocks. Upon my word, friend, I state the account right.

Coach. Oh, the devil! and have I given three pound for the chance of losing two shillings more?

Stocks. Alas, Sir! I cannot help ill fortune.—You

have had ill luck; it might have come up a hundred, or a thousand, or ten thousand.

Coach. Ten thousand!—ten thousand devils take you all. Oons! if I can but once get a stock jobber into my coach, if I don't break his neck!—

AIR XVII. *Buff Coat.*

In all trades we've had
Some good, and some bad,
But a stock jobber has no fellow;
To hell who would sally,
Let him go to Change-alley,
There are fiends who will make his soul bellow.

The lawyer who's been
In the pillory seen,
While eggs his complexion made yellow;
Nay, the devil's to blame,
Or he'll own to his shame,
That a stock jobber has no fellow.

Enter J. STOCKS *and* CHLOE. *Commissioners advance to open the wheels.*

J. Stocks. Well, my dear, this is one of the most unaccountable rambles, just after matrimony!——but you shall always find me the most complaisant of husbands.

Chloe. Oh! my lord, I must see all the curiosities; the Tower, and the lions, and Bedlam, and the court, and the opera.

J. Stocks. Yes, yes, my dear, you shall see everything —but the devil take me, if I accompany your ladyship. I think I will not talk to her of her fortune before tomorrow morning. [*Aside.*

Chloe. I will not mention the ten thousand pounds before it comes up: it will be the prettiest surprise!

[*Aside.*

J. Stocks. So, the lottery is going to begin drawing.

AIR XVIII. *Now ponder well ye parents dear.*

1 *Procl.* Number one hundred thirty-two!
2 *Procl.* That number is a blank.
1 *Procl.* Number one hundred ninety-nine!
2 *Procl.* And that's another blank.

1 *Procl.* Number six thousand seventy-one!
2 *Procl.* That number blank is found.
1 *Procl.* Number six thousand eighty-two;
2 *Procl.* Oh! that is twenty pound.

1 *Mob.* Oh! oh! are you come? I am glad to find there are some prizes here.

AIR XIX. *Dutch Skipper. Second part.*

1 *Procl.* Number six thousand eighty-two,
2 *Procl.* Is twenty pound, is twenty pound.
1 *Procl.* Number six thousand eighty-two!
2 *Procl.* Oh! that is twenty pound.
You see 'tis all fair,
See nothing is there.
[*Pointing to the boys, who hold up their hands.*
The hammer goes down,
Hey Presto! be gone,
And up comes twenty pound.
Chorus. You see 'tis all fair, &c.

1 *Procl.* Forty-five thousand three hundred and ten.
2 *Procl.* Blank.
1 *Procl.* Sixty-one thousand ninety-seven.

4 *Mob.* Stand clear! stand clear! that's my ticket.

2 *Procl.* Blank.

4 *Mob.* Oh Lud! Oh Lud! [*Exit crying.*

1 *Procl.* Number four thousand nine hundred sixty.

2 *Procl.* Blank. [Chloe *faints.*

J. Stocks. Help! help!

Sug. Here, here are some Hartshorn and Salvolatile drops.

1 *Mob.* Poor lady! I suppose her ticket is come up blank.

2 *Mob.* May be, her horse has thrown her, neighbour.

[*The lottery continues drawing in dumb shew.*

Enter LOVEMORE *and* JENNY.

J. Stocks. What's the matter, my angel?

Chloe. Oh!——that last blank was my ticket.

J. Stocks. Ha, ha! and could that give you any pain?

Chloe. Does it not you?

J. Stocks. Not a moment's, my dear, indeed.

Chloe. And can you bear the disappointment, without upbraiding me?

J. Stocks. Upbraiding you! Ha, ha, ha! With what?

Chloe. Why, did you not marry me for my fortune?

J. Stocks. No, no, my dear——I married you for your person; I was in love with that only, my angel.

Chloe. Then the loss of my fortune shall give me no longer uneasiness.

J. Stocks. Loss of your fortune? Ha! How! What! What!

Chloe. O my dear! I had no fortune, but what I promis'd myself from the lottery.

J. Stocks. Ha!

Chloe. So, the devil take all lotteries, dreams, and conjurers.

J. Stocks. The devil take them, indeed—and am I

married to a lottery-ticket, to an imaginary ten thousand pound? Death! hell! and furies! blood! blunders! blanks!

Chloe. Is this your love for me, my lord?

J. Stocks. Love for you! Dem you, fool, idiot.

Jenny. This it is to marry a lord——he can't be civil to his wife the first day.

Enter STOCKS.

Stocks. Madam, the subscriptions are ready——and if my lord——

J. Stocks. Brother, this is a trick of yours to ruin me.

Stocks. Heyday! what's the matter now?

J. Stocks. Matter! why I have had a Levant thrown upon me.

Lovem. The ten thousand pound is come up a blank, that's all.

Stocks. A blank!

J. Stocks. Ay, a blank! do you pretend to be ignorant of it? However, Madam, you are bit as well as I am; for I am no more a lord, than you are a fortune.

Chloe. Now I'm undone, indeed.

AIR XX. *Virgins beware.*

Lovem. Now, my dear Chloe, behold a true lover,
Whom, though your cruelty seem'd to disdain,
Now your doubts and fears may discover,
One kind look's a reward for his pain.
Thus to fold thee,
How blest is life!
Love shall hold thee
Dearer than wife.
What joys in chains of dull marriage can be,
Love's only happy, when liking is free.

As you seem, Sir, to have no overbearing fondness for your wife, I'll take her off your hands.——As you have miss'd a fortune with her, what say you to a fortune without her?—Resign over all pretensions in her to me, and I'll give you a thousand pounds this instant.

J. Stocks. Ha! pox! I suppose they are a thousand pounds you are to get in the lottery.

Lovem. Sir, you shall receive 'em this moment.

J. Stocks. Shall I? Then, Sir, to shew you I'll be before-hand with you, here she is—take her—and if ever I ask her back of you again, may I lose the whole thousand at the first sitting.

Chloe. And can you part with me so easily?

J. Stocks. Part with you? If I was married to the whole sex, I'd part with 'em all for half the money.

Lovem. Come, my dear Chloe, had you been married, as you imagin'd, you should have lost nothing by the change.

Chloe. A lord! faugh! I begin to despise the name now, as heartily as I lik'd it before.

Commissioners, &c. close the wheels and come forward.

AIR XXI.

Since you whom I lov'd,
So cruel have prov'd;
And you whom I slighted so true;
From my delicate fine powder'd spouse,
I retract all my thrown away vows,
And give them with pleasure to you.

Hence all women learn,
When your husbands grow stern,
And leave you in conjugal want;
Ne'er whimper and weep out your eyes,
While what the dull husband denies,
Is better supplied by gallant.

Stocks. Well, Jack, I hope you'll forgive me; or if I intended you any harm, may tickets fall, and all the horses I have let to-day be drawn blanks to-morrow.

J. Stocks. Brother, I believe you; for as I do not apprehend you could have got a shilling by being a rogue, it is possible you may have been honest.

Lovem. Come, my dear Chloe, don't let your luck grieve you——you are not the only person who has been deceived in a lottery.

AIR XXII.

That the world is a lottery, what man can doubt?
When born, we're put in, when dead, we're drawn out;
And though tickets are bought by the fool and the wise,
Yet 'tis plain there are more than ten blanks to a prize.
Sing ta ntararara, fools all, fools all.

Stocks. The court has itself a bad lottery's face,
Where ten draw a blank, ere one draws a place;
For a ticket in law who would give you thanks?
For that wheel contains scarce any but blanks.
Sing tantararara, keep out, keep out.

Lovem. 'Mongst doctors and lawyers some good ones are found;
But, alas! they are rare as the ten thousand pound.
How scarce is a prize, if with women you deal,
Take care how you marry—for, Oh! in that wheel,
Sing tantararara, blanks all, blanks all.

Stocks. That the stage is a lottery, by all 'tis agreed;
Where ten plays are damn'd, ere one can succeed;
The blanks are so many, the prizes so few,
We all are undone, unless kindly you,
Sing tantararara, clap all, clap all.

EPILOGUE:

SPOKEN BY MISS RAFTOR.

LUD! I'm almost asham'd to shew my face!
Was ever woman like my Lady Lace?
Maids have been often wives, and widows soon,
But I'm maid, wife, and widow, all in one.
Who'd trust to Fortune, if she plays such pranks?
Ten thousand——and a lord! and both prove blanks?
A piteous case! and what is still more madding,
To lose so fine a lord before I had him.
Had all been well till honey-moon was over,
It had been then no wonder to discover,
I a new mistress, he a rival lover.
To wake so soon from such delicious dreams,
Such pure, polite, extravagant fine schemes,
Of plays, and operas, and masquerades,
Of equipage, quadrille, and powder'd blades,
And all blown up at once—Oh! horrid sentence!
Forc'd to take up at last—with—faugh! an old acquaintance.
But hold——when my misfortunes I recal,
Agad! 'tis well I've any man at all.
Yet since discarded once at such short warning,
This too may turn me off to-morrow morning.
If that should happen, I were finely slurr'd;
What should I then do? What! why get a third.
Well, if he does, as I have cause to fear,
To-morrow night, gallants, you'll find me here.

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THE

MODERN HUSBAND.

A COMEDY,

AS IT WAS ACTED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL IN DRURY LANE, IN 1731.

Hæc ego non credam Venusinâ digna Lucerna?
Hæc ego non agitem?
Cùm leno accipiat mœchi bona, si capiendi
Jus nullum uxori, doctus spectare lacunar,
Doctus et ad calicem vigilanti stertere naso.

JUV. SAT. 1.

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE,

Knight of the most noble Order of the Garter.

SIR,

WHILE the peace of Europe, and the lives and fortunes of so great a part of mankind depend on your counsels, it may be thought an offence against the public good to divert by trifles of this nature any of those moments which are so sacred to the welfare of our country.

But however ridiculed or exploded the muses may be, in an age when their greatest favourites are liable to the censure and correction of every boy or idiot, who shall have it in his power to satisfy the wantonness of an evil heart, at the expense of the reputation and interest of the best poet, yet has this science been esteemed, honoured, protected, and often professed by the greatest persons of antiquity. Nations and the muses have generally enjoyed the same protectors.

The reason of this is obvious: as the best poets have owed their reward to the greatest heroes and statesmen of their times, so those heroes have owed to the poet that posthumous reputation, which is generally the only reward that attends the greatest actions. By them the great and good blaze out to posterity, and triumph over the little malice and envy which once pursued them.

Protect therefore, Sir, an art for which you may promise yourself such notable advantages; when the little artifices of your enemies, which you have surmounted, shall be forgotten; when envy shall cease to misrepresent your actions, and ignorance to misapprehend them. The muses shall remember their protector, and the wise statesman, the generous patron, the stedfast friend, and the true patriot; but above all that humanity and sweetness of temper, which shine through all your actions, shall render the name of SIR ROBERT WALPOLE dear to his no longer ungrateful country.

That success may attend all your counsels, that you may continue to preserve us from our enemies abroad, and to triumph over your enemies at home, is the sincere wish of,

Sir,

your most obliged,

most obedient humble servant,

HENRY FIELDING.

PROLOGUE:

SPOKEN BY MR. WICKS.

In early youth our author first begun
To combat with the follies of the town;
Her want of art his unskill'd muse bewail'd,
And, where his fancy pleas'd, his judgment fail'd.
Hence, your nice tastes he strove to entertain
With unshap'd monsters of a wanton brain!
He taught Tom Thumb strange victories to boast,
Slew heaps of giants, and then——kill'd a ghost!
To rules, or reason, scorn'd the dull pretence,
And fought, your champion 'gainst the cause of sense!
At length, repenting frolic flights of youth,
Once more he flies to nature and to truth:
In virtue's just defence aspires to fame,
And courts applause without the applauders' shame!
Impartial let your praise or censure flow,
For, as he brings no friend, he hopes to find no foe.
His muse in schools too unpolite was bred,
To apprehend each critic—that can read:
For, sure no man's capacity's less ample
Because he's been at Oxford or the Temple!
He shews but little judgment, or discerning,
Who thinks taste banish'd from the seats of learning.
Nor is less false, or scandalous th' aspersion,
That such will ever damn their own diversion,
But poets damn'd, like thieves convicted, act,
Rail at their jury, and deny the fact!
To-night (yet strangers to the scene) you'll view
A pair of monsters most entirely new!
Two characters scarce ever found in life,
A willing cuckold—sells his willing wife!
But, from whatever clime the creatures come,
Condemn 'em not—because not found at home.

If then true nature in his scenes you trace,
Not scenes that Comedy to Farce debase;
If modern vice detestable be shewn,
(And, vicious as it is, he draws the town;)
Though no loud laugh applaud the serious page,
Restore the sinking honour of the stage:
The stage, which was not for low farce design'd,
But to divert, instruct, and mend mankind.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Lord Richly,		MR. CIBBER.
Mr. Bellamant,		MR. WILKS.
Captain Bellamant,		MR. CIBBER, JUN.
Mr. Gaywit,		MR. MILLS, JUN.
Mr. Modern,		MR. BRIDGEWATER.
Lord Lazy,	Persons who attend Lord Richly's levee.	MR. BOWMAN.
Colonel Courtly,		MR. HALLAM, JUN.
Mr. Woodall,		MR. HARPER.
Captain Merit,		MR. PAGET.
Captain Bravemore,		MR. WATSON.
John, servant to Modern,		MR. BERRY.
Porter to Lord Richly,		MR. MULLART.

WOMEN.

Lady Charlotte Gaywit,	MRS. CIBBER.
Mrs. Bellamant,	MRS. HORTON.
Mrs. Modern,	MRS. HERON.
Emilia,	MRS. BUTLER.
Lately,	MRS. CLARKE.

SCENE, LONDON.

THE

MODERN HUSBAND.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

SCENE, MRS. MODERN'S *House.*

MRS. MODERN *at her toilet;* LATELY *attending.*

MRS. MODERN.

LUD! this creature is longer in sticking a pin, than some people are in dressing a head. Will you never have done fumbling?

Lately. There, Ma'am, your ladyship is drest.

Mrs. Modern. Drest! ay, most frightfully drest, I am sure—If it was not too late, I would begin it all again. This gown is wretchedly made, and does not become me. —When was Tricksey here?

Lately. Yesterday, Ma'am, with her bill.

Mrs. Modern. How! her bill already.

Lately. She says, Ma'am, your ladyship bid her bring it.

Mrs. Modern. Ay, to be sure, she'll not fail to remember that.

Lately. She says too, Ma'am, that she's in great distress for her money.

Mrs. Modern. Oh, no doubt of that; I do not know any one who is not.

Lately. What shall I do, Ma'am, when she comes again?

Mrs. Modern. You must——You must send her away again I think.

Lately. Yes, Ma'am, but——

Mrs. Modern. But——but what? Don't trouble me with your impertinence: I have other things to think on ——Bills! bills! bills! I wonder in a civiliz'd nation there are no laws against duns. [*Knocking at the door.*] Come in.

SCENE II.

To them FOOTMAN.

Foot. My lady Ever-play, Madam, gives her humble service to you, and desires your ladyship's company to-morrow se'ennight, to make a party at Quadrille with my Lady Loseall and Mrs. Banespouse.

Mrs. Modern. Lately, bring the Quadrille-book hither; see whether I am engag'd.

Lately. Here it is, Ma'am.

Mrs. Modern. Run over the engagements.

Lately. Monday, February 5, at Mrs. Squabble's; Tuesday, at Mrs. Witless's; Wednesday, at Lady Matadore's; Thursday, at Mrs. Fiddlefaddle's; Friday, at Mrs. Ruin's; Saturday, at Lady Trifle's; Sunday, at Lady Barbara Pawnjewel's.

Mrs. Modern. What is the wench doing? See for how long I am engag'd. At this rate you will not have done this hour.

Lately. Ma'am, your ladyship is engag'd every night till Thursday three weeks.

Mrs. Modern. My service to Lady Ever-play; I have parties every night till Thursday three weeks, and then I

shall be very glad if she will get two more at my house —and—Tom—take the roll of visits, and go with my chair to pay them; but remember not to call at Mrs. Worthy's.

SCENE III.

MRS. MODERN, LATELY.

Mrs. Modern. I intend to leave off her acquaintance for I never see any people of fashion at her house, which, indeed, I do not wonder at; for the wretch is hardly ever to be met with without her husband. And truly, I think, she is not fit company for any other. Did you ever see any one dress like her, Lately?

Lately. Oh, frightful! I have wondered how your ladyship could endure her so long.

Mrs. Modern. Why she plays at Quadrille worse than she dresses, and one would endure a great deal in a person who loses her money.

Lately. Nay, now I wonder that your la'ship has left her off at all.

Mrs. Modern. Truly, because she has left off play; and now she rails at cards, for the same reason as some women do at gallantry——from ill success.—Poor creatures! how ignorant they are, that all their railing is only a loud proclamation that they have lost their money, or a lover.

Lately. They may rail as long as they please, Ma'am; they will never be able to expel those two pleasures out of the world.

Mrs. Modern. Ah, Lately! I hope I shall be expelled out of the world first. Those Quadrille rings of mine are worth more money than four of the best brilliants. —There is more conjuration in these dear circles.—

[*Shews a ring.*] These Spades, Hearts, Clubs, and Diamonds. Hark, I hear my husband coming; go you down stairs. [*Exit* Lately.] Husband, did I say? Sure, the wretch, who sells his wife, deserves another name. But I must be civil to him while I despise him.

SCENE IV.

MR. MODERN, MRS. MODERN.

Mrs. Modern. My dear, good-morrow.

Mr. Modern. I hope you slept well last night, Madam; that is, I hope you had good success at cards.

Mrs. Modern. Very indifferent. I had won a considerable sum, if it had not been for a cursed Sans-prendre-vole that swept the whole table. That Lady Weldon has such luck, if I were superstitious, I should forswear playing with her—for I never play'd with her, but I cheated, nor ever play'd with her, but I lost.

Mr. Modern. Then, without being very superstitious, I think that you may suspect that she cheats too.

Mrs. Modern. Did I not know the other company—For the very worst of Quadrille is, one cannot cheat without a partner. The division of a booty gives one more pain, than the winning it can pleasure—I am to make up accounts to-morrow with Mrs. Sharpring—but where to get the money I know not, unless you have it, child.

Mr. Modern. I have it! I wanted to borrow some of you; unless you can raise me five hundred pounds by to-morrow night, I shall be in a fair way to go to jail the next morning.

Mrs. Modern. If the whole happiness of my life depended on it, I could not get the tenth part.

Mr. Modern. You do not manage Lord Richly right. Men will give any thing to a woman they are fond of.

Mrs. Modern. But not to a woman whom they were fond of. The decay of Lord Richly's passion is too apparent for you not to have observ'd it. He visits me seldom; and I am afraid, should I ask a favour of him, it might break off our acquaintance.

Mr. Modern. Then I see no reason for your acquaintance: he dances no longer at my house, if he will not pay the music—But hold, I have a thought come into my head may oblige him to it, and make better music for us than you imagine.

Mrs. Modern. What is it?

Mr. Modern. Suppose I procured witnesses of his familiarity with you — I should recover swinging damages.

Mrs. Modern. But then my reputation——

Mr. Modern. Pooh, you will have enough to gild it; never fear your reputation while you are rich—for gold in this world covers as many sins as charity in the next. So that get a great deal, and give away a little, and you secure your happiness in both. Besides, in this case all the scandal falls on the husband.

Mrs. Modern. Oh no! I shall be no more visited—— Farewell, dear Quadrille, dear, dear Sans-prendre-vole, and matadores.

Mr. Modern. You will be forc'd to quit these pleasures otherwise; for your companions in 'em will quit you the very moment they apprehend our sinking fortune. You will find that wealth has a surer interest to introduce roguery into company, than virtue to introduce poverty.

Mrs. Modern. You will never persuade me: my reputation is dearer to me than my life.

Mr. Modern. Very strange! that a woman who made so little scruple of sacrificing the substance of her virtue, should make so much of parting with the shadow of it.

Mrs. Modern. 'Tis the shadow only that is valuable—— Reputation is the soul of virtue.

Mr. Modern. So far, indeed, that it survives long after the body is dead. Tho' to me virtue has appeared nothing more than a sound, and reputation is its echo. Is there not more charm in the chink of a thousand guineas, than in ten thousand praises? But what need more arguments: as I have been contented to wear horns for your pleasure, it is but reasonable you shou'd let me shew 'em for my profit.

Mrs. Modern. If my pleasures, Mr. Modern, had been your only inducement, you wou'd have acted another part. How have you maintain'd your figure in the world since your losses in the South Sea, and others? And do you upbraid me with the crimes which you yourself have licens'd—have lived by?

Mr. Modern. Had I follow'd my own inclinations, I had retired; and instead of supporting these extravagances by such methods, had reduc'd my pleasures to my fortune. 'Twas you, Madam, who by your unbridled pride and vanity run me into debt; and then—I gave up your person to secure my own.

Mrs. Modern. Ha! have I secur'd thy worthless person at the expense of mine? No, wretch, 'tis at the price of thy shame, I have purchas'd pleasures. Why, why do I say thy shame? The mean, the groveling animal, whom any fear cou'd force to render up the honour of his wife, must be above the fear of shame. Did I not come unblemish'd to thee? Was not my life unspotted as my fame, till at thy base intreaties I gave up my innocence?—Oh! that I had sooner seen thee starve in prison, which yet I will, ere thou shalt reap the fruits of my misfortunes. No, I will publish thy dishonour to the world.

Mr. Modern. Nay, but, my dear.

Mrs. Modern. Despicable monster.

Mr. Modern. But, child, hearken to reason.

Mrs. Modern. Never, never.

Mr. Modern. I own myself in the wrong. I ask ten thousand pardons. I will submit to any punishment.

Mrs. Modern. To upbraid me with—

Mr. Modern. My dear, I am in the wrong, I say. I never will be guilty of the like again.

Mrs. Modern. Leave me a while: perhaps I may come to myself.

Mr. Modern. My dear, I am obedient.—Sure, the grand seignior has no slave equal to a contented cuckold.

SCENE V.

MRS. MODERN *alone.*

Mrs. Modern. What shall I do? Money must be rais'd——but how? Is there on earth a person that would lend me twenty guineas? I have lost Gaywit's heart too long to expect any thing there; nor wou'd my love ever suffer me to ask him. Ha! Bellamant perhaps may do it: he is generous, and I believe he loves me. I will try him, however.—What wretched shifts are they obliged to make use of, who would support the appearance of a fortune which they have not.

SCENE VI.

SCENE, *the Street before* LORD RICHLY'S *door.*

CAPTAIN MERIT.

Capt. Merit. That is the door I must attack; and I have attack'd a city with less reluctance. There is more hardship in one hour's base solicitation at a levee, than in a whole campaign.

SCENE VII.

CAPTAIN MERIT, PORTER.

Capt. Merit. Does my Lord Richly see company this morning?

Porter. Sir, I cannot tell yet whether he does or no.

Capt Merit. Nay, I have seen several gentlemen go in.

Porter. I know not whom you may see go in. I suppose they have business with his lordship. I hope you will give my lord leave to be at home to whom he pleases.

Capt. Merit. If business be a passport to his lordship, I have business with him of consequence.

Porter. Sir, I shall tell him of it.

Capt. Merit. Sir, I shall be obliged to you to tell him now.

Porter. I cannot carry any message now, unless I knew you.

Capt. Merit. Why, don't you know me? that my name is Merit.

Porter. Sir, here are so many gentlemen come every day, that unless I have often new tokens to remember 'em by, it is impossible.—Stand by there; room for my Lord Lazy.

[Lord Lazy *crosses in a chair.*

SCENE VIII.

CAPTAIN MERIT, CAPTAIN BRAVEMORE, *from the House.*

Capt. Brave. Merit, good-morrow; what important affair can have sent you hither, whom I know to shun the houses of the great as much as virtue does?

> to patronage?

Capt. Merit. Or as much as they do poverty; for I have not been able to advance farther than you see me. 'Sdeath, I have mounted a breach against an armed file of the enemy, and yet a single porter has denied me entrance at that door. You, I see, have speeded better.

Capt. Brave. Ha, ha, ha! thou errant man of war—Harkye, friend, there is but one key to all the great men's houses in town.

Capt. Merit. Is it not enough to cringe to power, but we must do the same to the servants of power?

Capt. Brave. Sir, the servants of a great man are all great men. Would you get within their doors, you must bow to the porter, and fee him too. Then, to go farther, you must pay your devoirs to his gentleman; and, after you have bowed for about half an hour to his whole family, at last you may get a bow from himself.

Capt. Merit. Damnation! I'd sooner be a galley-slave. Shall I, who have spent my youth and health in my country's service, be forc'd by such mean vassalage to defend my old age from cold and hunger, while every painted butterfly wantons in the sunshine? [Colonel Courtly *crosses.*] 'Sdeath, there's a fellow now—That fellow's father was a pimp; his mother, she turn'd bawd; and his sister turn'd whore: you see the consequence. How happy is that country, where pimping and whoring are esteemed public services, and where grandeur and the gallows lie on the same road!

Capt. Brave. But, leaving off railing, what is your business with his lordship?

Capt. Merit. There is a company vacant in Colonel Favourite's regiment, which, by his lordship's interest, I hope to gain.

Capt. Brave. But pray, by what do you hope to gain his lordship's interest?

Capt. Merit. You know, Bravemore, I am little in-

clin'd to boasting; but I think my services may speak something for me.

Capt. Brave. Faith, I'm afraid you'll find 'em dumb; or, if they do speak, it will be a language not understood by the great. Suppose you apply to his nephew, Mr. Gaywit; his interest with my lord may be of service to you.

Capt. Merit. I have often seen him at Mr. Bellamant's, and believe he would do any thing to serve me.

Capt. Brave. But the levee is begun by this. If you please, I'll introduce you to't.

Capt. Merit. What an abundance of poor wretches go to the feeding the vanity of that leviathan—one great rogue.

SCENE IX.

LORD RICHLY *at his House.*

L. Richly. Ha, ha, ha!—agreeable! Courtly, thou art the greatest droll upon earth——you'll dine with me——Lord Lazy, will you make me happy too?

L. Lazy. I'll make myself so, my lord.

L. Richly. Mr. Woodall, your servant; how long have you been in town?

Woodall. I cannot be particular; I carry no almanack about me, my lord; a week or a fortnight, perhaps: too much time to lose at this season, when a man should be driving the foxes out of his country.

Col. Courtly. I hope you have brought your family to town: a parliament-man shou'd always bring his wife with him, that, if he does not serve the public, she may.

L. Richly. Now I think familiarity with the wife of a senator should be made a breach of privilege.

Col. Courtly. Your lordship is in the right—the person of his wife should be made as sacred as his own.

Woodall. Ay, the women would thank us damnably for such a vote—and the colonel here is a very likely man to move it.

Col. Courtly. Not I; for the women then would be as backward to be our wives as the tradesmen are now to be our creditors.

Woodall. To the fine gentlemen of us, who lay out their small fortunes in extravagance, and their slender stock of love on their wenches. I remember the time, when I was a young fellow, that men used to dress like men: but now I meet with nothing but a parcel of toupet coxcombs, who plaster up their brains upon their periwigs.

L. Richly. I protest thou art an errant wit, Woodall.

Col. Courtly. Oh, he's one of the greatest wits of his county.

Woodall. I have one of the greatest estates of my county, and, by what I can see, that entitles a man to wit here as well as there.

Capt. Merit. Methinks, this rough spark is very free with his lordship. [*To* Bravemore.

Capt. Brave. You must know this is a sort of polite bear-baiting. There is hardly a great man in town but what is fond of these sort of fellows, whom they take a delight in baiting with one or more buffoons. But now for your business.

L. Richly. I shall see him this morning; you may depend on my speaking about it.— [*To a gentleman.* Captain Bravemore, I am glad to see you.

Capt. Brave. My lord, here is a gentleman of distinguish'd services; if your lordship wou'd recommend him to Colonel Favourite.

L. Richly. Sir, I shall certainly do it.

Capt. Merit. There being a company vacant, my lord —My name is Merit.

L. Richly. Mr. Merit, I shall be extremely glad to serve you—Sir John, your most obedient humble servant.—Lazy, what were you saying about Mr. Bellamant?

L. Lazy. We were talking, my lord, of his affair, which was heard in our house yesterday.

L. Richly. I am sorry I was not there. It went against him, I think.

L. Lazy. Yes, my lord, and I am afraid it affects him deeply.

Col. Courtly. Undone, Sir; quite undone.

L. Richly. Upon my soul, Mrs. Bellamant's a fine woman.

Woodall. Then, I suppose, if her husband's undone, you'll have her among you.

L. Richly. Woodall, thou'rt a liquorish dog. Thou wou'dst have the first snap.

Woodall. Not I; none of your town ladies for me; I always take leave of women from the time I come out of the country till I go back again.

L. Lazy. Women! Pox on him! he means foxes again.

Col. Courtly. He knows no difference.

Woodall. Nor you either. But harkye, I fancy it is safer riding after the one than the other.

Col. Courtly. Thy ideas are as gross as thy person.

L. Richly. Hang him, sly rogue——you never knew a fox-hunter that did not love a wench.

Woodall. No, nor a wench of any sense that did not love a fox-hunter.

L. Richly. Modern, your servant.

Mr. Modern. I would presume only to remind your lordship——

L. Richly. Depend upon it, I will remember you—I hope your lady is well.

Mr. Modern. Intirely at your service, my lord.

L. Richly. I have a particular affair to communicate to her: a secret that I cannot send by you; you know all secrets are not proper to trust a husband with.

Mr. Modern. You do her too much honour, my lord: I believe you will find her at home any time to-day.

L. Richly. Faith, Modern, I know not whether thou art happier in thy temper, or in thy wife.

Mr. Modern. Um——, my lord, as for my wife, I believe she is as good as most wives; I believe she is a virtuous woman; that, I think, I may affirm of her.

L. Richly. That thou may'st, I dare swear; and that I as firmly believe as thou dost thyself: and let me tell you, a virtuous woman is no common jewel in this age. —But prithee, hast thou heard anything of Mr. Bellamant's affairs?

Mr. Modern. No more than that he has lost his cause, which he seem'd to expect the other night, when he was at my house.

L. Richly. Then you are intimate.

Mr. Modern. He visits my wife pretty often, my lord.

L. Richly. Modern, you know I am your friend—— and now we are alone, let me advise you. Take care of Bellamant, take a particular care of Bellamant—He is prudent enough in his amours to pass upon the world for a constant husband; but I know him—I know him— He is a dangerous man.

Mr. Modern. My lord, you surprise me so, that—

L. Richly. I know you will excuse this freedom my friendship takes: but beware of Bellamant as you love your honour.

Serv. My lord, the coach is at the door.

L. Richly. My dear Modern, I see the great surprise you are in: but you'll excuse my freedom.

Mr. Modern. I am eternally obliged to your lordship——

L. Richly. Your humble servant.

Mr. Modern. I hope your lordship will pardon my freedom, if after all these obligations I beg leave once more to remind you.

L. Richly. Depend upon it, I'll take care of you.—What a world of poor chimerical devils does a levee draw together? All gaping for favours, without the least capacity of making a return for them.

> But great men, justly, act by wiser rules;
> A levee is the paradise of fools.

ACT II.—SCENE I.

SCENE, MRS. BELLAMANT'S *House.*

MRS. BELLAMANT, EMILIA.

MRS. BELLAMANT.

Bid John put up the coach. [*To a servant.*
What think you now, Emilia? Has not this morning's ramble giv'n you a surfeit of the town? After all the nonsense and ill-nature we have heard to-day, wou'd it grieve one to part with the place one is sure to hear 'em over again in?

Emilia. I am far from thinking any of its pleasures worth too eager a wish —— and the woman, who has with her in the country the man she loves, must be a very ridiculous creature to pine after the town.

Mrs. Bella. And yet, my dear, I believe you know there are such ridiculous creatures.

Emilia. I rather imagine they retire with the man they shou'd love, than him they do: for a heart, that is passionately fond of the pleasures here, has rarely room for any other fondness. The town itself is the passion of the greater part of our sex; but such I can never allow a just notion of love to.——A woman that sincerely loves, can know no happiness without, nor misery with, her beloved object.

Mrs. Bella. You talk feelingly, I protest, I wish you don't leave your heart behind you. Come, confess: I hope I have deserv'd rather to be esteem'd your confidante than your mother-in-law.

Emilia. Wou'd it be a crime if it were so? But if love be a crime, I am sure you cannot upbraid me with it.

Mrs. Bella. Though if it be a crime, I am sure you are guilty.—Well, I approve your choice, child.

Emilia. My choice! excellent! I carry his picture in my eyes, I suppose?

Mrs. Bella. As sure as in your heart, my dear.

Emilia. Nay, but dear Madam, tell me whom you guess.

Mrs. Bella. Hush, here's Mr. Bellamant.

Enter BELLAMANT.

Mr. Bella. So soon return'd, my dear? Sure you found nobody at home.

Mrs. Bella. Oh, my dear! I have been in such an assembly of company, and so pulled to pieces with impertinence and ill-nature.—Welcome, welcome! the country! for sure the world is so very bad, those places are best where one has the least of it.

Mr. Bella. What's the matter?

Mrs. Bella. In short, I have been downright affronted.

Mr. Bella. Who durst affront you?

Mrs. Bella. A set of women that dare do ev'ry thing, but what they shou'd do.—In the first place, I was complimented with prude, for not being at the last masquerade—with dulness, for not entering into the taste of the town in some of its diversions——Then had my whole dress run over, and dislik'd; and to finish all, Mrs. Termagant told me I look'd frightful.

Mr. Bella. Not all the paint in Italy can give her half your beauty.

Mrs. Bella. You are certainly the most complaisant man in the world, and I the only wife who can retire home to be put in a good humour. Most husbands are like a plain-dealing looking-glass, which sullies all the compliments we have receiv'd abroad by assuring us we do not deserve 'em.

[*During this speech, a servant delivers a letter to* Bellamant, *which he reads.*

Emilia. I believe, though, Madam, that generally happens when they are not deserv'd: for a woman of true beauty can never feel any dissatisfaction from the justice of her glass; nor she, who has your worth, from the sincerity of her husband.

Mrs. Bella. Your father seems discomposed.—I wish there be no ill news in his letter.

Mr. Bella. My dear, I have a favour to ask of you.

Mrs. Bella. Say to command me.

Mr. Bella. I gave you a bank-note of a hundred yesterday, you must let me have it again.

Mrs. Bella. I am the luckiest creature in the world, that I did not pay away some of it this morning. Emilia, child, come with me. [*Exit with* Emilia.

Mr. Bella. Excellent! unhappy woman! How little doth she guess, she fetches this money for a rival? That

is all the little merit I can boast towards her.—To have contended, by the utmost civility and compliance with all her desires, and the utmost caution in the management of my amour, to disguise from her a secret, that must have made her miserable. Let me read once more.

'SIR,

'If you have, or ever had, any value for me, send me 'a hundred pounds this morning, or to make 'em more 'welcome than the last of necessities can, bring them 'yourself to——Yours—more than her own,

'HILLARIA MODERN.'

Why, what a farce is human life! How ridiculous is the pursuit of our desires, when the enjoyment of them is sure to beget new ones!

SCENE II.

MR. BELLAMANT, CAPTAIN BELLAMANT.

Capt. Bella. Good-morrow, Sir.

Mr. Bella. I suppose, Sir, by the gaiety of your dress, and your countenance, I may wish you joy of something besides your father's misfortunes.

Capt. Bella. Would you have me go into mourning for your losses, Sir?

Mr. Bella. You may mourn, Sir——I am now unable to support your extravagance any longer. My advice, nay, my commands have had no effect upon you, but necessity must; and your extravagance must fall of course, when it has nothing to support it.

Capt. Bella. I am surpris'd you should call the expences of a gentleman extravagance.

Mr. Bella. I am sorry you think the expences of a

fool, or fop, the expences of a gentleman: and that race-horses, cards, dice, whores, and embroidery, are necessary ingredients in that amiable composition.

Capt. Bella. Faith, and they are so with most gentlemen of my acquaintance; and give me leave to tell you, Sir, these are the qualifications which recommend a man to the best sort of people. Suppose I had staid at the university, and followed Greek and Latin as you advis'd me; what acquaintance had I found at court? what bows had I received at an assembly, or the opera?

Mr. Bella. And will you please to tell me, Sir, what advantage you have received from these? Are you the wiser, or the richer? What are you? Why, in your opinion, better drest—Where else had been that smart toupet, that elegant sword-knot, that coat cover'd with lace, and then with powder? That ever Heav'n should make me father to such a drest up daw! A creature who draws all his vanity from the gifts of tailors and periwig-makers!

Capt. Bella. Wou'd you not have your son drest, Sir?

Mr. Bella. Yes, and if he can afford it, let him be sometimes fine; but let him dress like a man, not affect the woman in his habit or his gesture.

Capt. Bella. If a man will keep good company, he must comply with the fashion.

Mr. Bella. I wou'd no more comply with a ridiculous fashion than with a vicious one; nor with that, which makes a man look like a monkey, than that, which makes him act like any other beast.

Capt. Bella. Lord, Sir! you are grown strangely unpolite.

Mr. Bella. I shall not give myself any further trouble with you: but, since all my endeavours have prov'd ineffectual, leave you to the bent of your own inclinations. But I must desire you to send me no more

bills; I assure you I shall not answer them——you must live on your commission——this last misfortune has made it impossible that I shou'd add one farthing to your income.

Capt. Bella. I have an affair in my view which may add to it.——Sir, I wish you good-morrow.—When a father and son must not talk of money-matters, I cannot see what they have to do together.

SCENE III.

MR. BELLAMANT, MRS. BELLAMANT, EMILIA.

Mrs. Bella. Here is the bill, my dear.

Mr. Bella. You shall be repaid in a day or two.

Mrs. Bella. I saw your son part hastily from you as I came in; I hope you have not been angry with him.

Mr. Bella. Why will you ever intermeddle between us?

Mrs. Bella. I hope you will pardon an intercession, my dear, for a son-in-law, which I should not be guilty for a son of my own.

SCENE IV.

MR. GAYWIT, MR. BELLAMANT, MRS. BELLAMANT, EMILIA.

Mr. Gaywit. Bellamant, good-morrow — ladies, your humble servant.

Mr. Bella. Servant, Mr. Gaywit. I thought your time had been so employ'd that you had forgot your friends.

Mr. Gaywit. I ought to excuse so long an absence, but, as Bellamant knows that it must give myself the greatest pain, he will impute it to business.

Mr. Bella. Did I not also know that two days of thy life were never giv'n to business yet—

Mr. Gaywit. Not what the grave world call so, I confess; but of what the gay world allow that name to, no hands were ever fuller.

Mr. Bella. You have been making love to some new mistress, I suppose.

Mr. Gaywit. Fie, it is only husbands make a business of love, to us 'tis but an amusement.

Mrs. Bella. Very fine! and to my face too!

Mr. Gaywit. Mr. Bellamant, Madam, is so known an exception to the general mode of husbands, that what is thrown on them cannot affect one of so celebrated a constancy.

Mrs. Bella. That's a virtue he may be celebrated for, without much envy.

Mr. Gaywit. He will be envy'd by all men for the cause of that constancy. Were such wives as Mrs. Bellamant less scarce, such husbands as my friend wou'd be more common.

Emilia. You are always throwing the fault on us.

Mrs. Bella. It is commonly in us, either in our choice of our husband, or our behaviour to them. No woman, who married a man of perfect sense, was ever unhappy, but from her own folly. [*Knock here.*

Mr. Gaywit [*looking out of the window.*] Ha! a very worthy uncle of mine, my lord Richly.

Mr. Bella. You'll excuse me if I am not at home.

Mr. Gaywit. Fie! to deny yourself to him would be unprecedented.

Mr. Bella. I assure you, no——for I have often done it.

Mr. Gaywit. Then, I believe you are the only man in town that has. But it is too late, I hear him on the stairs.

Mrs. Bella. Come, Emilia, we'll leave the gentlemen to their entertainment; I have been surfeited with it already.

SCENE V.

LORD RICHLY, MR. GAYWIT, MR. BELLAMANT.

L. Richly. Dear Bellamant, I am your most obedient servant. I am come to ask you ten thousand pardons, that my affairs prevented my attendance the day your cause came on. It might have been in my power to have serv'd you beyond my single vote.

Mr. Bella. I am oblig'd to your lordship; but as I have great reason to be satisfied with the justice of your honourable house—I am contented.

L. Richly. I hope the loss was not considerable.

Mr. Bella. I thought your lordship had heard.

L. Richly. I think, I was told twenty thousand pound ——but that's a trifle, a small retrenchment in one's expences——two or three dozen suits the less, and two or three dozen fewer women in the year, will soon reimburse you.

Mr. Bella. My loss is not equal to what your lordship intimates; nor can I complain of a fortune, still large enough to retire into the country with.

L. Richly. Nay, dear Bellamant, we must not lose you so. Have you no friend that could favour you with some comfortable snug employment, of a thousand or fifteen hundred per annum?

Mr. Gaywit. Your lordship is the properest person in the world.

L. Richly. Who, I? I am sure no mortal would do half so much to serve dear Jack Bellamant as myself—but I have no interest in the least.

Mr. Bella. I am oblig'd to the good offices of my friend, but I assure your lordship I have no intention that way. Beside, I have liv'd long enough in the world to see that necessity is a bad recommendation to favours of that kind, which as seldom fall to those who really want them, as to those who really deserve them.

L. Richly. I can't help saying those things are not easily obtain'd. I heartily wish I could serve you in any thing.—It gives me a great deal of uneasiness that my power is not equal to my desire—Damn it, I must turn this discourse, or he'll never have done with it.—[*Aside.*] Oh, Bellamant, have you heard of the new opera of Mr. Crambo?

Mr. Gaywit. What's the name of it?

L. Richly. It will be call'd the Humours of Bedlam. I have read it, and it is a most surprising fine performance. It has not one syllable of sense in it from the first page to the last.

Mr. Gaywit. It must certainly take.

L. Richly, Sir, it shall take, if I have interest enough to support it. I hate your dull writers of the late reigns. The design of a play is to make you laugh; and who can laugh at sense?

Mr. Gaywit. I think, my lord, we have improv'd on the Italians. They wanted only sense—we have neither sense nor music.

L. Richly. I hate all music but a jig.

Mr. Gaywit. I don't think it would be an ill project, my lord, to turn the best of our tragedies and comedies into operas.

L. Richly. And, instead of a company of players, I would have a company of tumblers and ballad singers.

Mr. Bella. Why, faith I believe it will come to that soon, unless some sturdy critic should oppose it.

L. Richly. No critic shall oppose it. It would be very

fine, truly, if men of quality were confin'd in their taste; we should be rarely diverted, if a set of pedants were to license all our diversions; the stage then would be as dull as a country pulpit.

Mr. Gaywit. And the boxes in Drury-lane, as empty as the galleries in St. James's.

Mr. Bella. Like enough: for religion and common sense are in a fair way to be banish'd out of the world together.

L. Richly. Let them go, egad.

Mr. Bella. This is, I believe, the only age that has scorn'd a pretence to religion.

L. Richly. Then it is the only age that hath scorn'd hypocrisy.

Mr. Bella. Rather, that hypocrisy is the only hypocrisy it wants. You shall have a known rascal set up for honour—a fool for wit—and your professed dear bosom-fawning friend, who, though he wallow in wealth, would refuse you ten guineas to preserve you from ruin, shall lose a hundred times that sum at cards to ruin your wife.

L. Richly. There, dear Jack Bellamant is the happiest man in the world, by possessing a wife whom a thousand times that sum would have no effect on.

Mr. Bella. I look upon myself equally happy, my lord, in having no such friend as would tempt her.

L. Richly. That thou hast not, I dare swear. But I thank you for putting me in mind of it. I must engage her in my author's cause, for I know her judgment has a great sway.

Mr. Bella. As our stay will be so short in town, she can do you no service; besides I have heard her detest partiality in those affairs; you would never persuade her to give a vote contrary to her opinion.

L. Richly. Detest partiality! ha, ha, ha!—I have heard

a lady declare for doing justice to a play, and condemn it the very next minute—though I knew she had neither seen nor read it. Those things are entirely guided by favour.

Mr. Gaywit. Nay, I see no reason to fix the scandal on the ladies: party and prejudice have the same dominion over us. Ask a man's character of one of his party, and you shall hear he is one of the worthiest, honestest fellows in Christendom; ask it of one of the opposite party, and you shall find him as worthless, good-for-nothing a dog as ever was hang'd.

Mr. Bella. So that a man must labour very hard to get a general good reputation, or a general bad one.

L. Richly. Well, since you allow so much, you will give me leave to tempt Mrs. Bellamant.

Mr. Bella. With all my heart, my lord.

Mr. Gaywit. Thou art a well-bred husband, indeed, to give another leave to tempt your wife.

Mr. Bella. I should have been a very ill-bred one to have deny'd it. Who's there?

Enter SERVANT.

does he mean Bella?

L. Richly. If I had said more, he had granted it, rather than have lost my favour. Poverty makes as many cuckolds as it does thieves. [*Aside.*

Mr. Bella. Wait on my Lord Richly to your mistress's apartment—I am your most obedient servant.

SCENE VI.

MR. GAYWIT, MR. BELLAMANT.

Mr. Gaywit. I find you are resolv'd to make your wife share your misfortunes. It would have been civil to have given her the choice of not being at home.

Mr. Bella. I wanted to be alone with you——besides, women have a liberty of sending away an impertinent visitant, which we have not.

Mr. Gaywit. Ay, and a way of entertaining visitants too which we have not; and he is a visitant not easily sent away, I assure you. I have known him receive very vigorous rebuffs without retreating.

Mr. Bella. You talk as if you suspected his making love to my wife.

Mr. Gaywit. He does so to every woman he sees; neither the strictest friendship profess'd to her husband, nor the best reputation on her own side, can preserve any woman he likes from his attacks: for he is arriv'd at a happy way of regarding all the rest of mankind as his tenants, and thinks, because he possesses more than they, he is entitled to whatever they possess.

Mr. Bella. Insolent vanity! I wonder the spirit of mankind has not long since crush'd the tyranny of such lordly wolves; yet, believe me, Gaywit, there generally goes a deal of affectation to compose this voluptuous man. He oftener injures women in their fame, than in their persons. This affectation of variety discovers a sickly appetite; and many mistresses, like many dishes, are often sent away untasted.

Mr. Gaywit. A very innocent affectation, truly, to destroy a lady's fame.

Mr. Bella. Why, ay, for we are come to an age, wherein a woman may live very comfortably without it: as long as the husband is content with his infamy, the wife escapes hers.

Mr. Gaywit. And I am mistaken, if many husbands in this town do not live very comfortably by being content with their infamy, nay, by being promoters of it. It is a modern trade, unknown to our ancestors, a modern bubble, which seems to be in a rising condition at present.

Mr. Bella. It is a stock-jobbing age, ev'ry thing has its price; marriage is traffick throughout; as most of us bargain to be husbands, so some of us bargain to be cuckolds; and he would be as much laughed at, who preferr'd his love to his interest, at this end of the town, as he who preferr'd his honesty to his interest at the other.

Mr. Gaywit. You, Bellamant, have had boldness enough, in contradiction to this general opinion, to choose a woman from her sense and virtues. I wish it were in my power to follow your example—but—

Mr. Bella. But the opinion of the world, dear boy.

Mr. Gaywit. No, my good forefathers have chosen a wife for me. I am oblig'd by the settlement of Lord Richly's estate to marry Lady Charlotte.

Mr. Bella. How!

Mr. Gaywit. The estate will descend to me so encumber'd, I assure you.

Mr. Bella. I thought it had not been in Lord Richly's power to have cut off the entail.

Mr. Gaywit. Not if I marry Lady Charlotte.

Mr. Bella. I think you are happy in being engag'd to no more disagreeable woman.

Mr. Gaywit. Lady Charlotte is, indeed, pretty; but were she everything a lover could wish, or even imagine —there is a woman, my friend—

Mr. Bella. Nay, if you are in love with another, I pity you.

Mr. Gaywit. Did'st thou know how I love, you would pity me: but did'st thou know whom, could'st thou look upon her with eyes like mine, could'st thou behold beauty, wit, sense, good-nature, contending which should adorn her most.

Mr. Bella. Poor Gaywit! thou art gone indeed.

Mr. Gaywit. But, I suppose, the ladies have by this

discharg'd their visitant. Now if you please, we will attend them.

Mr. Bella. You will excuse me, if I leave you with them; which I will not do, unless you promise I shall find you at my return.

Mr. Gaywit. I intend to dedicate the day to your family; so dispose of me as you please.

SCENE VII.

SCENE, MRS. MODERN'S *House.*

LORD RICHLY, MRS. MODERN.

Mrs. Modern. I think I ought to blame your unkindness——I have not seen you so long.

L. Richly. Do you think a week so long?

Mrs. Modern. Once you would have thought so.

L. Richly. Why, truly, hours in the spring of love are something shorter than they are in the winter.

Mrs. Modern. Barbarous man! do you insult me, after what I have done for you?

L. Richly. I fancy those favours have been reciprocal.

Mrs. Modern. Have I not given you up my virtue?

L. Richly. And have I not paid for your virtue, Madam? I am sure I am 1500*l.* out of pocket, which, in my way of counting, is fourteen more than any woman's virtue is worth; in short, our amour is at an end, for I am in pursuit of another mistress.

Mrs. Modern. Why do you come to torment me with her?

L. Richly. Why, I would have you act like other prudent women in lower station; when you can please no longer with your own person, e'en do it with other people's.

Mrs. Modern. Monster! insupportable!

L. Richly. You may rave, Madam, but if you will not do me a favour, there are wiser people enow will—I fix'd on you out of a particular regard to you; for I think, when a man is to lay out his money, he is always to do it with his friends.

Mrs. Modern. I'll bear it no longer.
L. Richly. Nor I. } [*Going.*

Mrs. Modern. Stay, my lord, can you be so cruel?

L. Richly. Pshaw! [*Going.*

Mrs. Modern. Oh! stay! stay!—you know my necessities.

L. Richly. And, I think, I propose a very good cure for them.

Mrs. Modern. Lend me a hundred guineas.

L. Richly. I will do more.

Mrs. Modern. Generous creature!

L. Richly. I'll give you—twenty.

Mrs. Modern. Do you jest with my necessity?

L. Richly. Lookye, Madam, if you will do a good-natur'd thing for me, I will oblige you in return, as I promis'd you before, and I think that very good payment.

Mrs. Modern. Pray, my lord, use me with decency at least.

L. Richly. Why should we use more decency to an old acquaintance than you ladies do to a new lover, and have more reason for so doing? You often belie your hearts, when you use us ill——In using you so we follow the dictates of our nature.

[*Enter a* SERVANT, *who delivers a letter to* MRS. MODERN.

Mrs. Modern. Ha! it is Bellamant's hand——and the note that I desir'd—This is lucky indeed.

SCENE VIII.

LORD RICHLY, MR. GAYWIT, EMILIA, LADY CHARLOTTE, CAPTAIN BELLAMANT, MRS. MODERN.

L. Richly. So! here's an end of my business for the present, I find.

La. Charl. Oh, dear Modern! I am heartily glad to see you are alive; for you must know, I thought it impossible for any one to be alive, and not to be at the rehearsal of the new opera.

Capt. Bella. How can you be surpris'd at one of no taste, Lady Charlotte?

Mrs. Modern. I suppose it was very full?

La. Charl. Oh! everybody was there; all the world.

Mr. Gaywit. How can that be, Lady Charlotte, when so considerable a part, as Mrs. Modern, was wanting?

Mrs. Modern. Civil creature! when will you say such a thing?

Capt. Bella. When I am as dull, Madam.

L. Richly. Very true! no one makes a compliment but those that want wit for satire.

Mr. Gaywit. Right, my lord. It is as great a sign of want of wit to say a good-natur'd thing, as want of sense to do one.

La. Charl. Oh! I would not say a good-natur'd thing for the world. Captain Bellamant, did you ever hear me say a good-natur'd thing in your life?

Mr. Gaywit. But I am afraid, Lady Charlotte, though wit be a sign of ill-nature, ill-nature is not always a sign of wit.

La. Charl. I'll give you leave to say any thing, after what I have said this morning—Oh! dear Modern, I wish you had seen Emilia's dressing-box! such japaning

—he! he! he!—she hath varnished over a windmill ten several times before she discover'd she had placed the wrong side upwards.

Mrs. Modern. I have had just such another misfortune. I have laid out thirty pounds on a chest, and now I dislike it of all things.

La. Charl. Oh! my dear, I do not like one thing in twenty that I do myself.

Emilia. You are the only person that dislikes, I dare say, Lady Charlotte.

La. Charl. Oh, you flatt'ring creature! I wish you could bring my papa to your opinion. He says I throw away more money in work than in play.

Mrs. Modern. But you have not heard half my misfortune; for when I sent my chest to be sold, what do you think I was offered for my thirty pounds' worth of work?

La. Charl. I don't know; fifty guineas, perhaps.

Mrs. Modern. Twenty shillings, as I live.

La. Charl. Oh! intolerable! Oh! insufferable!

Capt. Bella. But are we to have no Hazard this morning?

Mrs. Modern. With all my heart—lord Richly, what say you?

L. Richly. My vote always goes with the majority, Madam.

Mrs. Modern. Come, then, the shrine is within, and you that will offer at it, follow me.

SCENE IX.

MR. GAYWIT, EMILIA.

Emilia. Mr. Gaywit, are you no gamester?

Mr. Gaywit. No, Madam; when I play, 'tis the utmost stretch of my complaisance.

Emilia. I am glad I can find one who is as great an enemy to play as myself; for, I assure you, we are both of the same opinion.

Mr. Gaywit. I wish we were so in every thing.

Emilia. Sir!

Mr. Gaywit. I say, Madam, I wish all of my opinions were as well seconded; and yet, methinks, I would not have your thoughts the same with mine.

Emilia. Why so, pray?

Mr. Gaywit. Because you must have then many an unhappy hour, which that you may ever avoid will be still my heartiest prayer.

Emilia. I am oblig'd to you, sir.

Mr. Gaywit. Indeed you are not. It is a self-interested wish: for, believe me, to see the least affliction attend you would give this breast the greatest agony it is capable of feeling.

Emilia. Nay, this is so extravagant a flight, I know not what to call it.

Mr. Gaywit. Nor I——call it a just admiration of the highest worth, call it the tenderest friendship if you please; though much I fear it merits the sweetest, softest name that can be given to any of our passions. If there be a passion pure without alloy, as tender and soft, as violent and strong, you cannot sure miscal it by that name.

Emilia. You grow now too philosophical for me to understand you: besides, you would, I am sure, be best understood ironically; for who can believe anything of Mr. Gaywit, when he hath asserted that he is unhappy?

Mr. Gaywit. Nay, I will leave my case to your own determination when you know it. Suppose me oblig'd to marry the woman I don't like, debarr'd for ever from

her I love, I doat on, the delight of my eyes, the joy of my heart. Suppose me oblig'd to forsake her, and marry——another.

Emilia. But I cannot suppose you oblig'd to that.

Mr. Gaywit. Were it not an impertinent trouble, I could convince you.

Emilia. I know not why I may not be excus'd a little concern for one, who hath expressed so much for me.

Mr. Gaywit. Then, Madam, the settlement of my whole fortune obliges me to marry Lady Charlotte Gaywit.

Emilia. How!—but suppose the refusal were on Lady Charlotte's side?

Mr. Gaywit. That is my only hope.

Emilia. And I can assure you your hope is not ill-grounded.

Mr. Gaywit. I know she hath express'd some dislike to me; but she is a woman of that sort, that it is as difficult to be certain of her dislike, as her affection; and whom the prospect of grandeur would easily make obedient to her father's commands.

Emilia. Well, if you are sincere, I pity you heartily.

Mr. Gaywit. And if you are sincere, I never knew happiness till this dear moment.

SCENE X.

MR. GAYWIT, EMILIA, LORD RICHLY, MRS. MODERN, LADY CHARLOTTE, CAPTAIN BELLAMANT.

Mrs. Modern. Victoria! Victoria!

Capt. Bella. Stript, by Jupiter!

La. Charl. Eleven mains together; Modern, you are a devil.

Emilia. What's the matter, Lady Charlotte?

La. Charl. Oh, my dear, you never saw the like—Modern has held in nine thousand mains in one hand, and won all the world.

Mr. Gaywit. She has always great luck at Hazard.

L. Richly. Surprising to-day, upon my word.

Mrs. Modern. Surprising to me; for it is the first success I have had this month; and I am sure my Quadrille makes every one a sufficient amends for my Hazard.

L. Richly. You are one of those, whose winning nobody ever heard of, or whose losing no one ever saw.

Capt. Bella. But you forget the auction, Lady Charlotte.

La. Charl. What have I to do with an auction, that am ruin'd and undone?

Mr. Gaywit. As much as many that are undone; bid out of whim, in order to raise the price, and ruin others. Or if the hammer should fall upon you, before you expect it, take a sudden dislike to the goods, or dispute your own words, and leave them upon the hands of the seller.

Mrs. Modern. How polite is that now! Gaywit will grow shortly as well-bred as Madcap.

Capt. Bella. We shall have him there too, and he is the life of an auction.

La. Charl. Oh! the most agreeable creature in the world——he has more wit than anybody, he has made me laugh five hundred hours together. Emilia, we will just call there, and then I'll set you down at home.

Emilia. Let us but just call, then.

La. Charl. That caution is admirable from you, when you know I never stay above six minutes any where. Well, you never will reform.

L. Richly. I desire, Charlotte, you would be at home by four.

La. Charl. I shall very easily, my lord; for I have not above fourteen or fifteen places to call at. Come, dear creature, let us go, for I have more business than half the world upon my hands, and I must positively call at the auction.

Mr. Gaywit. Where you have no business, it seems.

La. Charl. Impertinent! Modern, your servant.

SCENE XI.

LORD RICHLY, MRS. MODERN.

L. Richly. I only waited till you were alone, Madam—to renew my business.

Mrs. Modern. If you intend to renew your impertinence, I wish you would omit both.

L. Richly. So, I find I have my work to do over again.

Mrs. Modern. But if you please, my lord, to truce with your proposals, and let Piquet be the word.

L. Richly. So, you have taken money out of my daughter's hands, to put it into mine.

Mrs. Modern. Be not confident—I have been too hard for you before now.

L. Richly. Well, and without a compliment, I know none whom I would sooner lose to than yourself; for to any one who loves play as well as you, and plays as ill, the money we lose, by a surprising ill fortune, is only lent.

Mrs. Modern. Methinks, my lord, you should be fearful of deterring me by this plain dealing.

L. Richly. I am better acquainted with your sex. It is as impossible to persuade a woman that she plays ill, as that she looks ill. The one may make her tear her cards, and the other break her looking-glass.

> 'Her want of skill, for want of luck must pass;
> As want of beauty's owing to her glass.'

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *continues.*

LORD RICHLY, MRS. MODERN.

MRS. MODERN.

CAN you be so cruel?

L. Richly. Ridiculous! you might as well ask me for my whole estate; I am sure I would as soon give it you.

Mrs. Modern. An everlasting curse attend the cards! to be repiqu'd from forty, when I play'd but for five! my lord, I believe you a cheat.

L. Richly. At your service, Madam——when you have more money, if you will honour me with notice, I will be ready to receive it.

Mrs. Modern. Stay, my lord——give me the twenty guineas.

L. Richly. On my conditions.

Mrs. Modern. Any conditions.

L. Richly. Then you must contrive, some way or other, a meeting between me and Mrs. Bellamant, at your house.

Mrs. Modern. Mrs. Bellamant!

L. Richly. Why do you start at that name?

Mrs. Modern. She has the reputation of the strictest virtue of any woman in town.

L. Richly. Virtue! ha, ha, ha! so have you, and so have several of my acquaintance; there are as few women who have not the reputation of virtue as that have the thing itself.

Mrs. Modern. And what do you propose by meeting her here?

L. Richly. I am too civil to tell you plainly what I propose; though by your question one would imagine you expected it.

Mrs. Modern. I expect any thing from you, rather than civility, my lord.

L. Richly. Madam, it will be your own fault, if I am not civil to you. Do this for me, and I'll deny you nothing.

Mrs. Modern. There is one thing which tempts me more than your gold, which is the expectation of seeing you desert her, as you have done me.

L. Richly. Which is a pleasure you'll certainly have: and the sooner you compass my wishes, the sooner you may triumph in your own: nay, there is a third motive will charm thee, my dear Hillaria, more than the other two. When I have laid this passion, which hath abated that for you, I may return to your arms with all my former fondness.

Mrs. Modern. Excuse my incredulity, my lord; for, though love can change its object, it can never return to the same again.

L. Richly. I may convince you of the contrary——but to our business; fortune has declar'd on our side already, by sending Bellamant hither: cultivate an acquaintance with him, and you cannot avoid being acquainted with his wife. She is the perfect shadow of her husband; they are as inseparable as lady Coquette and her lap-dog.

Mrs. Modern. Yes, or as her ladyship and her impertinence; or her lap-dog and his smell. Well, it is to me surprising, how women of fashion can carry husbands, children, and lap-dogs about with them; three things I never could be fond of.

L. Richly. If the ladies were not fonder of their lap-dogs than their husbands, we should have no more dogs in St. James's parish, than there are lions at the Tower.

Mrs. Modern. It is an uncommon bravery in you to single out the woman who is reputed to be the fondest of her husband.

L. Richly. She that is fond of one man may be fond of another. Fondness, in a woman's temper, like the love of play, may prefer one man, and one game; but will incline her to try more, especially when she expects greater profit, and there, I am sure, I am superior to my rival: if flattery will allure her, or riches tempt her, she shall be mine; and those are the two great gates by which the devil enters the heart of womankind—— Psha! He here!—

SCENE II.

LORD RICHLY, MR. MODERN, MRS. MODERN.

Mr. Modern. I am your lordship's most obedient humble servant.

L. Richly. Have you seen this new opera, Madam?

Mrs. Modern. I have heard vast commendations of it; but I cannot bear an opera, now poor La Dovi's gone.

L. Richly. Nor I, after poor A la Fama.

Mrs. Modern. Oh! Cara la Dovi! I protest I have often resolv'd to follow her into Italy.

L. Richly. You will allow A la Fama's voice, I hope.

Mrs. Modern. But the mien of La Dovi, then her judgment in singing; the moment she enter'd the stage I have wish'd myself all eyes.

L. Richly. And the moment A la Fama sung I have wish'd myself all ears.

Mr. Modern. I find I am no desir'd part of this company. I hope your lordship will pardon me; business of the greatest consequence, requiring my attendance, prevents my waiting on your lordship according to my desires.

SCENE III.

LORD RICHLY, MRS. MODERN.

L. Richly. This unseasonable interruption has quite cut the thread of my design. Pox on him, a husband, like the fool in a play, is of no use but to cause confusion.

Mrs. Modern. You would have an opportunity at my house, and to procure it, I must be acquainted with Mrs. Bellamant; now, there is a lucky accident which you are not apprized of——Mr. Bellamant is an humble servant of mine.

L. Richly. That is lucky, indeed; could we give her a cause of suspicion that way, it were a lively prospect of my success; as persuading a thief that his companion is false is the surest way to make him so.

Mrs. Modern. A very pretty comparison of your lordship's between the two states.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Madam, Mr. Bellamant desires to know if your ladyship is at home.

Mrs. Modern. I am. Bring him into the dining-room.

L. Richly. Thou dear creature, let me but succeed in this affair, I'll give thee millions.

Mrs. Modern. More gold, and fewer promises, my lord.

L. Richly. An hundred guineas shall be the price of our first interview.

Mrs. Modern. Be punctual, and be confident. Go out the back way, that he may not see you.

L. Richly. Adieu, my Machiavel.

SCENE IV.

SCENE, MRS. BELLAMANT'S *House.*

MRS. BELLAMANT, MR. GAYWIT, EMILIA.

Mrs. Bella. And so, Lady Willitt, after all her protestations against matrimony, has at last generously bestowed herself on a young fellow with no fortune, the famous beau Smirk.

Emilia. She was a proof against every thing but charity.

Mr. Gaywit. To which all other virtues shou'd be sacrific'd, as it is the greatest; the ladies are apt to value themselves on their virtue; as a rich citizen does on his purse; and I do not know which is of the greatest use to the public.

Mrs. Bella. Nor I, which are the oftenest bankrupts.

Mr. Gaywit. And as, in the city, they suspect a man who is ostentatious of his riches; so should I the woman who makes the most noise of her virtue.

Mrs. Bella. We are all the least solicitous about perfections, which we are so well assur'd of our possessing. Flattery is never so agreeable as to our blind side. Commend a fool for his wit, or a knave for his honesty, and they will receive you into their bosoms.

Emilia. Nay, I have known a pretty lady who was vain of nothing but her false locks; and have seen a pair

of squinting eyes that never smil'd at a compliment made to any other feature.

Mr. Gaywit. Yes, Madam, and I know a pretty gentleman who obliges me very often with his ill-spelt songs; and a very ugly poet, who hath made me a present of his picture.

Emilia. Well, since you see it is so agreeable to flatter one's blind side, I think you have no excuse to compliment on the other.

Mr. Gaywit. Then I shall have a very good excuse to make you no compliment at all. But this I assure you, Emilia, the first imperfection I discover, I will tell you of it with the utmost sincerity.

Emilia. And I assure you, with the utmost sincerity, I shall not thank you for it.

Mrs. Bella. Then, without any flattery, you are two of the most open plain-dealers I have met with.

SCENE V.

MRS. BELLAMANT, EMILIA, LADY CHARLOTTE, MR. GAYWIT.

La. Charl. Dear Mrs. Bellamant, make some excuse for me; I see Emilia is going to chide me for staying so long. When did she know the fatigue I had this afternoon —— I was just going into my coach when Lady Twitter came in, and forc'd me away to a fan-shop. Well, I have seen a set of the prettiest fans to-day. My dear creature, where did you get that lace? I never saw any thing so ravishing.

Emilia. I cannot see anything so extraordinary in it.

La. Charl. It could not cost less than ten pound a yard——Oh! Mr. Gaywit, are you here?

Emilia. He goes with us to the play.

La. Charl. Oh hateful! how can you bear him? I

Same exit with to Gaywit

would as soon to the chapel with Lady Prude: I saw the ridiculous creature cry at a tragedy.

Mrs. Bella. Do you think he need be ashamed of that, Lady Charlotte?

La. Charl. I would as soon laugh at a comedy, or fall asleep at an opera.

Mrs. Bella. What is the play to-night?

La. Charl. I never know that. Miss Rattle and I saw four acts the other night, and came away without knowing the name. I think, one only goes to see the company, and there will be a great deal to-night: for the Duchess of Simpleton sent to me this morning. Emilia, you must go with me after the play: I must make just fourteen visits between nine and ten: yesterday was the first payment I have made since I came to town, and I was able to compass no more than three and forty; though I only found my Lady Sober at home, and she was at Quadrille—Lud, Mrs. Bellamant, I think you have left off play, which is to me surprising, when you play'd so very well.

Mrs. Bella. And yet I believe you hardly ever saw me win.

La. Charl. I never mind whether I win or no, if I make no mistakes.

Mr. Gaywit. Which you never fail of doing as often as you play.

La. Charl. Do you hear him?

Emilia. Oh! he sets up for a plain-dealer, that is, one who shews his wit at the expense of his breeding.

La. Charl. Yes, and at the expense of his truth.

Emilia. Never mind him, Lady Charlotte, you will have the town on your side.

Mr. Gaywit. Yes, they will all speak for you that play against you.

La. Charl. This is downright insupportable.

SCENE VI.

MRS. BELLAMANT, EMILIA, MR. GAYWIT, LADY CHARLOTTE, CAPTAIN BELLAMANT.

La. Charl. Oh! here's Captain Bellamant shall be my voucher.

Capt. Bella. That you may be assur'd of, Lady Charlotte, for I have so implicit a faith in your ladyship, that I know you are in the right before you speak.

La. Charl. Mr. Gaywit does not allow me to play at Quadrille.

Capt. Bella. He may as well deny that your ladyship sees; besides, I do not lay a great deal of weight on his judgment, whom I never saw play at all.

La. Charl. Oh! abominable! then he does not live at all. I wish my whole life was one party at Quadrille.

Capt. Bella. As a Spaniard's is a game at Chess, egad.

Mrs. Bella. I never intend to sacrifice my time entirely to play, till I can get no one to keep me company for nothing.

Mr. Gaywit. Right, Madam, I think the votaries to gaming should be such as want helps for conversation: and none should have always cards in their hands, but those who have nothing but the weather in their mouths.

Mrs. Bella. Thus gaming would be of service to the republic of wit, by taking away the encouragers of nonsense; as a war is of service to a nation, by taking the idle people out of it.

La. Charl. Intolerable! Mrs. Bellamant an advocate against play?

SCENE VII.

LORD RICHLY, MR. GAYWIT, CAPTAIN BELLAMANT, LADY CHARLOTTE, EMILIA, MRS. BELLAMANT.

L. Richly. Who is an advocate against play?

La. Charl. Mrs. Bellamant, my lord.

L. Richly. She is grown a perfect deserter from the Beau Monde: she has declared herself against Mr. Crambo too.

La. Charl. Against dear Mr. Crambo!

Mrs. Bella. I am only for indulging reason in our entertainments, my lord. I must own, when I see a polite audience pleas'd at seeing Bedlam on the stage, I cannot forbear thinking them fit for no other place.

L. Richly. Now, I am never entertain'd better.

La. Charl. Nor I. Oh, dear Bedlam! I have gone there once a week for a long time: I am charm'd with those delightful creatures the kings and the queens.

Capt. Bella. And your ladyship has contributed abundance of lovers, all kings, no doubt: for he that could have the boldness to attempt you, might with much less madness dream of a throne.

La. Charl. Well, I should like to be a queen. I fancy, 'tis very pretty to be a queen.

Capt. Bella. Were I a king, Lady Charlotte, you should have your wish.

La. Charl. Ay, but then I must have you too.—I would not have an odious filthy he-creature for the world.

Mr. Gaywit. Faith, you cannot easily find any who is less of the he-creature. [*Aside.*

Emilia. But, Lady Charlotte, we shall be too late for the play.

La. Charl. I believe the first act is over, so we'll go. I don't believe I ever saw the first act of a play in my life——but do you think I'll suffer you in my coach ?

Mr. Gaywit. At least, you'll suffer me to put this lady into it.

Capt. Bella. And me to put your ladyship in.

La. Charl. Dear Mrs. Bellamant, your humble servant.

L. Richly. Shall I have the honour, in the mean time, of entertaining you at piquet ?

Mrs. Bella. Your lordship has such a vast advantage over me——

L. Richly. None in the least: but if you think so, Madam, I'll give you what points you please.

Mrs. Bella. For one party, then, my lord.—Get cards there—Your lordship will excuse me a moment.

L. Richly. Charming woman! and thou art mine, as surely as I wish thee—Let me see—she goes into the country in a fortnight—Now, if I compass my affair in a day or two, I shall be weary of her by that time, and her journey will be the most agreeable thing that can happen.

SCENE VIII.

SCENE, MRS. MODERN'S *House.*

MRS. MODERN, MR. BELLAMANT.

Mrs. Modern. Is it not barbarous, nay, mean, to upbraid me with what nothing but the last necessity could have made me ask of you ?

Mr. Bella. You wrong me, I lament my own necessities, not upbraid yours. My misfortune is too public for you not to be acquainted with it; and what restrains me from supporting the pleasures of the best wife in the

world, may, I think, justly excuse me from supporting those of a mistress.

Mrs. Modern. Do you insult me with your wife's virtue? You! who have robb'd me of mine?—yet Heaven will, I hope, forgive me this first slip; and if henceforth I ever listen to the Siren persuasions of your false ungrateful sex, may I—

Mr. Bella. But hear me, Madam.

Mrs. Modern. Would I had never heard, nor seen, nor known you.

Mr. Bella. If I alone have robb'd you of your honour, it is you alone have robb'd me of mine.

Mrs. Modern. Your honour! ridiculous! the virtue of a man!

Mr. Bella. Madam, I say, my honour; if to rob a woman who brought me beauty, fortune, love, and virtue; if to hazard the making her miserable be no breach of honour, robbers and murderers may be honourable men: yet, this I have done, and this I do still for you.

Mrs. Modern. We will not enter into a detail, Mr. Bellamant, of what we have done for one another; perhaps the balance may be on your side: if so, it must be still greater; for I have one request which I must not be denied.

Mr. Bella. You know, if it be in my power to grant, it is not in my power to deny you.

Mrs. Modern. Then for the sake of my reputation, and to prevent any jealousy in my husband, bring me acquainted with Mrs. Bellamant.

Mr. Bella. Ha!

Mrs. Modern. By which means we shall have more frequent opportunities together.

Mr. Bella. Of what use your acquaintance can be, I know not.

Mrs. Modern. Do you scruple it? This is too plain an evidence of your contempt of me; you will not introduce a woman of stain'd virtue to your wife: can you, who caus'd my crime, be the first to condemn me for it?

Mr. Bella. Since you impute my caution to so wrong a cause, I am willing to prove your error.

Mrs. Modern. Let our acquaintance begin this night then; try if you cannot bring her hither now.

Mr. Bella. I will try, nay, and I will succeed: for oh! I have sacrificed the best of wives to your love.

Mrs. Modern. I envy, not admire her for an affection which any woman might preserve to you.

Mr. Bella. I fly to execute your commands.

Mrs. Modern. Stay—I—

Mr. Bella. Speak.

Mrs. Modern. I must ask one last favour of you—and yet I know not how—though it be a trifle, and I will repay it——only lend me another hundred guineas.

Mr. Bella. Your request, Madam, is always a command. I think time flies with wings of lead till I return.

SCENE IX.

MRS. MODERN, *sola.*

Mrs. Modern. And I shall think you fly on golden wings, my dear gallant. Thou ass, to think that the heart of a woman is to be won by gold, as well as her person; but thou wilt find, though a woman often sells her person, she always gives her heart.

SCENE X.

SCENE, MRS. BELLAMANT'S *House.*

LORD RICHLY, MRS. BELLAMANT, *at Piquet.*

L. Richly. Six parties successively ! sure Fortune will change soon, or I shall believe she is not blind.

Mrs. Bella. No, my lord, you either play with too great negligence, or with such ill-luck, that I shall press my victory no farther at present. Besides, I can't help thinking five points place the odds on my side.

L. Richly. Can you change this note, Madam?

Mrs. Bella. Let it alone, my Lord.

L. Richly. Excuse me, Madam, if I am superstitiously observant to pay my losings before I rise from the table. —Besides, Madam, it will give me an infinite pleasure to have the finest woman in the world in my debt. Do but keep it till I have the honour of seeing you again. Nay, Madam, I must insist on it, though I am forc'd to leave it in your hands thus—

SCENE XI.

MRS. BELLAMANT, *sola.*

Mrs. Bella. What can this mean!——I am confident too that he lost the last party designedly. I observ'd him fix his eyes stedfastly on mine, and sigh, and seem careless of his game——It must be so——he certainly hath a design on me. I will return him his note immediately, and am resolved never to see him more.

SCENE XII.

MR. BELLAMANT, MRS. BELLAMANT.

Mrs. Bella. My dear! where have you been all day? I have not had one moment of your company since dinner.

Mr. Bella. I have been upon business of very great consequence, my dear.

Mrs. Bella. Is it fit for me to hear?

Mr. Bella. No, my dear, it would only make you uneasy.

Mrs. Bella. Nay, then I must hear it, that I may share your concern.

Mr. Bella. Indeed, it would rather aggravate it: it is not in your power to assist me; for since you will know it, an affair hath happened, which makes it necessary for me to pay an hundred guineas this very evening.

Mrs. Bella. Is that all?

Mr. Bella. That, indeed, was once a trifle—but now it makes me uneasy.

Mrs. Bella. So it doth not me, because it is in my power to supply you.——Here is a note for that sum; but I must be positively repaid within a day or two: it is only a friend's money trusted in my hands.

Mr. Bella. My dear, sure when Heaven gave me thee, it gave me a cure for every malady of the mind, and it hath made thee still the instrument of all its good to me.

Mrs. Bella. Be assured I desire no greater blessing than the continual reflection of having pleas'd you.

Mr. Bella. Are you engaged, my love, this evening?

Mrs. Bella. Whatever engagement I have, it is in your power to break.

Mr. Bella. If you have none, I will introduce you to

a new acquaintance: one who I believe you never visited, but must know by sight——Mrs. Modern.

Mrs. Bella. It is equal to me in what company I am, when with you. My eyes are so delighted with that principal figure, that I have no leisure to contemplate the rest of the piece. I'll wait on you immediately.

SCENE XIII.

MR. BELLAMANT, *solus.*

Mr. Bella. What a wretch am I! Have I either honour or gratitude, and can I injure such a woman? How do I injure her! while she perceives no abatement in my passion, she is not injured by its inward decay: nor can I give her a secret pain, while she hath no suspicion of my secret pleasures. Have I not found too an equal return of passion in my mistress? Does she not sacrifice more for me than a wife can? The gallant is, indeed, indebted for the favours he receives: but the husband pays dearly for what he enjoys. I hope, however, this will be the last hundred pounds I shall be asked to lend. My wife's having this dear note, was as lucky as it was unexpected—Ha!—the same I gave this morning to Mrs. Modern. Amazement! what can this mean?

SCENE XIV.

MR. BELLAMANT, MRS. BELLAMANT.

Mr. Bella. My dear, be not angry at my curiosity, but pray tell me how came you by this?

Mrs. Bella. Pardon me, my dear, I have a particular reason for not telling you.

Mr. Bella. And I have a particular reason for asking it.

Mrs. Bella. I beg you not to press me: perhaps you will oblige me to sacrifice a friend's reputation.

Mr. Bella. The secret shall rest in my bosom, I assure you.

Mrs. Bella. But suppose I should have promised not to suffer it from my own.

Mr. Bella. A husband's command breaks any promise.

Mrs. Bella. I am surprised to see you so solicitous about a trifle.

Mr. Bella. I am rather surprised to find you so tenacious of one; besides, be assured, you cannot have half the reason to suppress the discovery, as I to insist upon it.

Mrs. Bella. What is your reason?

Mr. Bella. The very difficulty you make in telling it.

Mrs. Bella. Your curiosity shall be satisfied, then; but I beg you would defer it now. I may get absolved from my promise of secrecy. I beg you would not urge me to break my trust.

Mr. Bella. [*Aside.*] She certainly hath not discovered my falsehood, that were impossible: besides, I may satisfy myself immediately by Mrs. Modern.

Mrs. Bella. What makes you uneasy? I assure you there is nothing in this worth your knowing.

Mr. Bella. I believe it, at least I shall give up my curiosity to your desire.

Mrs. Bella. I am ready to wait on you.

Mr. Bella. I must make a short visit first on what I told you, and will call on you immediately.

SCENE XV.

MRS. BELLAMANT, *sola.*

Mrs. Bella. What can have given him this curiosity I know not; but should I have discovered the truth, who can tell into what suspicions it might have betrayed him? His jealous honour might have resolved on some fatal return to Lord Richly, had he taken it in the same way as I do; whereas, by keeping the secret, I preserve him every way from danger; for I myself will secure his honour without exposing his person. I will myself give Lord Richly his discharge. How nearly have I been unawares to the brink of ruin! For, surely, the lightest suspicion of a husband is ruin, indeed!

When innocence can scarce our lives defend,
What dangers must the guilty wife attend?

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

SCENE, MRS. MODERN'S *House.*

MR. MODERN, MRS. MODERN.

MR. MODERN.

In short, Madam, you shall not drive a separate trade at my expense. Your person is mine: I bought it lawfully in the church; and unless I am to profit by the disposal, I shall keep it all for my own use.

husband's property — much

Mrs. Modern. This insolence is not to be borne.

Mr. Modern. Have I not winked at all your intrigues?

Have I not pretended business, to leave you and your gallants together? Have I not been the most obsequious, observant—

Mrs. Modern. Out with it; you know what you are.

Mr. Modern. Do you upbraid me with your vices, Madam?

Mrs. Modern. My vices!—Call it obedience to a husband's will. Can you deny that you have yourself persuaded me to the undertaking? Can you forget the arguments you used to convince me that virtue was the lightest of bubbles?

Mr. Modern. I own it all: and had I felt the sweets of your pleasures, as at first, I had never once upbraided you with them; but, as I must more than share the dishonour, it is surely reasonable I should share the profit.

Mrs. Modern. And have you not?

Mr. Modern. What if I have?

Mrs. Modern. Why do you complain then?

Mr. Modern. Because I find those effects no more. Your cards run away with the lucre of your other pleasures—and you lose to the knaves of your own sex what you get from the fools of ours.

Mrs. Modern. 'Tis false; you know I seldom lose—— Nor indeed can I considerably; for I have not lately had it in my power to stake high: Lord Richly, who was the fountain of our wealth, hath long been dry to me.

Mr. Modern. I hope, Madam, this new gallant will turn to a better account.

Mrs. Modern. Our amour is yet too young to expect any fruit from thence.

Mr. Modern. As young as it is, I have reason to believe it is grown to perfection. Whatever fruits I may expect from him, it is not impossible, from what hath already happen'd, but I may expect some from you, and

that is not golden fruit. I am sure if women sprung from the earth, as some philosophers think, it was from the clay of Egypt, not the sands of Peru. Serpents and crocodiles are the only fruit they produce.

Mrs. Modern. Very true; and a wife contains the whole ten plagues of her country. [*Laughing.*

Mr. Modern. Why had I not been a Turk, that I might have enslaved my wife; or a Chinese, that I might have sold her!

Mrs. Modern. That would have been only the custom of the country; you have done more, you have sold her in England; in a country where women are as backward to be sold to a lover as to refuse him; and where cuckold is almost the only title of honour that can't be bought.

Mr. Modern. This ludicrous behaviour, Madam, as ill becomes the present subject, as the entertaining new gallants doth the tenderness you this morning expressed for your reputation. In short, it is impossible that your amours should be secret long; and however careless you have been of me whilst I have had horns in my pocket, I hope you'll take care to gild them when I am to wear them in public.

Mrs. Modern. What would you have me do?

Mr. Modern. Suffer me to discover you together; by which means we may make our fortunes easy all at once. One good discovery in Westminster-hall will be of greater service than his utmost generosity.—The law will give you more in one moment, than his love for many years.

Mrs. Modern. Don't think of it.

Mr. Modern. Yes, and resolve it; unless you agree to this, Madam, you must agree immediately to break up our house, and retire into the country.

Mrs. Modern. Racks and tortures are in that name.

Mr. Modern. But many more are in that of a prison:

so you must resolve either to quit the town, or submit to my reasons.

Mrs. Modern. When my reputation is gone all places are alike; when I am despis'd in it I shall hate the town as much as I now like it.

Mr. Modern. There are other places, and other towns; the whole world is the house of the rich, and they may live in what apartment of it they please.

Mrs. Modern. I cannot resolve.

Mr. Modern. But I can: if you will keep your reputation, you shall carry it into the country, where it will be of service—In town it is of none—or if it be, 'tis, like clogs, only to those that walk on foot; and the one will no more recommend you in an assembly than the other.

Mrs. Modern. You never had any love for me.

Mr. Modern. Do you tax me with want of love for you? Have I not, for your sake, stood the public mark of infamy? Would you have had me poorly kept you, and starv'd you?—No—I could not bear to see you want; therefore have acted the part I've done; and yet, while I have wink'd at the giving up your virtue, have I not been the most industrious to extol it everywhere?

Mrs. Modern. So has Lord Richly, and so have all his creatures; a common trick among you, to blazon out the reputation of women whose virtue you have destroyed, and as industriously blacken them who have withstood you: a deceit so stale, that your commendation would sully a woman of honour.

Mr. Modern. I have no longer time to reason with you: so I shall leave you to consider on what I have said.

[*Exit.*

Mrs. Modern. What shall I do? Can I bear to be the public scorn of all the malicious and ugly of my own sex, or to retire with a man whom I hate and despise? Hold: there is a small glimpse of hope that I may avoid them

both. I have reason to think Bellamant's love as violent as he avers it. Now could I persuade him to fly away with me—Impossible! he hath still too much tenderness for his wife.

SCENE II.

LORD RICHLY, MRS. MODERN.

L. Richly. What success, my angel?

Mrs. Modern. Hope all, my lord, that lovers wish, or husbands fear: she will be here.

L. Richly. When?

Mrs. Modern. Now, to-night, instantly.

L. Richly. Thou glory of intrigue! what words shall thank thee?

Mrs. Modern. No words at all, my lord; a hundred pounds must witness the first interview.

L. Richly. They shall; and if she yields, a thousand.

Mrs. Modern. That you must not expect yet.

L. Richly. By heaven, I do; I have more reason to expect it than you imagine: I have not been wanting to my desires since I left you. Fortune too seems to have watched for me. I got her to piquet, threw away six parties, and left her a bank note of a hundred for the payment of six pounds.

Mrs. Modern. And did she receive it?

L. Richly. With the same reluctancy that a lawyer or physician would a double fee, or a court-priest, a plurality.

Mrs. Modern. Then there is hope of success, indeed.

L. Richly. Hope; there is certainty: the next attempt must carry her.

Mrs. Modern. You have a hundred friends in the garrison, my lord.

L. Richly. And if some of them do not open the gates for me, the devil's in it. I have succeeded often by leaving money in a lady's hands: she spends it, is unable to pay, and then I, by virtue of my mortgage, immediately enter upon the premises.

Mrs. Modern. You are very generous, my lord.

L. Richly. My money shall always be the humble servant of my pleasures; and it is the interest of men of fortune to keep up the price of beauty, that they may have it more among themselves.

Mrs. Modern. I am as much pleased as surprised at this your prospect of success; and from this day forward I will think with you all virtue to be only pride, caprice, and the fear of shame.

L. Richly. Virtue, like the Ghost in Hamlet, is here, there, every where, and no where at all: its appearance is as imaginary as that of a ghost; and they are much the same sort of people who are in love with one, and afraid of the other. It is a ghost which hath seldom haunted me, but I had the power of laying it.

Mrs. Modern. Yes, my lord, I am a fatal instance of that power.

L. Richly. And the dearest, I assure you, which is some sacrifice to your vanity; and shortly I will make an offering to your revenge—the two darling passions of your sex.

Mrs. Modern. But how is it possible for me to leave you together without the most abrupt rudeness?

L. Richly. Never regard that; as my success is sure, she will hereafter thank you for a rudeness so seasonable.

Mrs. Modern. Mr. Bellamant too will be with her.

L. Richly. He will be as agreeably entertained with you in the next room; and, as he does not suspect the least design in me, he will be satisfied with my being in her company.

Mrs. Modern. Sure you will not attempt his wife while he is in the house.

L. Richly. Pish! he is in that dependence on my interest, that, rather than forfeit my favour, he would be himself her pander. I have made twenty such men subscribe themselves cuckolds by the prospect of one place, which not one of them ever had.

Mrs. Modern. So that your fools are not caught like the fish in the water by a bait, but like the dog in the water by a shadow.

L. Richly. Besides, I may possibly find a pretence of sending him away.

Mrs. Modern. Go then to the chocolate-house, and leave a servant to bring you word of their arrival. It will be better you should come in to them than they find you here.

L. Richly. I will be guided by you in all things; and be assured the consummation of my wishes shall be the success of your own. [*Exit* Lord Richly.

Mrs. Modern. That they shall indeed, though in a way you little imagine. This forwardness of Mrs. Bellamant's meets my swiftest wishes. Could I once give Bellamant reason to suspect his wife, I despair not of the happiest effect of his passion for me.—Ha! he's here, and alone.

SCENE III.

MR. BELLAMANT, MRS. MODERN.

Mrs. Modern. Where's Mrs. Bellamant?

Mr. Bella. She will be here immediately. But I chose a few moments' privacy with you; first to deliver you this, and next to ask you one question, which do not be

startled at. Pray, how did you employ that note you received this morning?

Mrs. Modern. Nay, if you expect an account of me, perhaps you will still do so: so let me return you this.

Mr. Bella. Do not so injuriously mistake me. Nothing but the most extraordinary reason could force me to ask you; know then that the very note you had of me this morning, I received within this hour from my wife.

Mrs. Modern. Ha, ha, ha!

Mr. Bella. Why do you laugh, Madam?

Mrs. Modern. Out of triumph, to see what empty politicians men are found, when they oppose their weak heads to ours! On my conscience a parliament of women would be of very great service to the nation.

Mr. Bella. Were all ladies capable as Mrs. Modern, I should be very ready to vote on their side.

Mrs. Modern. Nay, nay, Sir; you must not leave out your wife, especially you that have the best wife in the world, ha, ha, ha!

Mr. Bella. Forgive me, Madam, if I have been too partial to a woman whose whole business hath been to please me.

Mrs. Modern. Oh! you have no reason to be ashamed of your good opinion; you are not singular in it, I assure you; Mrs. Bellamant will have more votes than one.

Mr. Bella. I am indifferent how many she has, since I am sure she will make interest but for one.

Mrs. Modern. 'It is the curse of fools to be secure,
'And that be thine and Altamont's.'
Ha, ha, ha!

Mr. Bella. I cannot guess your meaning.

Mrs. Modern. Then to introduce my explanation, the note you lent me I lost at piquet to Lord Richly.

Mr. Bella. To Lord Richly!

Mrs. Modern. Who perhaps might dispose of it to

some who might lend it to others, who might give it to those who might lose it to your wife.

Mr. Bella. I know not what to suppose.

Mrs. Modern. Nor I; for sure one cannot suppose, especially since you have the best wife in the world; one cannot suppose that it could be a present from Lord Richly to herself; that she received it; that in return she hath sent him an assignation to meet her here.

Mr. Bella. Suppose! Hell and damnation! No.

Mrs. Modern. But certainly one could not affirm that this is truth.

Mr. Bella. Affirm?

Mrs. Modern. And yet all this is true; as true as she is false. Nay, you shall have an instance; an immediate, undeniable instance. You shall see it with your own eyes, and hear it with your own ears.

Mr. Bella. Am I alive?

Mrs. Modern. If all the husbands of these best wives in the world are dead, we are a strange nation of ghosts. If you will be prudent, and be like the rest of your brethren, keep the affair secret; I assure you, I'll never discover it.

Mr. Bella. Secret! Yes, as inward fire, till sure destruction shall attend its blaze. But why do I rage? It is impossible; she must be innocent.

Mrs. Modern. Then Lord Richly is still a greater villain to belie that innocence to me. But give yourself no pain or anxiety, since you are so shortly to be certain. Go fetch her hither; Lord Richly will be here almost as soon as you: then feign some excuse to leave the room; I will soon follow you, and convey you where you shall have an opportunity of being a witness either to her innocence or her guilt.

Mr. Bella. This goodness, my sweetest creature, shall bind me yours for ever.

Mrs. Modern. To convince you that is all I desire, I am willing to leave the town and reputation at once, and retire with you wherever you please.

Mr. Bella. That must be the subject of our future thoughts. I can think of nothing now but satisfaction in this affair. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Modern. Do you demur to my offer, Sir? Oh, the villain! I find I am to be only a momentary object of his looser pleasures, and his wife yet sits nearest his heart. But I shall change the angel form she wears into a devil's—Nor shall my revenge stop there.—But at present I must resolve my temper into a calm—— Lately!

SCENE IV.

MRS. MODERN, LATELY.

Mrs. Modern. Come hither, Lately; get me some citron-water. I am horribly out of order.

Lately. Yes, Madam.

Mrs. Modern. To be slighted in this manner! insupportable!—What is the fool doing?

Lately. There is no citron-water left. Your ladyship drank the last half-pint this morning.

Mrs. Modern. Then bring the cinnamon-water, or the surfeit-water, or the anniseed-water, or the plague-water, or any water.

Lately. Here, Madam.

[*Brings the bottle and glass, and fills.*

Mrs. Modern. [*Drinks. Looks in the glass.*]—Lord, how I look!——Oh! frightful—I am quite shocking.

Lately. In my opinion, your ladyship never looked better.

Mrs. Modern. Go, you flatterer, I look like my Lady Grim.

Lately. Where are your ladyship's little eyes, your short nose, your wan complexion, and your low forehead?

Mrs. Modern. Which nature, in order to hide, hath carefully placed between her shoulders: so that if you view her behind, she seems to walk without her head, and lessen the miracle of St. Dennis.

Lately. Then her left hip is tucked up under her arm, like the hilt of a beau's sword; and her disdainful right is never seen, like its blade.

Mrs. Modern. Then she has two legs, one of which seems to be the dwarf of the other, and are alike in nothing but their crookedness.

Lately. And yet she thinks herself a beauty.

Mrs. Modern. She is, indeed, the perfection of ugliness.

Lately. And a wit, I warrant you.

Mrs. Modern. No doubt she must be very quick-sighted, for her eyes are almost crept into her brain.

Lately.
Mrs. Modern. } He, he, he!

Mrs. Modern. And yet the detestable creature hath not had sense enough, with all her deformity, to preserve her reputation.

Lately. I never heard, I own, any thing against that.

Mrs. Modern. You hear! you fool, you dunce, what should you hear? Have not all the town heard of a certain colonel?

Lately. Oh, lud! what a memory I have! Oh, yes, Madam, she has been quite notorious. It is surprising a little discretion should not preserve her from such public——

Mrs. Modern. If she had my discretion, or yours, Lately.

Lately. Your ladyship will make me proud, indeed, Madam.

Mrs. Modern. I never could see any want of sense in you, Lately. I could not bear to have an insensible creature about me. I know several women of fashion I could not support for a tiring woman. What think you of Mrs. Charmer?

Lately. Think of her! that were I a man, she should be the last woman I attacked. I think her an ugly, ungenteel, squinting, flirting, impudent, odious, dirty puss.

Mrs. Modern. Upon my word, Lately, you have a vast deal of wit too.

Lately. I am beholden for all my wit, as well as my clothes, to your ladyship. I wish your ladyship wore out as much clothes as you do wit, I should soon grow rich.

Mrs. Modern. You shall not complain of either. Oh! [*Knocking.*] They are come, and I will receive them in another room. [*Exit.*

Lately. I know not whether my talent of praise or of slander is of more service to me; whether I get more by flattering my lady, or abusing all her acquaintance.

SCENE V.

JOHN, LATELY.

John. So, Mrs. Lately, you forget your old acquaintance; but times are coming when I may be as good as another, and you may repent your inconstancy.

Lately. Odious fellow!

John. I would have you to know I look on myself to be as good as your new sweetheart, though he has more lace on his livery, and may be a year or two younger, and

as good a man I am too; and so you may tell him. Why does he not stay at home? What does he come into our family for?

Lately. Who gave you authority to enquire, sirrah?

John. Marry, that did you, when you gave me a promise to marry me: well, I shall say no more; but times are coming, when you may wish you had not forsaken me. I have a secret.

Lately. A secret! Oh, let me hear it.

John. No, no, mistress, I shall keep my secrets as well as you can yours.

Lately. Nay, now you are unkind; you know though I suffer Tom Brisk to visit me you have my heart still.

John. Ah! you do but say so! You know too well how much I love you. Then I'll tell you, my dear; I am going to the devil for you.

Lately. The devil you are! Going to the devil for me! What does the fool mean?

John. Ay, I am to get a hundred pounds, that you may marry me.

Lately. A hundred pounds! And how are you to get a hundred pounds, my dear John?

John. Only by a little swearing.

Lately. What are you to swear?

John. Nay, if I tell you, it would be double perjury; for I have sworn already I would not trust it with any body.

Lately. Oh, but you may trust me.

John. And if you should trust somebody else.

Lately. The devil fetch me if I do.

John. Then my master is to give me an hundred pound to swear that he is a cuckold.

Lately. What's this?

John. Why, my master has offered me an hundred pound, if I discover my lady and Mr. Bellamant in a

proper manner; and, let me but see them together, I'll swear to the manner I warrant you.

Lately. But can you do this with a safe conscience?

John. Conscience, pshaw! which would you choose, a husband with a hundred pound, or a safe conscience? Come, give me a dram out of your mistress's closet; and there I'll tell you more.

Lately. Come along with me.

SCENE VI.

SCENE *changes to another Apartment.*

LORD RICHLY, MR. BELLAMANT, MRS. BELLAMANT, MRS. MODERN.

L. Richly. Well, Madam, you have drawn a most delightful sketch of life.

Mrs. Modern. Then it is still life; for I dare swear there never were such people breathing.

Mrs. Bella. Don't you believe then, Madam, it is possible for a married couple to be happy in one another, without desiring any other company?

Mrs. Modern. Indeed, I do not know what it may have been in the plains of Arcadia; but truly, in those of Great Britain, I believe not.

L. Richly. I must subscribe to that too.

Mrs. Bella. Mr. Bellamant, what say you?

Mr. Bella. Oh! my dear, I am entirely of your mind.

L. Richly. This is a miracle almost equal to the other, to see a husband and wife of the same opinion. I must be a convert too; for it would be the greatest miracle of all to find Mrs. Bellamant in the wrong.

Mrs. Bella. It would be a much greater to find want of complaisance in Lord Richly.

Mr. Bella. [*Aside.*] Confusion!

Mrs. Modern. Nay, Madam, this is hardly so; for I have heard his lordship say the same in your absence.

L. Richly. Dear Bellamant, I believe I have had an opportunity to serve you this afternoon. I have spoke to Lord Powerful; he says he is very willing to do for you. Sir Peter, they tell me, is given over, and I fancy you may find my lord at home now.

Mr. Bella. I shall take another opportunity, my lord, a particular affair now preventing me.

L. Richly. The loss of an hour hath often been the loss of a place; and, unless you have something of greater consequence, I must advise you as a friend.

Mr. Bella. I shall find a method of thanking you. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Modern. Make this a handle to slip out, I'll come into the next room to you. [*Aside to* Mr. Bellamant.

Mr. Bella. My lord, I am very much obliged to your friendship. My dear, I'll call on you in my return: Mrs. Modern, I am your humble servant.

SCENE VII.

LORD RICHLY, MRS. BELLAMANT, MRS. MODERN.

L. Richly. I wish you success, you may command any thing in my power to forward it.

Mrs. Bella. Mr. Bellamant is more indebted to your lordship than he will be ever able to pay.

L. Richly. Mr. Bellamant, Madam, has a friend, who is able to pay more obligations than I can lay on him.

Mrs. Modern. I am forc'd to be guilty of a great piece of rudeness by leaving you one moment.

L. Richly. And I shall not be guilty of losing it. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Bella. What can this mean? [*Aside.*

SCENE VIII.

LORD RICHLY, MRS. BELLAMANT.

L. Richly. And can you, Madam, think of retiring from the general admiration of mankind?

Mrs. Bella. With pleasure, my lord, to the particular admiration of him who is to me all mankind.

L. Richly. Is it possible any man can be so happy?

Mrs. Bella. I hope, my lord, you think Mr. Bellamant so.

L. Richly. If he be, I pity him much less for his losses than I envy him the love of her in whose power it may be to redress them.

Mrs. Bella. You surprise me, my lord: in my power!

L. Richly. Yes, Madam; for whatever is in the power of man is in yours: I am sure, what little assistance mine can give is readily at your devotion. My interest and fortune are all in these dear hands; in short, Madam, I have languish'd a long time for an opportunity to tell you that I have the most violent passion for you.

Mrs. Bella. My lord, I have been unwilling to understand you; but now your expression leaves me no other doubt, but whether I hate or despise you most.

L. Richly. Are these the ungrateful returns you give my love?

Mrs. Bella. Is this the friendship you have profess'd to Mr. Bellamant?

L. Richly. I'll make his fortune. Let this be an instance of my future favours.

[*Puts a bank note into her hand; she throws it away.*

Mrs. Bella. And this of my reception of them. Be

assured, my lord, if you ever renew this unmannerly attack on my honour, I will be reveng'd; my husband shall know his obligations to you.

L. Richly. I have gone too far to retreat, Madam! if I cannot be the object of your love, let me be oblig'd to your prudence. How many families are supported by this method which you start at? Does not many a woman in this town drive her husband's coach?

Mrs. Bella. My lord, this insolence is intolerable; and from this hour I never will see your face again.

[*A voice without.*

L. Richly. Hey! what is the meaning of this?

SCENE IX.

MR. MODERN *with* SERVANTS, MR. BELLAMANT, MRS. MODERN, LORD RICHLY, MRS. BELLAMANT.

Mr. Modern. Come out, strumpet, shew thy face and thy adulterer's before the world; thou shalt be a severe example of the vengeance of an injur'd husband.

L. Richly. I have no farther business here at present; for, I fear, more husbands have discover'd injuries than one. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Bella. Protect me, Heavens! what do I see!

Mr. Bella. This was a master-piece of my evil genius.

Mrs. Modern. Sir, this insult upon my reputation shall not go unrevenged; I have relations, brothers, who will defend their sister's fame from the base attacks of a perfidious husband, from any shame he would bring on her innocence.

Mr. Modern. Thou hast a forehead that would defend itself from any shame whatsoever; for that, you have grafted on my forehead, I thank you and this worthy gentleman.

Mrs. Modern. Sir, you shall smart for the falsehood of this accusation. [*Exit.*

Mr. Modern. Madam, you shall smart for the truth of it; this honest man [*Pointing to the servant*] is evidence of the fact of your dishonour and mine. And for you, Sir, [*To* Bellamant] you may depend upon it, I shall take the strictest satisfaction which the law will give me; so I shall leave you, at present, to give satisfaction to your wife. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.

MR. BELLAMANT, MRS. BELLAMANT.

Mr. Bella. [*After some pause.*] When the criminal turns his own accuser, the merciful judge becomes his advocate; guilt is too plainly written in my face to admit of a denial, and I stand prepar'd to receive what sentence you please.

Mrs. Bella. As you are your own accuser, be your own judge; you can inflict no punishment on yourself equal to what I feel.

Mr. Bella. Death has no terrors equal to that thought. Ha! I have involv'd thee too in my ruin, and thou must be the wretched partaker of my misfortunes.

Mrs. Bella. While I was assured of your truth I could have thought that happiness enough; yet I have still this to comfort me, the same moment that has betray'd your guilt has discover'd my innocence.

Mr. Bella. Oh! thou ungrateful fool, what stores of bliss hast thou in one vicious moment destroyed! [*To himself.*] Oh! my angel, how have I requited all your love and goodness? For what have I forsaken thy tender virtuous passion!

Mrs. Bella. For a new one. How could I be so easily

deceiv'd? How could I imagine there was such truth in man, in that inconstant fickle sex, who are so prone to change; that, to indulge their fondness for variety, they would grow weary of a paradise to wander in a desert?

Mr. Bella. How weak is that comparison to shew the difference between thee and every other woman!

Mrs. Bella. I had once that esteem of you; but hereafter I shall think all men the same; and, when I have weaned myself of my love for you, will hate them all alike.

Mr. Bella. Thy sentence is too just. I own I have deserv'd it; I never merited so good a wife. Heaven saw it had given too much, and thus has taken the blessing from me.

Mrs. Bella. You will soon think otherwise. If absence from me can bring you to those thoughts, I am resolv'd to favour them.

Mr. Bella. Thou shalt enjoy thy wish; we will part, part this night, this hour. Yet let me ask one favour; the ring which was a witness of our meeting, let it be so of our separation. Let me bear this as a memorial of our love. This shall remind me of all the tender moments we have had together, and serve to aggravate my sorrows: henceforth I'll study only to be miserable; let heaven make you happy, and curse me as it pleases.

Mrs. Bella. It cannot make me more wretched than you have made me.

Mr. Bella. Yet, do believe me when I swear, I never injur'd you with any other woman. Nay, believe me when I swear, how much soever I may have deserv'd the shame I suffer, I did not now deserve it.

Mrs. Bella. And must we part?

Mr. Bella. Since it obliges you.

Mrs. Bella. That I may have nothing to remember you by, take back this, and this, and this, and all the

thousand embraces thou hast given me——till I die in thy loved arms——and thus we part for ever.

Mr. Bella. Ha!

Mrs. Bella. Oh! I forgive thee all: forget it as a frightful dream——it was no more, and I awake to real joy.

Mr. Bella. Oh! let me press thee to my heart; for every moment that I hold thee thus gives bliss beyond expression, a bliss no vice can give. Now life appears desirable again. Yet shall I not see thee miserable? Shall I not see my children suffer for their father's crime?

Mrs. Bella. Indulge no more uneasy thoughts; fortune may have blessings yet in store for us and them.

Mr. Bella. Excellent goodness! My future days shall have no wish, no labour, but for thy happiness; and from this hour, I'll never give thee cause of a complaint.

And whatsoever rocks our fates may lay
In life's hard passage to obstruct our way;
Patient, the toilsome journey I'll abide!
And bless my fortune with so dear a guide.

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE, MR. BELLAMANT'S *House.*

EMILIA, *speaking to a* SERVANT, *afterwards* LADY CHARLOTTE.

EMILIA.

It is very strange you will not give me the liberty of denying myself; that you will force me to be at home whether I will or no.

Serv. I had no such order from your ladyship.

Emilia. Well, well, go wait upon her up. I am but in an ill humour to receive such a visit; I must try to make it as short as I can.

La. Charl. Emilia, good-morrow: am not I an early creature? I have been so fright'ned with some news I have heard——I am heartily concern'd for you, my dear, I hope the fright has not done you any mischief.

Emilia. I am infinitely oblig'd to you, lady Charlotte.

La. Charl. Oh! I could not stay one moment; you see I hurried into my chair to you half undrest; never was creature in such a pickle, so frightful; Lud! I was oblig'd to draw all the curtains round me.

Emilia. I don't perceive you had any reason for that, lady Charlotte.

La. Charl. Why, did you ever see any thing so hideous, so odious as this gown? Well, Emilia, you certainly have the prettiest fancy in the world. I like what you have on now better than lady Pinup's, though hers cost so much more. Some people have the strangest way of laying out their money. You remember our engagement to-night.

Emilia. You must excuse me; it will look very odd to see me abroad on this occasion.

La. Charl. Not odd in the least. Nobody minds these things. There's no rule upon such occasions. Sure you don't intend to stay at home, and receive formal visits.

Emilia. No: but I intend to stay at home and receive no visits.

La. Charl. Why, child, you will be laugh'd at by all the town. There never was such a thing done in the world; staying at home is quite left off upon all occasions; a woman scarce stays at home a week for the death of a husband. Dear Emilia, don't be so awkward:

I can make no excuse for you: lady Polite will never forgive you.

Emilia. That I shall be sorry for: but I had rather not be forgiven by her than by myself.

SCENE II.

CAPTAIN BELLAMANT, LADY CHARLOTTE, EMILIA.

Capt. Bella. Sister, good-morrow; Lady Charlotte abroad so early!

La. Charl. You may well be surpris'd; I have not been out at this hour this fifty years.

Capt. Bella. You will never be able to hold it out till night.

Emilia. [*Aside.*] I am sure, if she should take it in her head to stay with me, I shall not: and, unless some dear creature, like herself, should come and take her away, I seem to be in danger.

La. Charl. [*To* BELLAMANT, *after a whisper.*] Don't tell me of what I said last night. Last night was last year; an age ago: and I have the worst memory in the world.

Capt. Bella. You seem to want one, egad!

La. Charl. Indeed, I do not. A memory would be of no use to me; for I was never of the same mind twice in my life; and, though I should remember what I said at one time, I should as certainly remember not to do it another.

Capt. Bella. You dear agreeable creature! sure, never two people were so like one another as you and I are. We think alike, we act alike, and some people think we are very much alike in the face.

La. Charl. Do you hear him, Emilia? He has made

one of the most shocking compliments to me; I believe I shall never be able to bear a looking-glass again.

Capt. Bella. Faith, and if it was not for the help of a looking-glass, you would be the most unhappy creature in the world.

La. Charl. Impertinent!

Capt. Bella. For then you would be the only person debarr'd from seeing the finest face in the world.

Emilia. Very fine, indeed.

La. Charl. Civil enough. I think I begin to endure the wretch again now.

Capt. Bella. Keep but in that mind half an hour——

La. Charl. Emilia, good morrow; you will excuse the shortness of my visit.

Emilia. No apologies on that account, Lady Charlotte.

La. Charl. You are a good creature, and know the continual hurry of business I am in.——Don't you follow me, you thing you! [*To* Capt. Bellamant.

Capt. Bella. Indeed, Lady Charlotte, but I shall, and I hope to some purpose. [*Aside.*

SCENE III.

EMILIA *alone.*

Emilia. So, I am once more left to my own thoughts. Heaven knows they are like to afford me little entertainment. Oh! Gaywit, too much I sympathize with thy uneasiness. Didst thou know the pangs I feel on thy account, thy generous heart would suffer more on mine. Ha! my words have rais'd a spirit.

SCENE IV.

EMILIA, MR. GAYWIT.

Mr. Gaywit. I hope, Madam, you will excuse a visit at so unseasonable an hour.

Emilia. Had you come a little earlier you had met a mistress here.

Mr. Gaywit. I met the lady you mean, Madam, at the door, and Captain Bellamant with her.

Emilia. You are the most cavalier lover I know; you are no more jealous of a rival with your mistress than the most polite husband is of one with his wife.

Mr. Gaywit. A man should not be jealous of his friend, Madam; and I believe Captain Bellamant will be such to me in the highest manner. I wish I was so blest in another heart as he appears to be in Lady Charlotte's. I wish I were as certain of gaining the woman I do love as of losing her I do not.

Emilia. I suppose, if your amour be of any date, you can easily guess at the impressions you have made.

Mr. Gaywit. No, nor can she guess at the impression she has made on me; for, unless my eyes have done it, I never acquainted her with my passion.

Emilia. And that your eyes have done it you may be assur'd, if you have seen her often. The love that can be conceal'd must be very cold indeed; but, methinks, it is something particular in you to desire to conceal it.

Mr. Gaywit. I have been always fearful to disclose a passion which I know not whether it be in my power to pursue. I would not even have given her the uneasiness to pity me, much less have tried to raise her love.

Emilia. If you are so tender of her, take care you

never let her suspect so much generosity. That may give her a secret pang.

Mr. Gaywit. Heaven forbid it should one equal to those I feel; lest, while I am endeavouring to make my addresses practicable, she should unadvisedly receive those of another.

Emilia. If she can discover your love as plain as I can, I think you may be easy on that account.

Mr. Gaywit. He must dote like me who can conceive the ecstasy these words have given.

Emilia. [*Knocking.*] Come in.

Serv. Your honour's servant, Sir, is below.

Mr. Gaywit. I come to him.—Madam, your most obedient servant; I go on business which will by noon give me the satisfaction of thinking I have preserv'd the best of fathers to the best of women. [*Exit.*

Emilia. I know he means mine; but why do I mention that, when every action of his life leaves me no other doubt than whether it convinces me more of his love, or of his deserving mine.

SCENE V.

SCENE, LORD RICHLY'S *House.*

LORD RICHLY, SERVANT.

L. Richly. Desire Mr. Bellamant to walk in. What can the meaning of this visit be? Perhaps he comes to make me proposals concerning his wife; but my love shall not get so far the better of my reason, as to lead me to an extravagant price; I'll not go above two thousand, that's positive.

SCENE VI.

LORD RICHLY, MR. BELLAMANT.

L. Richly. My dear Bellamant.

Mr. Bella. My lord, I have received an obligation from you, which I thus return. [*Gives him a bank-bill.*

L. Richly. Pshaw! trifles of this nature can hardly be called obligations; I would do twenty times as much for dear Jack Bellamant.

Mr. Bella. The obligation, indeed, was to my wife, nor hath she made you a small return: since it is to her entreaty you owe your present safety, your life.

L. Richly. I am not apprised of the danger; but would owe my safety to no one sooner than to Mrs. Bellamant.

Mr. Bella. Come, come, my lord; this prevarication is low and mean; you know you have us'd me basely, villainously; and under the cover of acquaintance and friendship, have attempted to corrupt my wife; for which, but that I would not suffer the least breath of scandal to sully her reputation, I would exact such vengeance on thee——

L. Richly. Sir, I must acquaint you, that this is a language I have not been us'd to.

Mr. Bella. No, the language of flatterers and hireling sycophants has been what you have dealt in—— wretches, whose honour and love are as venal as their praise. Such your title might awe, or your fortune bribe to silence; such you should have dealt with, and not have dared to injure a man of honour.

L. Richly. This is such presumption——

Mr. Bella. No, my lord, yours was the presumption,

mine is only justice, nay, and mild too; unequal to your crime, which requires a punishment from my hand, not from my tongue.

L. Richly. Do you consider who I am?

Mr. Bella. Were you as high as heraldry could lift you, you should not injure me unpunish'd. Where grandeur can give licence to oppression the people must be slaves, let them boast what liberty they please.

L. Richly. Sir, you shall hear of this.

Mr. Bella. I shall be ready to justify my words by any action you dare provoke me to: and be assur'd of this, if ever I discover any future attempts of yours to my dishonour, your life shall be its sacrifice. Henceforward, my lord, let us behave, as if we had never known one another. [*Exit.*

L. Richly. Here's your man of sense now.—He was half ruin'd in the House of Lords a few days ago, and is in a fair way of going the other step in Westminster-hall in a few days more; yet has the impudence to threaten a man of my fortune and quality for attempting to debauch his wife; which many a fool, who rides in his coach and six, would have had sense enough to have wink'd at.

SCENE VII.

LORD RICHLY, MR. GAYWIT.

Mr. Gaywit. Your lordship is contemplative.

L. Richly. So, nephew, by this early visit I suppose you had ill-luck last night; for when fortune frowns on you, she always smiles on me by blessing me with your company.

Mr. Gaywit. I have long since put it out of the power

of fortune to do me either favour or injury. My happiness is now in the power of another mistress.

L. Richly. And thou art too pretty a fellow not to have that mistress in your power.

Mr. Gaywit. The possession of her, and in her of all my desires, depends on your consent.

L. Richly. You know, Harry, you have my consent to possess all the women in town, except those few that I am particular with: provided you fall not foul of mine, you may board and plunder what vessels you please.

Mr. Gaywit. This is a vessel, my lord, neither to be taken by force, nor hired by gold. I must buy her for life, or not board her at all.

L. Richly. Then the principal thing to be considered is her cargo. To marry a woman merely for her person is buying an empty vessel: and a woman is a vessel which a man will grow cursed weary of in a long voyage.

Mr. Gaywit. My lord, I have had some experience in women, and I believe that I never could be weary of the woman I now love.

L. Richly. Let me tell you, I have had some experience too, and I have been weary of forty women that I have lov'd.

Mr. Gaywit. And, perhaps, in all that variety you may not have found one of equal excellence with her I mean.

L. Richly. And pray, who is this paragon you mean?

Mr. Gaywit. Must I, my lord, when I have painted the finest woman in the world, be oblig'd to write Miss Bellamant's name to the picture?

L. Richly. Miss Bellamant!

Mr. Gaywit. Yes, Miss Bellamant.

L. Richly. You know Mr. Bellamant's losses! you know what happen'd yesterday, which may entirely finish his ruin; and the consequence of his ruin must be

the ruin of his daughter: which will certainly throw her virtue into your power; for poverty as surely brings a woman to capitulation, as scarcity of provisions does a garrison.

Mr. Gaywit. I cannot take this advice, my lord: I would not take advantage from the misfortunes of any; but surely not of the woman I love.

L. Richly. Well, Sir, you shall ask me no more; for, if my consent to your ruin will oblige you, you have it.

Mr. Gaywit. My lord, I shall ever remember this goodness, and will be ready to sign any instrument to secure a very large fortune to Lady Charlotte when you please.

SCENE VIII.

LORD RICHLY, *solus.*

Now, if he takes my consent from my own word, I may deny it afterwards, so I gain the whole estate for my daughter, and bring an entire destruction upon Bellamant and his whole family. Charming thought! that would be a revenge, indeed; nay, it may accomplish all my wishes too; Mrs. Bellamant may be mine at last.

SCENE IX.

LORD RICHLY, MR. MODERN.

Mr. Modern. My lord, I was honour'd with your commands.

L. Richly. I believe I shall procure the place for you, Sir.

Mr. Modern. My obligations to your lordship are so infinite, that I must always be your slave.

L. Richly. I am concern'd for your misfortune, Mr. Modern.

Mr. Modern. It is a common misfortune, my lord, to have a bad wife. I am something happier than my brethren in the discovery.

L. Richly. That, indeed, may make you amends more ways than one. I cannot dissuade you from the most rigorous prosecution; for, though dear Jack Bellamant be my particular friend, yet, in cases of this nature, even friendship itself must be thrown up. Injuries of this kind are not to be forgiven.

Mr. Modern. Very true, my lord; he has robb'd me of the affections of a wife, whom I lov'd as tenderly as myself; forgive my tears, my lord—I have lost all I held dear in this world.

L. Richly. I pity you, indeed; but comfort yourself with the hopes of revenge.

Mr. Modern. Alas! my lord, what revenge can equal the dishonour he has brought upon my family? Think on that, my lord; on the dishonour I must endure. I cannot name the title they will give me.

L. Richly. It is shocking indeed.

Mr. Modern. My ease for ever lost, my quiet gone, my honour stain'd; my honour, my lord. Oh! 'tis a tender wound.

L. Richly. Laws cannot be too rigorous against offences of this nature: juries cannot give too great damages. To attempt the wife of a friend——To what wickedness will men arrive?—Mr. Modern, I own I cannot blame you in pushing your revenge to the utmost extremity.

Mr. Modern. That I am resolv'd on. I have just receiv'd an appointment from your lordship's nephew, Mr. Gaywit; I suppose, to give me some advice in the affair.

L. Richly. [*Aside.*] Ha! that must be to dissuade him from the prosecution.——Mr. Modern, if you please, I'll

set you down, I have some particular business with him: besides, if he knows any thing that can be of service to you, my commands shall enforce the discovery. Bid the coachman pull up.

Mr. Modern. I am the most oblig'd of all your lordship's slaves.

SCENE X. *Another Apartment.*

LADY CHARLOTTE, CAPTAIN BELLAMANT, *and* SERVANT.

La. Charl. My lord gone out! then d'ye hear! I am at home to nobody.

Capt. Bella. That's kind, indeed, Lady Charlotte, to let me have you all to myself.

La. Charl. You! you confident thing! how came you here? Don't you remember, I bad you not to follow me?

Capt. Bella. Yes, but it's so long ago, that I am surpris'd you should remember it.

La. Charl. Indeed, Sir, I always remember to avoid what I don't like. I suppose you don't know that I hate you of all things.

Capt. Bella. Not I, upon my soul! The deuce take me, if I did not think you had lik'd me, as well as I lik'd you, ha, ha.

La. Charl. I like you? impossible! why don't you know, that you are very ugly?

Capt. Bella. Pshaw! that's nothing; that will all go off: a month's marriage takes off the homeliness of a husband's face, as much as it does the beauty of a wife's.

La. Charl. And so you would insinuate that I might be your wife? O horrible! shocking thought!

Capt. Bella. Nay, Madam, I am as much frighten'd at the thoughts of marriage as you can be.

La. Charl. Indeed, Sir, you need not be under any apprehensions of that kind upon my account.

Capt. Bella. Indeed, but I am, Madam; for what an unconsolable creature would you be if I should take it into my head to marry any other woman.

La. Charl. Well, he has such an excessive assurance, that I am not really sure whether he is not agreeable. Let me die if I am not under some sort of suspense about it—and yet I am not neither—for to be sure I don't like the thing—and yet, methinks, I do too——and yet I do not know what I should do with him neither—Hi! hi! hi! this is the foolishest circumstance that ever I knew in my life.

Capt. Bella. Very well! sure marriage begins to run in your head at last, Madam.

La. Charl. A propos! do you know that t'other day Lady Betty Shuttlecock and I laid down the prettiest scheme for matrimony that ever enter'd into the taste of people of condition.

Capt. Bella. Oh! pray let's hear it.

La. Charl. In the first place, then, whenever she or I marry, I am resolv'd positively to be mistress of myself; I must have my house to myself, my coach to myself, my servants to myself, my table, time, and company to myself; nay, and sometimes, when I choose to be out of humour, my bed to myself.

Capt. Bella. Right, Madam; for a wife and a husband always together are, to be sure, the flattest company in the world.

La. Charl. O detestable! Then I will be sure to have my own humour in ev'ry thing; to go, come, dine, dance, play, sup at all hours, and in whatever company I have a mind to; and if ever he pretends to put on a grave face, upon my enjoying any one of those articles, I am to burst out in his face a laughing. Won't that be prodigious pleasant? Ha! ha, ha!

Capt. Bella. O charmingly charming! Ha! ha! what

a contemptible creature is a woman that never does any thing without consulting her husband?

La. Charl. Nay, there you're mistaken again, Sir: for I would never do anything without consulting my husband.

Capt. Bella. How so, dear Madam?

La. Charl. Because sometimes one may happen to be so low in spirits as not to know one's own mind; and then, you know, if a foolish husband should happen to say a word on either side, why one determines on the contrary without any farther trouble.

Capt. Bella. Right, Madam; and a thousand to one, but the happy rogue, your husband, might warm his indolent inclinations too from the same spirit of contradiction, ha! ha!

La. Charl. Well, I am so passionately fond of my own humour that, let me die, if a husband were to insist upon my never missing any one diversion this town affords, I believe in my conscience I should go twice a day to church to avoid them.

Capt. Bella. O fie! you could not be so unfashionable a creature!

La. Charl. Ay, but I would though. I do not care what I do when I'm vex'd.

Capt. Bella. Well! let me perish, this is a most delectable scheme. Don't you think, Madam, we shall be vastly happy?

La. Charl. We! what we! Pray, who do you mean, Sir?

Capt. Bella. Why, Lady Betty Shuttlecock and I; why, you must know this is the very scheme she laid down to me last night: which so vastly charm'd me, that we resolv'd to be married upon it to-morrow morning.

La. Charl. What do you mean?

Capt. Bella. Only to take your advice, Madam, by allowing my wife all the modish principles that you seem so passionately fond of.

La. Charl. Your wife? why, who's to be your wife, pray? you don't think of me, I hope.

Capt. Bella. One wou'd think, you thought I did: for you refuse me as oddly, as if I had ask'd you the question: not but I suppose you would have me think, now, you have refus'd me in earnest.

La. Charl. Ha, ha, ha! that's well enough; why, sweet Sir, do you really think I am not in earnest?

Capt. Bella. No faith, I can't think you're so silly as to refuse me in earnest, when I only ask'd you in jest. [*Both.*] Ha, ha, ha!

La. Charl. Ridiculous!

Capt. Bella. Delightful! Well, after all, I am a strange creature to be so merry, when I am just going to be married.

La. Charl. And had you ever the assurance to think I would have you?

Capt. Bella. Why, faith! I don't know but I might, if I had ever made love to you——Well, Lady Charlotte, your servant. I suppose you'll come and visit my wife, as soon as ever she sees company.

La. Charl. What do you mean?

Capt. Bella. Seriously what I say, Madam; I am just now going to my lawyer to sign my marriage articles with Lady Betty Shuttlecock.

La. Charl. And are you going in earnest?

Capt. Bella. Positively, seriously.

La. Charl. Then I must take the liberty to tell you, Sir, you are the greatest villain that ever liv'd upon the face of the earth. [*She bursts into tears.*

Capt. Bella. Ha! what do I see? Is it possible! O my dear, dear Lady Charlotte, can I believe myself the

cause of these transporting tears! O! till this instant never did I taste of happiness.

La. Charl. Ha! ha! nor I, upon my faith, Sir! Ha! ha!

Capt. Bella. Hey-day! what do you mean?

La. Charl. That you are one of the silliest animals that ever opened his lips to a woman——Ha, ha! O I shall die! Ha! ha!

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. Sir, here's a letter for you.

Capt. Bella. So, it's come in good time. If this does not give her a turn, egad, I shall have all my plague to go over again.——Lady Charlotte, you'll give me leave.

La. Charl. O Sir! billets-doux are exempt from ceremony.

Capt. Bella. [*After reading to himself.*] Ha, ha! Well, my dear Lady Charlotte, I am vastly glad to see you so easy. Upon my soul, I was afraid you was really in love with me; but, since I need have no farther apprehensions of it, I know you won't take it ill if I obey the summons of my wife that is to be——Lady Betty has sent for me.——You'll excuse me if I am confin'd a week or two with my wife for the present: when that's over, you and I will laugh and sing, and coquette as much as ever we did; and so, dear Lady Charlotte, your humble servant. [*Exit.*

La. Charl. What can the creature mean? I know not what to think of him! Sure it can't be true! But if it should be true——I can't believe it true—And yet it may be true too——I am resolv'd to be satisfied—Here, who's there? Will nobody hear? Who's there, I say?

Enter SERVANT.

Desire Capt. Bellamant to step back again.

Serv. He's just gone out, Madam.

La. Charl. Then it's certainly true.—Get me a chair this moment——this instant—Go, run, fly! I am in such a hurry, I don't know what I do. O hideous! I look horridly frightful—But I'll follow him just as I am—I'll go to Lady Betty's—If I find him there I shall certainly faint.—I must take a little hartshorn with me.

[*Exit.*

SCENE XI.

MR. GAYWIT, MRS. MODERN, *meeting in his Lodgings.*

Mr. Gaywit. This is exactly the time I appointed her to meet me here. Ha! she comes. You are punctual as a young lover to his first appointment.

Mrs. Modern. Women commonly begin to be most punctual when men leave it off: our passions seldom reach their meridian before yours set.

Mr. Gaywit. We can no more help the decrease of our passions than you the increase of yours; and though like the sun I was oblig'd to quit your hemisphere, I have left you a moon to shine in it.

Mrs. Modern. What do you mean?

Mr. Gaywit. I suppose you are by this no stranger to the fondness of the gentleman I introduced to you; nor will you shortly be to his generosity. He is one who has more money than brains, and more generosity than money.

Mrs. Modern. Oh, Gaywit! I am undone: you will too soon know how; will hear it perhaps with pleasure, since it is too plain, by betraying me to your friend, I have no longer any share in your love.

Mr. Gaywit. Blame not my inconstancy, but your own.

Mrs. Modern. By all our joys, I never loved another.

Mr. Gaywit. Nay, will you deny what conviction has long since constrained you to own? Will you deny your favours to Lord Richly?

Mrs. Modern. He had indeed my person, but you alone my heart.

Mr. Gaywit. I always take a woman's person to be the strongest assurance of her heart. I think the love of a mistress who gives up her person, is no more to be doubted, than the love of a friend who gives you his purse.

Mrs. Modern. By Heavens, I hate and despise him equal with my husband: and as I was forced to marry the latter by the commands of my parents, so I was given up to the former by the entreaties of my husband.

Mr. Gaywit. By the entreaties of your husband!——

Mrs. Modern. Hell and his blacker soul doth know the truth of what I say——That he betrayed me first, and has ever since been the pander of our amour: to you my own inclinations led me. Lord Richly has paid for his pleasures: to you they have still been free. He was my husband's choice; but you alone were mine.

Mr. Gaywit. And have you not complied with Bellamant too?

Mrs. Modern. Oh! blame not my necessities; he is, indeed, that generous creature you have spoke him.

Mr. Gaywit. And have you not betray'd this generous creature to a wretch?

Mrs. Modern. I see you know it all.——By Heavens, I have not: it was his own jealousy, not my design: nay he importuned me to have discover'd Lord Richly in the same manner. Oh! think not any hopes could have prevailed on me to blast my fame. No reward could make me amends for that loss. Thou shalt see by my retirement I have a soul too great to encounter shame.

Mr. Gaywit. I will try to make that retirement easy to you; and call me not ungrateful for attempting to discomfit your husband's purpose, and preserve my friend.

Mrs. Modern. I myself will preserve him: if my husband pursue his intentions, my woman will swear that the servant own'd he was hired to be a false evidence against us.

Mr. Gaywit. Then, since the story is already public, forgive this last blush I am obliged to put you to.

Mrs. Modern. What do you mean?

Mr. Gaywit. These witnesses must inform you.

SCENE XII.

MR. GAYWIT, MR. BELLAMANT, MRS. BELLAMANT, MRS. MODERN, EMILIA, CAPTAIN MERIT.

Mrs. Modern. Distraction! tortures!

Mr. Gaywit. I have with difficulty brought myself to give you this shock; which nothing but the preservation of the best of friends could have extorted, and which you shall be made amends for.

Mr. Bella. Be not shocked, Madam; it shall be your husband's fault if you are farther uneasy on this account.

Mr. Gaywit. Come, Madam, you may yourself reap a benefit from what I have done, since it may prevent your being exposed in another place.

Mrs. Modern. All places to me are equal, except this. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Bella. Her misfortunes move my compassion.

Mr. Gaywit. It is generous in you, Madam, to pity the misfortunes of a woman, whose faults are more her husband's than her own.

no - she is villainous

SCENE XIII.

LORD RICHLY, MR. MODERN, MR. GAYWIT, MR. BELLAMANT, CAPTAIN MERIT, MRS. BELLAMANT, EMILIA.

L. Richly. Mr. Gaywit, upon my word, you have the most splendid levee I have seen.

Mr. Gaywit. I am sorry, my lord, you have increased it by one who should only grace the keeper of Newgate's levee; a fellow whose company is scandalous to your lordship, as it is odious to us all.

Mr. Bella. His lordship is not the only man that goes abroad with his cuckold.

L. Richly. Methinks you have invited a gentleman to a very scurvy entertainment.

Mr. Gaywit. You'll know, my lord, very shortly, wherefore he was invited, and how much you yourself are oblig'd to his kind endeavours: for would his wife have consented to his entreaties, this pretended discovery had fallen on you, and you had supplied that gentleman's place.

L. Richly. A discovery fallen on me!

Capt. Merit. Yes, my lord, the whole company are witnesses to Mrs. Modern's confession of it: that he betrayed her to your embraces with a design to discover you in them.

Mr. Modern. My lord, this is a base design to ruin the humblest of your creatures in your lordship's favour.

L. Richly. How it should have that effect, I know not; for I do not understand a word of what these gentlemen mean.

Mr. Gaywit. We shall convince your lordship.—In the mean time I must beg you to leave this apartment: you may prosecute what revenge you please; but at law we

shall dare to defy you. The damages will not be very great which are given to a voluntary cuckold.

Emilia. Though I see not why; for it is surely as much robbery to take away a picture unpaid for from the painter who would sell it, as from the gentleman who would keep it.

Mr. Modern. You may have your jest, Madam; but I will be paid severely for it. I shall have a time of laughing in my turn. My lord, your most obedient servant.

SCENE XIV.

LORD RICHLY, MR. GAYWIT, MR. BELLAMANT, CAPTAIN BELLAMANT, LADY CHARLOTTE, MRS. BELLAMANT, EMILIA.

Mr. Gaywit. He will find his mistake and our conquest soon enough. And now, my lord, I hope you will ratify that consent you gave me this morning, and complete my happiness with this lady.

L. Richly. Truly, nephew, you misunderstood me, if you imagined I promised any such thing. However, though you know I might insist on my brother's will, yet let Mr. Bellamant give his daughter a fortune equal to yours, and I shall not oppose it: and till then I shall not consent.

Mr. Gaywit. Ha!

Capt. Bella. I hope your lordship has not determined to deny every request; and therefore I may hope your blessing. [*Kneels.*

L. Richly. What does this mean?

Capt. Bella. Lady Charlotte, my lord, has given me this right. Your daughter——

L. Richly. What of her?

Capt. Bella. Is my wife.

L. Richly. Your wife!

Capt. Bella. Nay, if you will not give me your blessing you may let it alone: I would not kneel any longer to you, though you were the Great Mogul.

L. Richly. Very well! This is your doing, Mr. Bellamant, or rather my own. Confusion! my estate, my title, and my daughter, all contribute to aggrandize the man I must hate, because he knows I would have wrong'd him! Well, Sirs, whatever pleasures you may seem to take at my several disappointments, I shall take very little trouble to be revenged on any of you; being heartily convinced that in a few months you will be so many mutual plagues to one another.

SCENE *the last.*

MR. GAYWIT, MR. BELLAMANT, CAPTAIN BELLAMANT, LADY CHARLOTTE, MRS. BELLAMANT, EMILIA.

Mr. Bella. Methinks I might have been consulted on this affair.

La. Charl. We had no time for consultation; our amour has been of a very short date.

Capt. Bella. All our love is to come, Lady Charlotte.

La. Charl. I expect a deal of love after marriage for what I have bated you before it.

Capt. Bella. I never asked you the question till I was sure of you.

La. Charl. Then you knew my mind better than myself; for I never resolved to have you till I had you.

Mr. Gaywit. Now, my dear Emilia, there is no bar in our way to happiness. Lady Charlotte has made my lord's consent unnecessary too. Your father has already blessed me with his; and it is now in your power to make me the happiest of mankind.

Emilia. I suppose you follow my brother's method, and never ask till you are sure of obtaining?

Mr. Bella. Gaywit, my obligations to you are beyond my power of repaying; and while I give you what you ask, I am still heaping greater favours on myself.

Mr. Gaywit. Think not so, when you bestow on me more than any man can merit.

Mr. Bella. Then take the little all I have: and may you be as happy with her as I am in these arms [*Embracing* Mrs. Bellamant]——whence the whole world should never estrange me more.

Mrs. Bella. I am too happy in that resolution.

Mr. Gaywit. Lady Charlotte, I made a promise this day to your father in your favour, which I am resolved to keep, though he hath broken his. I know your good nature and good sense will forgive a fault which love has made me commit——Love, which directs our inclinations, in spite of equal and superior charms.

La. Charl. No excuses, dear sir; my inclinations were as whimsical as yours.

Capt. Bella. You have fairly got the start, Lady Charlotte.

Mr. Gaywit. My Bellamant! my friend! my father! what a transport do I feel from the prospect of adding to your future happiness! Let us henceforth be one family, and have no other contest but to outvie in love.

Mr. Bella. My son! Oh, what happiness do I owe to thy friendship! and may the example of my late misfortune warn thee to fly all such encounters: and, since we are setting out together in the road to happiness, take this truth from an experienced traveller:

> However slight the consequence may prove
> Which waits unmarried libertines in love,
> Be from all vice divorc'd before you wed,
> And bury falsehood in the bridal bed.

EPILOGUE:

WRITTEN BY COLLEY CIBBER, ESQ.; SPOKEN BY MRS. HERON.

As malefactors, on their dying day,
Have always something, at the tree, to say;
So I, before to exile I go down,
With my hard hapless fate would warn the town.
  Fatal Quadrille! Fly! fly the tempting evil!
For when our last stake's lost, 'tis sure the devil!
With curst Quadrille avoid my fatal shame,
Or if you can't—at least—play all the game.
Of spotless fame, be chary as your lives,
Keep wide of proof, and you're the best of wives!
Husbands most faults, not public made, connive at:
The trip's a trifle—when the frailty's private.
What can a poet hope, then, that reveals 'em?
The fair might like the play, whose plot conceals 'em!
For who would favour plays to be thus us'd?
None ever were by operas abus'd!
Or could they warble scandal out at random,
Where were the harm, while none could understand 'em?
But I no more must hear those melting strains,
Condemn'd alas! to woods and lonely plains!
Gay masquerades now turn'd to country-fairs,
And croaking rooks supply soft eunuch airs.
No Ring, no Mall—no rat, tat, tat, at doors;
And, O hard fate! for dear Quadrille—All fours.
No more new plays! but that's a small offence,
Your taste will shortly banish them from hence.

Yet ere I part, methinks, it were to wrong you,
Not to bequeath some legacies among you.
My reputation I for prudes intend,
In hopes their strictness what's amiss will mend.
My young gallants let ancient maidens kill,
And take my husband—any soul that will!
Our Author to the spotless fair I give,
For his chaste wife to grant him a reprieve.
Whatever faults to me may be imputed,
In her you view your virtues unpolluted.
In her sweet mind even age and wand'ring youth
Must own the transports of connubial truth:
Thus each extreme is for instruction meant,
And ever was the stage's true intent,
To give reward to virtue, vice its punishment.

EPILOGUE:

SPOKEN BY MRS. HERON. Mrs. B

In dull retirement ere I go to grieve,
Ladies, I am return'd to take my leave.
Prudes, I suppose, will, with their old good-nature,
Shew their great virtue, and condemn the creature:
They fail not at th' unfortunate to flout,
Not because naughty—but because—found out.
Why, faith—if these discoveries succeed,
Marriage will soon become a trade, indeed!
This trade, I'm sure, will flourish in the nation,
'Twill be esteem'd below no man of fashion,
To be a member of the—Cuckold's corporation.
What int'rest will be made! what mighty doing!
To be directors for the year ensuing!
And 'tis exceeding difficult to say,
Which end of this chaste town would win the day.
Oh! should no chance this corporation stop,
Where should we find one house without a shop?
How would a wife, hung out, draw beaus in throngs!
To hire your dears, like Dominos, at Long's!
There would be dainty days! when every ninny
Might put them on and off—for half a guinea!
Oh! to behold th' embroider'd trader grin,
"My wife's at home—Pray, gentlemen, walk in!"
Money alone men will no more importune,
When ev'ry beauty makes her husband's fortune!

While juries value virtue at this rate,
Each wife is (when discover'd) an estate!
A wife with gold is mixing gall with honey;
But here you lose your wife by what you get your money.
And now, t'obey a dull poetic sentence,
In lonely woods I must pursue repentance!
Ye virgins pure, ye modest matrons, lend
Attentive ears to your departing friend.
If fame unspotted be the thing you drive at,
Be virtuous, if you can; if not be private—
But hold!—Why should I leave my sister-sinners,
To dwell 'mongst innocents, or young beginners?
Frailty will better with the frail go down:
So, hang the stupid Bard!—I'll stay in town.

THE

MOCK DOCTOR:

OR,

THE DUMB LADY CUR'D.

A COMEDY,

DONE FROM MOLIERE.

AS IT WAS ACTED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL IN DRURY-LANE, IN 1732.

TO

DR. JOHN MISAUBIN.

SIR,

WERE I not well assured of your great candour, the opinion I have of your nice judgment and refined taste might give me terrible apprehensions, while I am presenting you a piece, wherein, I fear, much injustice is done to an author, whose beauties you can so exquisitely relish in the original.

It would be hard to make a more delicate compliment to a lady than by dedicating to her the sixth satire of Juvenal. Such an address must naturally suppose her free from all the vices and follies there inveighed against. Permit me, therefore, Sir, to prefix to a Farce, wherein Quacks are so severely exposed, the name of one who will be remembered as an honour to his profession, while there is a single practitioner in town, at whose door there is a lamp in an evening.

I shall not here proceed, in the common road of dedications, to sum up the many great talents with which nature has enriched you: I shall not here, as I might, enlarge on excellences so well known to the world; nor shall I mention here that politeness, which appears equal with your wit in your conversation, and has made you the desire of the great, and the envy of the whole profession; that generous elegance with which you treat your friends and patients, insomuch that the latter are often gainers by their distempers, and drink you out more in wine than they pay you for physic. I shall not,

I say, mention these: but I cannot, without the greatest violence to myself, pass by that Little Pill which has rendered you so great a blessing to mankind; that Pill which is the opposite to Pandora's Box, and has done more real good in the world than the poets feign the other to have done evil. Forgive me, Sir, if I am not able to contain myself while I am talking of this invaluable remedy, to which so many owe their health, their pleasure, nay, the very preservation of their being.

It is this, Sir, which has animated the brethren of your faculty against you: that has made them represent one of the greatest men of this age, as an illiterate empiric, for which weak effort of their malice you have continually had a very laudable and just contempt.

Were I not apprehensive of offending your ears, that are so averse to flattery, I might here mention your great skill in divinity, philosophy, &c., almost equal to your knowledge in physic. But this the world will, I hope, be soon acquainted with, by your being prevailed on to publish some of those excellent treatises which your leisure hours have produced, and which may, perhaps, be almost as serviceable to mankind as the labours of our most celebrated divines have been.

And now, Sir, give me leave to conclude by wishing, that you may meet with the reward you merit: that the gratitude of some of your patients may, in return for the lengthening of their lives, contribute to immortalize your reputation; that I may see a statue erected to your memory, with that serpent of Æsculapius in your hand, which you so deservedly bear in your arms, is the sincere wish of,

Sir,

Your most obedient,

Most humble servant.

PREFACE.

Le Médecin malgré Lui of Molière hath been always esteemed in France the best of that author's humorous pieces. Misanthrope, to which it was first added, owed to it chiefly its success. That excellent play was of too grave a kind to hit the genius of the French nation; on which account the author, in a very few days, produced this farce; which being added to the Misanthrope, gave it one of the greatest runs that any play ever met with on that stage.

The English theatre owes this Farce to an accident not unlike that which gave it to the French. And I wish I had been as able to preserve the spirit of Molière, as I have, in translating it, fallen short even of that very little time he allowed himself in writing it; however, the candour of its audiences hath given me no reason to repent or be ashamed of my undertaking, as perhaps, when I have returned what is due to Molière, and to the performers, I shall have very little cause for triumph from it.

The applause our Mock Doctor received on the theatre admits of no addition from my pen. I shall only congratulate the town on the lively hope they may entertain of having the loss, they are one day to suffer in the father, so well supplied in the son.

But I cannot, when I mention the rising glories of the theatre, omit one, who, though she owes little advantage to the part of Dorcas, hath already convinced the best judges of her admirable genius for the stage: she hath sufficiently shewn in the Old Debauchees that her

capacity is not confined to a song; and I dare swear they will shortly own her able to do justice to characters of a much greater consequence.

One pleasure I enjoy from the success of this piece is a prospect of transplanting successfully some others of Molière of great value. How I have done this, any English reader may be satisfied by examining an exact literal translation of the Médecin malgré Lui, which is the second in the second volume of Select Comedies of Molière.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Sir Jasper,	MR. SHEPHERD.
Leander,	MR. STOPELAER.
Gregory,	MR. CIBBER, JUN.
Robert,	MR. JONES.
James,	MR. MULLART.
Harry,	MR. ROBERTS.
Davy,	MR. JONES.
Hellebor,	MR. ROBERTS.

WOMEN.

Dorcas,	MISS RAFTOR.
Charlotte,	MISS WILLIAMS.
Maid,	MRS. MEARS.

SCENE, PARTLY IN A COUNTRY-TOWN AND PARTLY IN A WOOD.

THE

MOCK DOCTOR:

OR,

THE DUMB LADY CUR'D.

SCENE I. *A Wood.*

DORCAS, GREGORY.

GREGORY.

I TELL you no, I won't comply, and it is my business to talk, and to command.

Dorc. And I tell you, you shall conform to my will; and that I was not marry'd to you to suffer your ill-humours.

Greg. O the intolerable fatigue of matrimony! Aristotle never said a better thing in his life, than when he told us, 'That a wife is worse than a devil.'

Dorc. Hear the learned gentleman with his Aristotle!

Greg. And a learned man I am too; find me out a maker of fagots that's able, like myself, to reason upon things, or that can boast such an education as mine.

Dorc. An education!

Greg. Ay, hussy, a regular education; first at the charity-school, where I learnt to read; then I waited on a gentleman at Oxford, where I learnt——very near as much as my master; from whence I attended a travel-

ling physician six years, under the facetious denomination of a Merry-Andrew, where I learnt physic.

Dorc. O that thou hadst follow'd him still! Curs'd be the hour wherein I answer'd the parson, 'I will.'

Greg. And curs'd be the parson that ask'd me the question.

Dorc. You have reason to complain of him, indeed, who ought to be on your knees every moment returning thanks to Heaven for that great blessing it sent you, when it sent you myself.——I hope you have not the assurance to think you deserv'd such a wife as me?

Greg. No, really, I don't think I do.

AIR I. *Bessy Bell.*

Dorc. When a lady, like me, condescends to agree
To let such a jackanapes taste her,
With what zeal and care should he worship the fair,
Who gives him——what's meat for his master?
His actions should still
Attend on her will,
Hear, sirrah, and take it for warning;
To her he should be
Each night on his knee,
And so he should be on each morning.

Greg. Meat for my master! you were meat for your master, if I an't mistaken; for, to one of our shames be it spoken, you rose as good a virgin from me as you went to bed. Come, come, Madam, it was a lucky day for you when you found me out.

Dorc. Lucky indeed! a fellow who eats every thing I have.

Greg. That happens to be a mistake, for I drink some part on't.

Dorc. That has not even left me a bed to lie on.

Greg. You'll rise the earlier.

Dorc. And who from morning till night is continually in an alehouse.

Greg. It's genteel, the squire does the same.

Dorc. Pray, Sir, what are you willing I shall do with my family?

Greg. Whatever you please.

Dorc. My four little children that are continually crying for bread?

Greg. Give 'em a rod! best cure in the world for crying children.

Dorc. And do you imagine, sot——

Greg. Harkye, my dear, you know that my temper is not over and above passive, and that my arm is extremely active.

Dorc. I laugh at your threats, poor beggarly, insolent fellow.

Greg. Soft object of my wishing eyes, I shall play with your pretty ears.

Dorc. Touch me if you dare, you insolent, impudent, dirty, lazy, rascally——

Greg. Oh, ho, ho! you will have it then, I find.

[*Beats her.*

Dorc. O, murder! murder!

SCENE II.

GREGORY, DORCAS, SQUIRE ROBERT.

Rob. What's the matter here? Fy upon you! fy upon you, neighbour, to beat your wife in this scandalous manner.

Dorc. Well, Sir, and I have a mind to be beat, and what then?

Rob. O dear Madam! I give my consent with all my heart and soul.

Dorc. What's that to you, saucebox? Is it any business of yours?

Rob. No, certainly, Madam.

Dorc. Here's an impertinent fellow for you, won't suffer a husband to beat his own wife.

AIR II. *Winchester Wedding.*

Go thrash your own rib, Sir, at home,
Nor thus interfere with our strife;
May cuckoldom still be his doom,
Who strives to part husband and wife.
Suppose I've a mind he should drub,
Whose bones are they, Sir, he's to lick?
At whose expense is it, you scrub?
You are not to find him a stick.

Rob. Neighbour, I ask your pardon heartily; here, take and thrash your wife, beat her as you ought to do.

Greg. No, Sir, I won't beat her.

Rob. O! Sir, that's another thing.

Greg. I'll beat her when I please, and will not beat her when I do not please. She is my wife, and not yours.

Rob. Certainly.

Dorc. Give me the stick, dear husband.

Rob. Well, if ever I attempt to part husband and wife again, may I be beaten myself.

SCENE III.

GREGORY, DORCAS.

Greg. Come, my dear, let us be friends.

Dorc. What, after beating me so!

Greg. 'Twas but in jest.

Dorc. I desire you will crack your jests on your own bones, not on mine.

Greg. Pshaw! you know, you and I are one, and I beat one half of myself when I beat you.

Dorc. Yes, but, for the future, I desire you will beat the other half of yourself.

Greg. Come, my pretty dear, I ask pardon, I'm sorry for't.

Dorc. For once I pardon you—but you shall pay for it.

Greg. Pshaw! pshaw! child, these are only little affairs, necessary in friendship; four or five good blows with a cudgel between your very fond couples only tend to heighten the affections. I'll now to the wood, and I promise thee to make a hundred fagots before I come home again.

Dorc. If I am not reveng'd on those blows of yours! —Oh, that I could but think of some method to be reveng'd on him! Hang the rogue, he's quite insensible of cuckoldom.

AIR III. *Oh, London is a fine town.*

In ancient days I've heard with horns
  The wife her spouse could fright,
Which now the hero bravely scorns,
  So common is the sight.
To city, country, camp, or court,
  Or whereso'er he go,
No horned brother dares make sport,
  They're cuckolds all arow.

Oh that I could find out some invention to get him well drubb'd!

SCENE IV.

HARRY, JAMES, DORCAS.

Harry. Were ever two fools sent on such a message as we are, in quest of a dumb doctor?

James. Blame your own cursed memory that made you forget his name. For my part, I'll travel through the world rather than return without him; that were as much as a limb or two were worth.

Harry. Was ever such a cursed misfortune! to lose the letter? I should not even know his name if I were to hear it.

Dorc. Can I find no invention to be reveng'd?—Heyday! who are these?

James. Harkye, mistress, do you know where—where—where Doctor What-d'ye-call him lives?

Dorc. Doctor who?

James. Doctor—doctor—what's his name?

Dorc. Hey! what, has the fellow a mind to banter me?

Harry. Is there no physician hereabouts famous for curing dumbness?

Dorc. I fancy you have no need of such a physician, Mr. Impertinence?

Harry. Don't mistake us, good woman, we don't mean to banter you; we are sent by our master, whose daughter has lost her speech, for a certain physician who lives hereabouts; we have lost our direction, and 'tis as much as our lives are worth to return without him.

Dorc. There is one Doctor Lazy lives just by, but he has left off practising. You would not get him a mile to save the lives of a thousand patients.

James. Direct us but to him; we'll bring him with us, one way or other, I warrant you.

Harry. Ay, ay, we'll have him with us, though we carry him on our backs.

Dorc. Ha! Heaven has inspir'd me with one of the most admirable inventions to be reveng'd on my hang-dog! [*Aside.*] I assure you, if you can get him with you, he'll do your young lady's business for her; he's reckoned one of the best physicians in the world, especially for dumbness.

Harry. Pray tell us where he lives.

Dorc. You'll never be able to get him out of his own house; but if you'll watch hereabouts you'll certainly meet with him, for he very often amuses himself with cutting wood.

Harry. A physician cut wood!

James. I supposes he amuses himself in searching after herbs, you mean.

Dorc. No, he's one of the most extraordinary men in the world: he goes drest like a common clown; for there is nothing he so much dreads as to be known for a physician.

James. All your great men have some strange oddities about 'em.

Dorc. Why he will suffer himself to be beat, before he will own himself a physician—and I'll give you my word, you'll never make him own himself one, unless you both of you take a good cudgel, and thrash him into it; 'tis what we are all forc'd to do, when we have any need of him.

James. What a ridiculous whim is here!

Dorc. Very true, and in so great a man.

James. And is he so very skilful a man?

Dorc. Skilful! why he does miracles. About half a year ago a woman was given over by all her physicians,

nay, she had been dead for some time; when this great man came to her, as soon as he saw her he poured a little drop of something down her throat——he had no sooner done it than she got out of her bed, and walked about the room as if there had been nothing the matter with her.

Both. Oh prodigious!

Dorc. 'Tis not above three weeks ago that a child of twelve years old fell from the top of a house to the bottom, and broke its skull, its arms, and legs. Our physician was no sooner drubb'd into making him a visit, than, having rubb'd the child all over with a certain ointment, it got upon its legs, and run away to play.

Both. Oh most wonderful!

Harry. Hey! Gad James, we'll drub him out of a pot of this ointment.

James. But can he cure dumbness?

Dorc. Dumbness! why the curate of our parish's wife was born dumb, and the doctor, with a sort of wash, wash'd her tongue till he set it a going so, that in less than a month's time she out-talked her husband.

Harry. This must be the very man we were sent after.

Dorc. Yonder is the very man I speak of.

James. What, that he, yonder?

Dorc. The very same——He has spy'd us, and taken up his bill.

James. Come, Harry, don't let us lose one moment. ——Mistress, your servant; we give you ten thousand thanks for this favour.

Dorc. Be sure and make good use of your sticks.

James. He shan't want that.

SCENE V. *Another part of the Wood.*

JAMES, HARRY, GREGORY.

Greg. Pox on't! 'tis most confounded hot weather. Hey! who have we here?

James. Sir, your most obedient humble servant.

Greg. Sir, your servant.

James. We are mighty happy in finding you here——

Greg. Ay, like enough.

James. 'Tis in your power, Sir, to do us a very great favour——We come, Sir, to implore your assistance in a certain affair.

Greg. If it be in my power to give you any assistance, masters, I'm very ready to do it.

James. Sir, you are extremely obliging——But, dear Sir, let me beg you'd be covered; the sun will hurt your complexion.

Harry. For Heaven's sake, Sir, be cover'd.

Greg. These should be footmen by their dress; but should be courtiers by their ceremony. [*Aside.*

James. You must not think it strange, Sir, that we come thus to seek after you: men of your capacity will be sought after by the whole world.

Greg. Truly, gentlemen, though I say it that should not say it, I have a pretty good hand at a fagot.

James. O dear Sir!

Greg. You may, perhaps, buy fagots cheaper otherwhere; but if you find such in all this country, you shall have mine for nothing. To make but one word then with you, you shall have mine for ten shillings a hundred.

James. Don't talk in that manner, I desire you.

Greg. I could not sell 'em a penny cheaper, if 'twas to my father.

James. Dear Sir, we know you very well—don't jest with us in this manner.

Greg. Faith, master, I am so much in earnest, that I can't bate one farthing.

James. O pray, Sir, leave this idle discourse. Can a person like you, amuse himself in this manner? Can a learned and famous physician, like you, try to disguise himself to the world, and bury such fine talents in the woods?

Greg. The fellow's a fool.

James. Let me entreat you, Sir, not to dissemble with us.

Harry. It is in vain, Sir, we know what you are.

Greg. Know what you are! what do you know of me?

James. Why, we know you, Sir, to be a very great physician.

Greg. Physician in your teeth! I a physician?

James. The fit is on him.—Sir, let me beseech you to conceal yourself no longer, and oblige us to—you know what.

Greg. Devil take me, if I know what, Sir.—But I know this, that I'm no physician.

James. We must proceed to the usual remedy, I find. —And so you are no physician?

Greg. No.

James. You are no physician?

Greg. No, I tell you.

James. Well, if we must, we must. [*Beat him.*

Greg. Oh! Oh! gentlemen! gentlemen! What are you doing? I am—I am—whatever you please to have me.

James. Why will you oblige us, Sir, to this violence?

Harry. Why will you force us to this troublesome remedy?

James. I assure you, Sir, it gives me a great deal of pain.

Greg. I assure you, Sir, and so it does me. But pray, gentlemen, what is the reason that you have a mind to make a physician of me?

James. What! do you deny your being a physician again?

Greg. And the devil take me, if I am.

Harry. You are no physician?

Greg. May I be pox'd, if I am. [*They beat him.*] Oh! Oh!——Dear gentlemen; Oh! for Heaven's sake; I am a physician, and an apothecary too, if you'll have me; I had rather be any thing than be knocked o' the head.

James. Dear Sir, I'm rejoic'd to see you come to your senses; I ask pardon ten thousand times for what you forc'd us to do.

Greg. Perhaps I am deceiv'd myself, and am a physician without knowing it. But, dear gentlemen, are you certain I'm a physician?

James. Yes, the greatest physician in the world.

Greg. Indeed!

Harry. A physician that has cur'd all sorts of distempers.

Greg. The devil I have!

James. That has made a woman walk about the room after she was dead six hours.

Harry. That set a child upon its legs immediately after it had broke 'em.

James. That made the curate's wife, who was dumb, talk faster than her husband.

Harry. Look ye, Sir, you shall have content, my master will give you whatever you will demand.

Greg. Shall I have whatever I will demand?

James. You may depend upon it.

Greg. I am a physician, without doubt.——I had forgot it, but I begin to recollect myself.—Well—and what is the distemper I am to cure?

James. My young mistress, Sir, has lost her tongue.

Greg. The devil take me if I have found it!——But, come, gentlemen, if I must go with you, I must have a physician's habit; for a physician can no more prescribe without a full wig than without a fee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

DORCAS, *sola.*

I don't remember my heart has gone so pit-a-pat with joy a long while.——Revenge is surely the most delicious morsel the devil ever dropt into the mouth of a woman. And this is a revenge which costs nothing; for, alack-a-day! to plant horns upon a husband's head is more dangerous than is imagin'd:——Odd! I had a narrow escape when I met with this fool; the best of my market was over, and I began to grow almost as cheap as a crack'd China-cup.

AIR IV. *Pinks and lilies.*

A woman's ware, like China,
Now cheap, now dear is bought;
When whole, though worth a guinea,
When broke's not worth a groat.

A woman, at St. James's,
With hundreds you obtain;
But stay 'till lost her fame is,
She'll be cheap in Drury-lane.

SCENE VII.

SCENE, SIR JASPER'S *House.*

SIR JASPER *and* JAMES.

Sir Jasp. Where is he? Where is he?

James. Only recruiting himself after his journey. You need not be impatient, Sir; for, were my young lady dead, he'd bring her to life again.—He makes no more of bringing a patient to life than other physicians do of killing him.

Sir Jasp. 'Tis strange so great a man should have those unaccountable odd humours you mention'd.

James. 'Tis but a good blow or two, and he comes immediately to himself.—Here he is.

SCENE VIII.

SIR JASPER, JAMES, GREGORY, HARRY.

Harry. Sir, this is the doctor.

Sir Jasp. Dear Sir, you're the welcomest man in the world.

Greg. Hippocrates says we should both be cover'd.

Sir Jasp. Ha! does Hippocrates say so? In what chapter, pray?

Greg. In his chapter of hats.

Sir Jasp. Since Hippocrates says so, I shall obey him.

Greg. Doctor, after having exceedingly travell'd in the highway of letters—

Sir Jasp. Doctor! pray whom do you speak to?

Greg. To you, Doctor.

Sir Jasp. Ha, ha!——I am a knight, thank the King's grace for it; but no doctor.

Greg. What, you're no doctor?

Sir Jasp. No, upon my word.

Greg. You're no doctor?

Sir Jasp. Doctor! no.

Greg. There——'tis done. [*Beats him.*

Sir Jasp. Done, in the devil's name! What's done?

Greg. Why now you're made a doctor of physic—I am sure it's all the degrees I ever took.

Sir Jasp. What devil of a fellow have you brought here?

James. I told you, Sir, the doctor had strange whims with him.

Sir Jasp. Whims, quotha!—Egad, I shall bind his physicianship over to his good behaviour, if he has any more of these whims.

Greg. Sir, I ask pardon for the liberty I have taken.

Sir Jasp. Oh! it's very well, it's very well for once.

Greg. I'm sorry for those blows——

Sir Jasp. Nothing at all, nothing at all, Sir.

Greg. Which I was oblig'd to have the honour of laying on so thick upon you.

Sir Jasp. Let us talk no more of 'em, Sir——My daughter, Doctor, has fallen into a very strange distemper.

Greg. Sir, I am overjoy'd to hear it; and I wish, with all my heart, you and your whole family had the same occasion for me, as your daughter, to shew the great desire I have to serve you.

Sir Jasp. Sir, I am obliged to you.

Greg. I assure you, Sir, I speak from the very bottom of my soul.

Sir Jasp. I do believe you, Sir, from the very bottom of mine.

Greg. What is your daughter's name?

Sir Jasp. My daughter's name is Charlot.

Greg. Are you sure she was christen'd Charlot?

Sir Jasp. No, Sir, she was christen'd Charlotta.

Greg. Hum! I had rather she should have been christen'd Charlotte. Charlotte is a very good name for a patient; and let me tell you, the name is often of as much service to the patient as the physician is.

SCENE IX.

SIR JASPER, GREGORY, CHARLOT, MAID.

Sir Jasp. Sir, my daughter's here.

Greg. Is that my patient? Upon my word she carries no distemper in her countenance——and I fancy a healthy young fellow would sit very well upon her.

Sir Jasp. You make her smile, Doctor.

Greg. So much the better; 'tis a very good sign where we can bring a patient to smile; it is a sign that the distemper begins to clarify, as we say.——Well, child, what's the matter with you? What's your distemper?

Charl. Han, hi, hon, han.

Greg. What do you say?

Charl. Han, hi, han, hon.

Greg. What, what, what?——

Charl. Han, hi, hon.

Greg. Han! hon! honin ha!—I don't understand a word she says. Han! hi! hon! What the devil sort of language is this?

Sir Jasp. Why, that's her distemper, Sir. She's become dumb, and no one can assign the cause—and this distemper, Sir, hath kept back her marriage.

Greg. Kept back her marriage! Why so?

Sir Jasp. Because her lover refuses to have her till she's cur'd.

Greg. O Lud! was ever such a fool, that wou'd not have his wife dumb!——Would to heaven my wife was dumb, I'd be far from desiring to cure her.—Does this distemper, this Han, hi, hon, oppress her very much?

Sir Jasp. Yes, Sir.

Greg. So much the better. Has she any great pains?

Sir Jasp. Very great.

Greg. That's just as I would have it. Give me your hand, child. Hum—Ha—a very dumb pulse, indeed.

Sir Jasp. You have guess'd her distemper.

Greg. Ay, Sir, we great physicians know a distemper immediately; I know some of the college would call this the Boree, or the Coupee, or the Sinkee, or twenty other distempers; but I give you my word, Sir, your daughter is nothing more than dumb—So I'd have you be very easy; for there is nothing else the matter with her.—If she were not dumb, she would be as well as I am.

Sir Jasp. But I should be glad to know, Doctor, from whence her dumbness proceeds.

Greg. Nothing so easily accounted for.—Her dumbness proceeds from her having lost her speech.

Sir Jasp. But whence, if you please, proceeds her having lost her speech?

Greg. All our best authors will tell you it is the impediment of the action of the tongue.

Sir Jasp. But if you please, dear Sir, your sentiments upon that impediment.

Greg. Aristotle has, upon that subject, said very fine things; very fine things.

Sir Jasp. I believe it, Doctor.

Greg. Ah! he was a great man, he was, indeed, a very great man.——A man who upon that subject was a man that——But to return to our reasoning: I hold that this impediment of the action of the tongue is caused by

certain humours which our great physicians call—humours—humours——Ah! you understand Latin——

Sir Jasp. Not in the least.

Greg. What, not understand Latin?

Sir Jasp. No, indeed, Doctor.

Greg. Cabricius arci thuram cathalimus, singulariter nom. Hæc musa hic, hæc, hoc, genitivo hujus, hunc hanc musæ. Bonus, bona, bonum. Estne oratio Latinus? Etiam. Quia substantivo et adjectivum concordat in generi numerum et casus, sic dicunt, aiunt, prædicant, clamitant, et similibus.

Sir Jasp. Ah! Why did I neglect my studies?

Harry. What a prodigious man is this!

Greg. Besides, Sir, certain spirits passing from the left side, which is the seat of the liver, to the right, which is the seat of the heart, we find the lungs, which we call in Latin, Whiskerus, having communication with the brain, which we name in Greek, Jackbootos, by means of a hollow vein, which we call in Hebrew, Perriwiggus, meet in the road with the said spirits which fill the ventricles of the Omotaplasmus; and because the said humours have—you comprehend me well, Sir? And because the said humours have a certain malignity—Listen seriously, I beg you.

Sir Jasp. I do.

Greg. Have a certain malignity that is caused—Be attentive, if you please.

Sir Jasp. I am.

Greg. That is caus'd, I say, by the acrimony of the humours engender'd in the concavity of the diaphragm; thence it arises, that these vapours, Propria quæ maribus tribuuntur, mascula dicas, Ut sunt divorum, Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, virorum.—This, Sir, is the cause of your daughter's being dumb.

Harry. O that I had but his tongue!

Sir Jasp. It is impossible to reason better, no doubt. But, dear Sir, there is one thing——I always thought, till now, that the heart was on the left side, and the liver on the right.

Greg. Ay, Sir, so they were formerly; but we have chang'd all that. The college at present, Sir, proceeds upon an entire new method.

Sir Jasp. I ask your pardon, Sir.

Greg. Oh, Sir! there's no harm——You're not oblig'd to know so much as we do.

Sir Jasp. Very true. But, Doctor, what would you have done with my daughter?

Greg. What would I have done with her: Why, my advice is, that you immediately put her into a bed warm'd with a brass warming pan; cause her to drink one quart of spring-water, mix'd with one pint of brandy, six Seville oranges, and three ounces of the best double-refin'd sugar.

Sir Jasp. Why, this is punch, Doctor.

Greg. Punch, Sir, ay, Sir——And what's better than punch to make people talk?—Never tell me of your juleps, your gruels, your—your—this and that, and t'other, which are only arts to keep a patient in hand a long time.——I love to do business all at once.

Sir Jasp. Doctor, I ask pardon; you shall be obey'd.

[*Gives money.*

Greg. I'll return in the evening, and see what effect it has had on her. But hold, there's another young lady here that I must apply some little remedies to.

Maid. Who, me? I was never better in my life, I thank you, Sir.

Greg. So much the worse, Madam; so much the worse.—'Tis very dangerous to be very well—For when one is very well, one has nothing else to do but to take physic, and bleed away.

Sir Jasp. Oh, strange! What, bleed when one has no distemper?

Greg. It may be strange, perhaps, but 'tis very wholesome. Besides, Madam, it is not your case, at present, to be very well; at least you cannot possibly be well above three days longer; and it is always best to cure a distemper before you have it—or, as we say in Greek, Distemprum bestum est curare ante habestum.—What I shall prescribe you, at present, is to take, every six hours, one of these boluses.

Maid. Ha, ha, ha! Why, Doctor, these look exactly like lumps of loaf-sugar.

Greg. Take one of these boluses, I say, every six hours, washing it down with six spoonfuls of the best Hollands Geneva.

Sir Jasp. Sure you are in jest, Doctor!——This wench does not shew any symptoms of a distemper.

Greg. Sir Jasper, let me tell you, it were not amiss if you yourself took a little lenitive physic: I shall prepare something for you.

Sir Jasp. Ha, ha, ha! No, no, Doctor, I have escap'd both doctors and distempers hitherto; and I am resolv'd the distemper shall pay me the first visit.

Greg. Say you so, Sir? Why then, if I can get no more patients here, I must even seek 'em elsewhere; and so humbly beggo te domine domitii veniam goundi foras.

Sir Jasp. Well, this is a physician of vast capacity, but of exceeding odd humours.

SCENE X. *The Street.*

LEANDER, *solus.*

Ah, Charlot! thou hast no reason to apprehend my

ignorance of what thou endurest, since I can so easily guess thy torment by my own.——Oh, how much more justifiable are my fears, when you have not only the command of a parent, but the temptation of fortune to allure you!

AIR V.

Oh cursed power of gold,
For which all honour's sold,
  And honesty's no more!
For thee we often find
The great in leagues combin'd
  To trick and rob the poor.
By thee the fool and knave
Transcend the wise and brave,
  So absolute they reign:
Without some help of thine,
The greatest beauties shine,
  And lovers plead in vain.

SCENE XI.

LEANDER, GREGORY.

Greg. Upon my word, this is a good beginning; and since——

Lean. I have waited for you, Doctor, a long time. I'm come to beg your assistance.

Greg. Ah, you have need of assistance, indeed! What a pulse is here! What do you out o' your bed?

[*Feels his pulse.*

Lean. Ha, ha, ha! Doctor, you're mistaken! I am not sick, I assure you.

Greg. How, Sir! not sick! Do you think I don't know when a man is sick better than he does himself?

Lean. Well, if I have any distemper, it is the love of that young lady, your patient, from whom you just now come; and to whom if you can convey me, I swear, dear Doctor, I shall be effectually cur'd.

Greg. Do you take me for a pimp, Sir? a physician for a pimp?

Lean. Dear Sir, make no noise.

Greg. Sir, I will make a noise: you're an impertinent fellow.

Lean. Softly, good Sir!

Greg. I shall shew you, Sir, that I'm not such a sort of person; and that you are an insolent, saucy—[Leander *gives a purse.*]——I'm not speaking to you, Sir; but there are certain impertinent fellows in the world, that take people for what they are not——which always puts me, Sir, into such a passion, that——

Lean. I ask pardon, Sir, for the liberty I have taken.

Greg. O, dear Sir, no offence in the least.——Pray, Sir, how am I to serve you?

Lean. This distemper, Sir, which you are sent for to cure, is feign'd. The physicians have reason'd upon it, according to custom, and have deriv'd it from the brain, from the bowels, from the liver, lungs, lights, and every part of the body; but the true cause of it is love; and is an invention of Charlot's, to deliver her from a match which she dislikes.

Greg. Hum!——Suppose you were to disguise yourself as an apothecary?

Lean. I'm not very well known to her father; therefore believe I may pass upon him securely.

Greg. Go then, disguise yourself immediately; I'll wait for you here.—Ha! methinks I see a patient.

[*Exit* Leander.

SCENE XII.

GREGORY, JAMES, *and* DAVY.

Greg. Gad, matters go swimmingly. I'll ev'n continue a physician as long as I live.

James. [*Speaking to* Davy.] Fear not; if he relapse into his humours, I'll quickly thrash him into the physician again. Doctor, I have brought you a patient.

Davy. My poor wife, Doctor, has kept her bed these six months. [Gregory *holds out his hand.*] If your worship would find out some means to cure her.

Greg. What's the matter with her?

Davy. Why, she has had several physicians; one says 'tis the dropsy; another 'tis the what-d'ye-call it, the tumpany; a third says 'tis a slow fever; a fourth says the rhumatiz; a fifth——

Greg. What are the symptoms?

Davy. Symptoms, Sir!

Greg. Ay, ay, what does she complain of?

Davy. Why, she is always craving, and craving for drink; eats nothing at all. Then her legs are swell'd up as big as a good handsome post, and as cold they be as a stone.

Greg. Come, to the purpose; speak to the purpose, my friend. [*Holding out his hand.*

Davy. The purpose is, Sir, that I am come to ask what your worship pleases to have done with her.

Greg. Pshaw, pshaw, pshaw! I don't understand one word what you mean.

James. His wife is sick, Doctor; and he has brought you a guinea for your advice. Give it the doctor, friend.

[Davy *gives the guinea.*

Greg. Ay, now I understand you; here's a gentleman explains the case. You say your wife is sick of the dropsy?

Davy. Yes, an't please your worship.

Greg. Well, I have made a shift to comprehend your meaning at last; you have the strangest way of describing a distemper! You say your wife is always calling for drink; let her have as much as she desires! she can't drink too much; and d'ye hear, give her this piece of cheese.

Davy. Cheese, Sir!

Greg. Ay, cheese, Sir. The cheese of which this is a part has cur'd more people of dropsy than ever had it.

Davy. I give your worship a thousand thanks; I'll go make her take it immediately. [*Exit.*

Greg. Go, and if she dies, be sure to bury her after the best manner you can.

SCENE XIII.

GREGORY, DORCAS.

Dorc. I'm like to pay severely for my frolic, if I have lost my husband by it.

Greg. Oh, physic and matrimony! my wife!

Dorc. For tho' the rogue used me a little roughly, he was as good a workman as any in five miles of his head.

AIR VI. *Thomas I cannot.*

A fig for the dainty civil spouse,
  Who's bred at the court, or France,
He treats his wife with smiles and bows,
  And minds not the good main chance.

Be Gregory
The man for me,
Though given to many a maggot;
For he would work
Like any Turk;
None like him e'er handled a fagot, a fagot,
None like him e'er handled a fagot.

Greg. What evil stars, in the devil's name, have sent her hither? If I could but persuade her to take a pill or two that I'd give her, I should be a physician to some purpose—Come hider, shild, letta me feela your pulse.

Dorc. What have you to do with my pulse?

Greg. I am de French physicion, my dear; and I am to feela de pulse of the pation.

Dorc. Yes, but I am no pation, Sir; nor want no physicion, good Doctor Ragou.

Greg. Begar, you must be put tato bed, and taka de peel; me sal give you de litle peel dat sal cure you, as you have more distempre den evere were hered off.

Dorc. What's the matter with the fool? If you feel my pulse any more, I shall feel your ears for you.

Greg. Begar, you must taka de peel.

Dorc. Begar, I shall not taka de peel.

Greg I'll take this opportunity to try her. [*Aside.* ——Maye dear, if you will not letta me cura you, you sal cura me; you sal be my physicion, and I will give you de fee. [*Holds out a purse.*

Dorc. Ay, my stomach does not go against those pills. And what must I do for your fee?

Greg. Oh! begar, me vill shew you; me vill teacha you what you sal doe. You must come kissa me now; you must come kissa me.

Dorc. [*Kisses him*] As I live, my very hang-dog! I've

discover'd him in good time, or he had discover'd me. [*Aside.*]——Well, Doctor, and are you cur'd now?

Greg. I shall make myself a cuckold presently. [*Aside*]—Dis is not a propre place: dis is too public: for sud any one pass bye while I take dis physic, it vill preventa de opperation.

Dorc. What physic, Doctor?

Greg. In your ear dat. [*Whispers.*

Dorc. And in your ear dat, sirrah. [*Hitting him a box*]——Do you dare affront my virtue, you villain? Do you think the world should bribe me to part with my virtue, my dear virtue? There, take your purse again.

Greg. But where's the gold?

Dorc. The gold I'll keep, as an eternal monument of my virtue.

Greg. Oh, what a happy dog am I, to find my wife so virtuous a woman, when I least expected it! Oh, my injured dear! behold your Gregory, your own husband.

Dorc. Ha!

Greg. Oh me! I'm so full of joy, I cannot tell thee more, than that I am as much the happiest of men as thou art the most virtuous of women.

Dorc. And art thou really my Gregory? And hast thou any more of these purses?

Greg. No, my dear, I have no more about me; but 'tis probable in a few days I may have a hundred: for the strangest accident has happened to me!

Dorc. Yes, my dear; but I can tell you whom you are oblig'd to for that accident: had you not beaten me this morning, I had never had you beaten into a physician.

Greg. Oh, ho! then 'tis to you I owe all that drubbing.

Dorc. Yes, my dear, tho' I little dreamt of the consequence.

Greg. How infinitely I'm oblig'd to thee!—But hush!

SCENE XIV.

GREGORY, HELLEBORE.

Hel. Are not you the great doctor just come to this town, so famous for curing dumbness?

Greg. Sir, I am he.

Hel. Then, Sir, I should be glad of your advice.

Greg. Let me feel your pulse.

Hel. Not for myself, good Doctor: I am myself, Sir, a brother of the faculty; what the world calls a mad doctor. I have at present under my care a patient whom I can by no means prevail with to speak.

Greg. I shall make him speak, Sir.

Hel. It will add, Sir, to the great reputation you have already acquired; and I am happy in finding you.

Greg. Sir, I am as happy in finding you. You see that woman there; she is possess'd with a more strange sort of madness, and imagines every man she sees to be her husband. Now, Sir, if you will but admit her into your house——

Hel. Most willingly, Sir.

Greg. The first thing, Sir, you are to do, is to let out thirty ounces of her blood; then, Sir, you are to shave off all her hair; all her hair, Sir: after which you are to make a very severe use of your rod twice a day; and take particular care that she have not the least allowance beyond bread and water.

Hel. Sir, I shall readily agree to the dictates of so great a man; nor can I help approving of your method, which is exceeding mild and wholesome.

Greg. [*To his wife.*] My dear, that gentleman will conduct you to my lodging.—Sir, I beg you will take a particular care of the lady.

Hel. You may depend on't, Sir; nothing in my power

shall be wanting: you have only to inquire for Dr. Hellebore.

Dorc. 'Twon't be long before I see you, husband?

Hel. Husband! This is as unaccountable a madness as any I have yet met with. [*Exit with* Dorcas.

SCENE XV.

GREGORY, LEANDER.

Greg. I think I shall be reveng'd of you now, my dear.—So, Sir.

Lean. I think I make a pretty good apothecary now.

Greg. Yes, faith, you're almost as good an apothecary as I'm a physician; and if you please I'll convey you to the patient.

Lean. If I did but know a few physical hard words.

Greg. A few physical hard words! why, in a few physical hard words consists the science. Would you know as much as the whole faculty in an instant, Sir? Come along, come along.—Hold, let me go first; the doctor must always go before the apothecary. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XVI.

SCENE, SIR JASPER'S *House.*

SIR JASPER, CHARLOT, MAID, GREGORY, LEANDER.

Sir Jasp. Has she made no attempt to speak yet?

Maid. Not in the least, Sir; so far from it, that as she used to make a sort of noise before, she is now quite silent.

Sir Jasp. [*Looking on his watch.*] 'Tis almost the time the doctor promis'd to return.—Oh! he is here. Doctor, your servant.

Greg. Well, Sir, how does my patient?

Sir Jasp. Rather worse, Sir, since your prescription.

Greg. So much the better; 'tis a sign that it operates.

Sir Jasp. Who is that gentleman, pray, with you?

Greg. An apothecary, Sir. Mr. Apothecary, I desire you would immediately apply that song I prescrib'd.

Sir Jasp. A song, Doctor? prescribe a song!

Greg. Prescribe a song, Sir! Yes, Sir, prescribe a song, Sir. Is there any thing so strange in that? Did you never hear of Pills to purge Melancholy? If you understand these things better than I, why did you send for me? Sbud, Sir, this song would make a stone speak. —But, if you please, Sir, you and I will confer at some distance during the application; for this song will do you as much harm as it will do your daughter good. Be sure, Mr. Apothecary, to pour 't down her ears very closely.

AIR VII.

Lean. Thus, lovely patient Charlot sees
Her dying patient kneel:
Soon cur'd will be your feign'd disease,
But what physician e'er can ease
The torments which I feel?

Think, skilful nymph, while I complain,
Ah, think what I endure:
All other remedies are vain;
The lovely cause of all my pain
Can only cause my cure.

Greg. It is, Sir, a great and subtle question among the doctors, Whether women are more easy to be cur'd than men. I beg you would attend to this, Sir, if you please. —Some say, No; others say, Yes; and for my part, I say both Yes and No; forasmuch as the incongruity of the opaque humours that meet in the natural temper of women, are the cause that the brutal part will always

prevail over the sensible.—One sees that the inequality of their opinions depends on the black movement of the circle of the moon, and as the sun that darts his rays upon the concavity of the earth, finds——

Charl. No, I am not at all capable of changing my opinion.

Sir Jasp. My daughter speaks! my daughter speaks! Oh, the great power of physic! Oh, the admirable physician! How can I reward thee for such a service?

Greg. This distemper has given me a most insufferable deal of trouble. [*Traversing the stage in a great heat, the Apothecary following.*

Charl. Yes, Sir, I have recover'd my speech; but I have recover'd it to tell you, that I never will have any husband but Leander. [*Speaks with great eagerness, and drives Sir Jasper round the stage.*

Sir Jasp. But——

Charl. Nothing is capable to shake the resolution I have taken.

Sir Jasp. What!

Charl. Your rhetoric is in vain, all your discourses signify nothing.

Sir Jasp. I——

Charl. I am determin'd and all the fathers in the world shall never oblige me to marry contrary to my inclinations.

Sir Jasp. I have——

Charl. I never will submit to this tyranny; and if I must not have the man I like, I'll die a maid.

Sir Jasp. You shall have Mr. Dapper——

Charl. No, not in any manner, not in the least, not at all; you throw away your breath, you lose your time; you may confine me, beat me, bruise me, destroy me, kill me, do what you will, use me as you will, but I never will consent; nor all your threats, nor all your blows,

nor all your ill-usage, never shall force me to consent; so far from giving him my heart, I never will give him my hand; for he is my aversion, I hate the very sight of him; I had rather see the devil, I had rather touch a toad: you may make me miserable any other way, but with him you shan't, that I'm resolv'd.

Greg. There, Sir, there I think we have brought her tongue to a pretty tolerable consistency.

Sir Jasp. Consistency, quotha! why, there is no stopping her tongue.——Dear Doctor, I desire you would make her dumb again.

Greg. That's impossible, Sir; all that I can do to serve you is, I can make you deaf, if you please.

Sir Jasp. And do you think——

Charl. All your reasoning shall never conquer my resolution.

Sir Jasp. You shall marry Mr. Dapper this evening.

Charl. I'll be buried first.

Greg. Stay, Sir, stay, let me regulate this affair; it is a distemper that possesses her, and I know what remedy to apply to it.

Sir Jasp. It is impossible, Sir, that you can cure the distempers of the mind.

Greg. Sir, I can cure any thing. Harkye, Mr. Apothecary, you see that the love she has for Leander is entirely contrary to the will of her father, and that there is no time to lose, and that an immediate remedy is necessary: for my part, I know but of one, which is a dose of Purgative Running-away, mixt with two drachms of pills Matrimoniac, and three large handfuls of Arbor Vitæ: perhaps she will make some difficulty to take them; but as you are an able apothecary, I shall trust you for the success: go, make her walk in the garden: be sure you lose no time; to the remedy, quick, to the remedy specific.

SCENE XVII.

SIR JASPER, GREGORY.

Sir Jasp. What drugs, Sir, were those I heard you mention, for I don't remember I ever heard them spoke of before?

Greg. They are some, Sir, lately discover'd by the Royal Society.

Sir Jasp. Did you ever see any thing equal to her insolence?

Greg. Daughters are indeed sometimes a little too headstrong.

Sir Jasp. You cannot imagine, Sir, how foolishly fond she is of that Leander.

Greg. The heat of blood, Sir, causes that in young minds.

Sir Jasp. For my part, the moment I discover'd the violence of her passion, I have always kept her lock'd up.

Greg. You have done very wisely.

Sir Jasp. And I have prevented them from having the least communication together, for who knows what might have been the consequence? Who knows but she might have taken it into her head to have run away with him.

Greg. Very true.

Sir Jasp. Ay, Sir, let me alone for governing girls; I think I have some reason to be vain on that head; I think I have shewn the world that I understand a little of women, I think I have; and let me tell you, Sir, there is not a little art requir'd; if this girl had had some fathers, they had not kept her out of the hands of so vigilant a lover as I have done.

Greg. No certainly, Sir.

SCENE XVIII.

SIR JASPER, DORCAS, GREGORY.

Dorc. Where is this villain, this rogue, this pretended physician?

Sir Jasp. Heyday! what, what, what's the matter now?

Dorc. Oh, sirrah! sirrah!——would you have destroyed your wife, you villain? Would you have been guilty of murder, dog?

Greg. Hoity, toity!——What mad woman is this?

Sir Jasp. Poor wretch! for pity's sake cure her, Doctor.

Greg. Sir, I shall not cure her, unless somebody gives me a fee. If you will give me a fee, Sir Jasper, you shall see me cure her this instant.

Dorc. I'll fee you, you villain.——Cure me!

AIR VIII.

If you hope by your skill
To give Dorcas a pill,
You are not a deep politician;
Could wives but be brought
To swallow the draught,
Each husband would be a physician.

SCENE XIX.

SIR JASPER, GREGORY, DORCAS, JAMES.

James. Oh, Sir! undone, undone! Your daughter is run away with her lover Leander, who was here dis-

guis'd like an apothecary——and this is the rogue of a physician who has contriv'd all the affair.

Sir Jasp. How! am I abus'd in this manner? Here, who is there? Bid my clerk bring pen, ink, and paper! I'll send this fellow to jail immediately.

James. Indeed, my good Doctor, you stand a very fair chance to be hang'd for stealing an heiress.

Greg. Yes, indeed, I believe I shall take my degrees now.

Dorc. And are they going to hang you, my dear husband?

Greg. You see, my dear wife.

Dorc. Had you finish'd the fagots, it had been some consolation.

Greg. Leave me, or you'll break my heart.

Dorc. No, I'll stay to encourage you at your death ——nor will I budge an inch 'till I've seen you hang'd.

SCENE XX.

To them LEANDER *and* CHARLOT.

Lean. Behold, Sir, that Leander, whom you had forbid your house, restores your daughter to your power, even when he had her in his. I will receive her, Sir, only at your hands.——I have receiv'd letters, by which I have learnt the death of an uncle, whose estate far exceeds that of your intended son-in-law.

Sir Jasp. Sir, your virtue is beyond all estates, and I give you my daughter with all the pleasure in the world.

Lean. Now my fortune makes me happy indeed, my dear Charlot.—And, Doctor, I'll make thy fortune too.

Greg. If you would be so kind as to make me a physician in earnest, I should desire no other fortune.

Lean. Faith, Doctor, I wish I could do that in return for your having made me an apothecary; but I'll do as well for thee, I warrant.

Dorc. So, so, our physician, I find, has brought about fine matters. And is it not owing to me, sirrah, that you have been a physician at all?

Sir Jasp. May I beg to know whether you are a physician or not—or what the devil you are?

Greg. I think, Sir, after the miraculous cure you have seen me perform, you have no reason to ask, whether I am a physician or no.—And for you, wife, I'll henceforth have you behave with all deference to my greatness.

Dorc. Why, thou puff'd-up fool, I could have made as good a physician myself; the cure was owing to the apothecary, not the doctor.

AIR IX. *We've cheated the Parson, &c.*

When tender young virgins look pale and complain,
You may send for a dozen great doctors in vain;
All give their opinion, and pocket their fees;
Each writes her a cure, though all miss her disease;
Powders, drops,
Juleps, slops,
A cargo of poison from physical shops.

Though they physic to death the unhappy poor maid,
What's that to the doctor—since he must be paid?
Would you know how you may manage her right?
Our doctor has brought you a nostrum to-night:
Never vary,
Nor miscarry,
If the lover be but the apothecary.

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EPILOGUE.

WELL, ladies, pray how goes our doctor down?
Shall he not ev'n be sent for up to town?
'Tis such a pleasant and audacious rogue,
He'd have a humming chance to be in vogue.
What, though no Greek or Latin he command
Since he can talk what none can understand?
Ah! there are many such physicians in the land.
And what, though he has taken no degrees?
No doctor here can better take——his fees.
Let none his real ignorance despise,
Since he can feel a pulse, and—look extremely wise.
Though, like some quack, he shine out in newspapers,
He is a rare physician for the vapours.
Ah! ladies, in that case, he has more knowledge
Than all the ancient fellows of the college.
Besides, a double calling he pursues,
He writes you bills, and brings you——billets-doux.
Doctors, with some, are in small estimation,
But Pimps, all own, are useful to the nation.
Physic now slackens, and now hastens death;
Pimping's the surest way of giving breath.
How many maids, who pine away their hours,
And droop in beauteous spring, like blasted flowers,
Had still surviv'd, had they our Doctor known;
Widows, who grieve to death, for husbands gone;
And wives, who die, for husbands living on;
Would they our mighty Doctor's art essay,
I'd warrant he——would put 'em in a way.
Doctors, beware, should once this quack take root,
I'gad he'd force you all to walk on foot!

THE

COVENT-GARDEN TRAGEDY.

AS IT WAS ACTED AT

THE THEATRE-ROYAL IN DRURY-LANE, IN 1731.

——quæ amanti parcet, eadem sibi parcet parum.
Quasi piscis, itidem est amator lenæ; nequam est nisi recens.
Is habet succum; is suavitatem; eum quovis pacto condias;
Vel patinarium vel assum; verses, quo pacto lubet.
Is dare volt, is se aliquid posci, nam ubi de pleno promitur,
Neque ille scit, quid det, quid damni faciat; ille rei studet:
Volt placere sese amicæ, volt mihi, pedissequæ,
Volt famulis, volt etiam ancillis; & quoque catulo meo
Subblanditur novus amator, se ut quum videat, gaudeat.

PLAUTUS, Asinar.

PROLEGOMENA.

It hath been customary with authors of extraordinary merit to prefix to their works certain commendatory epistles in verse and prose, written by a friend, or left with the printer by an unknown hand; which are of notable use to an injudicious reader, and often lead him to the discovery of beauties which might otherwise have escaped his eye. They stand like champions at the head of a volume, and bid defiance to an army of Critics.

As I have not been able to procure any such panegyrics on the following scenes from my friends, nor had leisure to write them myself, I have, in an unprecedented manner, collected such criticisms as I could meet with on this tragedy, and have placed them before it; but I must at the same time assure the reader that he may shortly expect an answer to them.

The first of these pieces, by its date, appears to be the production of some fine gentleman, who plays the Critic for his diversion, though he has not spoiled his eyes with too much reading. The latter will be easily discovered to come from the hands of one of that club which hath determin'd to instruct the world in arts and sciences, without understanding any; who

> With less learning than makes felons 'scape,
> Less human genius than God gives an ape

are resolv'd

> ——————in spite
> Of nature, and their stars, to write.

'DEAR JACK,

'Since you have left the town, and no rational creature 'except myself in it, I have applied myself pretty much 'to my books: I have, besides the CRAFTSMAN and GRUB-'STREET JOURNALS, read a good deal in Mr. Pope's RAPE 'OF THE LOCK, and several pages in the HISTORY OF THE 'KING OF SWEDEN, which is translated into English; but 'fancy I should understand more of it if I had a better 'map; for I have not been able to find out Livonia in 'mine.

'I believe you will be surprised to hear I have not 'been twice at the playhouse since your departure. 'But alas! what entertainment can a man of sense find 'there now? The MODERN HUSBAND, which we hiss'd 'the first night, had such success, that I began to think 'it a good play, till the GRUB-STREET JOURNAL assur'd 'me it was not. THE EARL OF ESSEX, which you know 'is my favourite of all Shakespeare's plays, was acted 'the other night; but I was kept from it by a damn'd 'farce, which I abominate and detest so much that I 'have never either seen it or read it.

'Last Monday came out a new Tragedy, called The 'COVENT GARDEN TRAGEDY, which, I believe, I may 'affirm to be the worst that ever was written. I will 'not shock your good judgment by any quotations out of 'it. To tell you the truth, I know not what to make of 'it: one would have guess'd, from the audience, it had 'been a Comedy; for I saw more people laugh than cry 'at it. It adds a very strong confirmation to your 'opinion, That it is impossible any thing worth read-'ing should be written in this age.

'I am, &c.

'St. James's Coffee House.'

A CRITICISM ON THE COVENT-GARDEN TRAGEDY, originally intended for The GRUB-STREET JOURNAL.

I have been long sensible that the days of Poetry are no more, and that there is but one of the moderns (who shall be nameless) that can write either sense, or English, or grammar. For this reason I have passed by unremarked, generally unread, the little, quaint, short-lived productions of my contemporaries: for it is a maxim with my bookseller, that no criticism on any work can sell, when the work itself does not.

But when I observe an author growing into any reputation; when I see the same play, which I had liberally hiss'd the first night, advertised for a considerable number of nights together, I then begin to look about me, and to think it worth criticizing on. A play, that runs twelve nights, will support a temperate Critic as many days.

The success of The TRAGEDY OF TRAGEDIES, and The MODERN HUSBAND did not only determine me to draw my pen against those two performances, but hath likewise engaged my criticism on everything which comes from the hand of that author, of whatever nature it be,

Seu Græcum sive Latinum.

The COVENT-GARDEN TRAGEDY bears so great an analogy to the TRAGEDY OF TOM THUMB, that it needs not the author's name to assure us from what quarter it had its original. I shall beg leave, therefore, to examine this piece a little, even before I am assur'd what success it will meet with. Perhaps what I shall herein say may prevent its meeting with any.

I shall not here trouble the reader with a laborious

definition of Tragedy drawn from Aristuttle or Horase; for which I refer him to those authors. I shall content myself with the following plain proposition; 'That a 'Tragedy is a thing of five acts, written dialoguewise, 'consisting of several fine similes, metaphors, and moral 'phrases, with here and there a speech upon liberty. 'That it must contain an action, characters, sentiments, 'diction, and a moral.' Whatever falls short of any of these, is by no means worthy the name of a Tragedy.

> Quæ genus aut flexum variant, quæcunque novato
> Ritu deficiunt superantve, heteroclita sunto.

I shall proceed to examine the piece before us on these rules, nor do I doubt to prove it deficient in them all.

> Quæ sequitur manca est numero casuque propago.

As for an action, I have read it over twice, and do solemnly aver, I can find none, at least none worthy to be called an action. The author, indeed, in one place, seems to promise something like an action, where Stormandra, who is enraged with Lovegirlo, sends Bilkum to destroy him, and at the same time threatens to destroy herself! But alas! what comes of all this preparation? ——Why, parturiunt montes—the audience is deceived, according to custom, and the two murdered people appear in good health. For all which great revolution of fortune we have no other reason given, but that the one has been run through the coat, and the other has hung up her gown instead of herself—Ridiculum!

The characters, I think, are such as I have not yet met with in Tragedy. First, for the character of Mother Punchbowl; and, by the way, I cannot conceive why she is called Mother. Is she the mother of any body in the play? No. From one line one might guess she was a bawd. Leathersides desires her to procure two

whores, &c., but then is she not continually talking of virtue? How can she be a bawd? In the third scene of the second act she appears to be Stormandra's mother.

PUNCHB. Daughter, you use the Captain too unkind.

But, if I mistake not, in the scene immediately preceding, Bilkum and she have mother'd and son'd it several times. Sure she cannot be mother to them both, when she would put them to bed together? Perhaps she is mother-in-law to one of them, as being married to her own child. But of this the poet should, I think, have given us some better assurance than barely intimating that they were going to bed together; which people in this our island have been sometimes known to do without going to church together.

What is intended by the character of Gallono is difficult to imagine. Either he is taken from life, or he is not. Methinks, I could wish he had been left out of the dance,* nothing being more unnatural than to conceive so great a sot to be a lover of dancing; nay, so great a lover of dancing, as to take that woman for a partner whom he has just before been abusing. As for the characters of Lovegirlo and Kissinda, they are poor imitations of the character of Pyrrhus and Andromache in THE DISTREST MOTHER, as Bilkum and Stormandra are of Orestes and Hermione.

—— Sed qui morer istis.

As for Mr. Leathersides, he is indeed an original; and such a one, as I hope will never have a copy. We are told (to set him off) that he has learned to read, has read playbills, and writ THE GRUB-STREET JOURNAL.

* The Critic is out in this particular; it being notorious Gallono is not in the dance; but to shew how careful the Author was to maintain his character throughout, the said Gallono, during the whole dance, is employed with his bottle and pipe.

But how reading playbills, and writing Grub-street papers, can qualify him to be a judge of plays, I confess I cannot tell.

The only character I can find entirely faultless is the Chairman: for first we are assured,

> He asks but for his fare,

when the Captain answers him,

> Thy fare be damn'd.

He replies in the gentlest manner imaginable,

> This is not acting like a gentleman.

The Captain, upon this, threatens to knock his brains out. He then answers, in a most intrepid and justifiable manner;

> Oh! that with me, &c.

I cannot help wishing this may teach all gentlemen to pay their chairmen.

Proceed we now to the sentiments. And here, to shew how inclined I am to admire rather than to dislike, I shall allow the beautiful manner wherein this play sets out. The first five lines are a mighty pretty satire on our age, our country, statesmen, lawyers, and physicians. What did I not expect from such a beginning? But alas! what follows? No fine moral sentences, not a word of liberty and property, no insinuations that courtiers are fools, and statesmen rogues. You have indeed a few similes; but they are very thin sown.

> Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto.

The sentiments fall very short of politeness everywhere: but those in the mouth of Captain Bilkum

breathe the true spirit of Billingsgate. The courtship that passes between him and Stormandra in the second act is so extremely delicate, sure the author must have served an apprenticeship there before he could have produced it. How unlike this was the beautiful manner of making love in use among the ancients, that charming simplicity of manners which shines so apparently in all the * Tragedies of Plautus, where,

—— petit et prece blandus amicam.

But alas! how should an illiterate modern imitate authors he has never read?

To say nothing of the meanness of the diction, which is in some degrees lower than I have seen in any modern Tragedy, we very often meet with contradictions in the same line. The substantive is so far from shewing the signification of its adjective as the latter requires,

'An adjective requires some word to be joined to it to shew its signification.' Vid. Accidence.

that it very often takes away its meaning, as particularly 'virtuous whore.' Did it ever enter into any head before to bring these two words together? Indeed, my friend, I could as soon unite the idea of your sweet self and a good poet.

Forth from your empty head I'll knock your brains.

Had you had any brains in your own head, you never had writ this line.

Yet do not shock it with a thought so base.

Ten low words creep here in a line, indeed.

——— Monosyllabla nomina quædam,
Sal, sol, ren et splen, car, ser, vir, vas.——
Virgal rod, grief stung soul, &c.

* I suppose these are lost, there remaining now no more than his comedies.

I would recommend to this author (if he can read) that wholesome little treatise, called Gulielmi Lilii Monita Pædagogica, where he will find this instruction:

—— Veluti scopulos barbara verba fuge.

Much may be said on both sides of this question.
Let me consider what the question is.

Mighty pretty, faith! resolving a question first, and then asking it.

———————————— thou hast a tongue
Might charm a bailiff to forego his hold.

Very likely, indeed! I fancy, Sir, if ever you were in the hands of a bailiff, you have not escap'd so easily.

Hanover-square shall come to Drury-lane.

Wonderful!

Thou shalt wear farms and houses in each ear.

Oh! Bavius! Oh! conundrum! is this true? Sure the poet exaggerates! What! a woman wear farms and houses in her ear, nay, in each ear, to make it still the more incredible! I suppose these are poetical farms and houses, which any woman may carry about her without being the heavier. But I pass by this, and many other beauties of the like nature, quæ lectio juxta docebit, to come to a little word which is worth the whole work.

Nor modesty, nor pride, nor fear, nor REP.

Quid sibi vult istud REP?——I have looked over all my dictionaries, but in vain.

Nusquam reperitur in usu.

I find, indeed, such a word in some of the Latin authors: but, as it is not in the dictionary, I suppose it to be obsolete. Perhaps it is a proper name; if so, it should have

been in Italics. I am a little inclin'd to this opinion, as we find several very odd names in this piece, such as Hackabouta, &c.

I am weary of raking in this dirt, and shall therefore pass on to the moral, which the poet very ingenuously tell us is, he knows not what; nor any one else, I dare swear. I shall however allow him this merit, that, except in the five lines above mentioned, I scarce know any performance more of a piece. Either the author never sleeps, or never wakes throughout.

* A S S in præsenti perfectum format in avi.

* Gul. Lilius reads this word with a single S.

PROLOGUE:

SPOKEN BY MR. THEOPHILUS CIBBER.

In Athens first (as dictionaries write)
The Tragic Muse was midwif'd into light;
Rome knew her next, and next she took a dance,
Some say to England, others say to France.
But when or whence, the tuneful goddess came,
Since she is here, I think, is much the same.
Oft have you seen the king and hero rage,
Oft has the virgin's passion filled the stage:
To-night nor king, nor hero, shall you spy,
Nor virgin's love shall fill the virgin's eye.
Our poet, from unknown, untasted springs,
A curious draft of tragic nectar brings.
From Covent-Garden culls delicious stores,
Of bullies, bawds, and sots, and rakes, and whores.
Examples of the great can serve but few;
For what are kings' and heroes' faults to you?
But these examples are of general use.
What rake is ignorant of King's Coffee-house? *
Here the old rake may view the crimes h'as known,
And boys hence dread the vices of the town:
Here nymphs seduc'd may mourn their pleasures past,
And maids, who have their virtue, learn to hold it fast.

* A place in Covent-Garden market, well known to all gentlemen to whom beds are unknown.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

GENTLEMEN.

Captain Bilkum, ...	MR. MULLART.
Lovegirlo, ...	MR. CIBBER, JUN.
Gallono, ...	MR. PAGET.
Leathersides, ...	MR. ROBERTS.
Chairman, ...	MR. JONES.

LADIES.

Mother Punchbowl, ...	MR. BRIDGEWATER.
Kissinda, ...	MISS RAFTOR.
Stormandra, ...	MRS. MULLART.
Nonparel, ...	MISS MEARS.

SCENE, AN ANTECHAMBER, OR RATHER BACK-PARLOUR, IN MOTHER PUNCHBOWL'S HOUSE.

THE

COVENT-GARDEN TRAGEDY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *an Antechamber*.

MOTHER PUNCHBOWL, LEATHERSIDES, NONPAREL, INDUSTRIOUS JENNY.

MOTHER.

WHO'D be a bawd in this degen'rate age!
Who'd for her country unrewarded toil!
Not so the statesman scrubs his plotful head,
Not so the lawyer shakes his unfee'd tongue,
Not so the doctor guides the doleful quill.
Say Nonparel, industrious Jenny, say,
Is the play done, and yet no cull appears?
Non. The play is done: for from the pigeon-hole
I heard them hiss the curtain as it fell.
Moth. Ha, did they hiss? Why then the play is damn'd,
And I shall see the poet's face no more.
Say, Leathersides, 'tis thou that best can tell;
For thou hast learnt to read, hast playbills read,
The Grub-street Journal thou hast known to write,
Thou art a judge; say, wherefore was it damn'd?

Leath. I heard a tailor, sitting by my side,
Play on his catcall, and cry out, 'Sad stuff,'
A little farther an apprentice sat,
And he too hiss'd, and he too cry'd, ''twas low.'
Then o'er the pit I downward cast my eye,
The pit all hiss'd, all whistled, and all groan'd.
Moth. Enough. The poet's lost, and so's his bill.
Oh! 'tis the tradesman's, not the poet's hurt:
For him the washer-woman toils in vain,
For him in vain the tailor sits cross'd legg'd,
He runs away and leaves all debts unpaid.
Leath. The mighty Captain Bilkum this way comes.
I left him in the entry with his chairman
Wrangling about his fare.
Moth. Leathersides, 'tis well.
Retire, my girls, and patient wait for culls.

SCENE II.

MOTHER PUNCHBOWL, CAPTAIN BILKUM, CHAIRMAN.

Chair. Your honour, Sir, has paid but half my fare.
I ask but for my fare.
Capt. Bilk. Thy fare be damn'd.
Chair. This is not acting like a gentleman.
Capt. Bilk. Begone; or by the powers of dice I swear,
Were there no other chairman in the world,
From out thy empty head I'd knock thy brains.
Chair. Oh, that with me all chairmen would conspire
No more to carry such sad dogs for hire,
But let the lazy rascals straddle through the mire.

SCENE III.

CAPTAIN BILKUM, MOTHER PUNCHBOWL.

Moth. What is the reason, captain, that you make
This noise within my house? Do you intend
To arm reforming constables against me?
Would it delight your eyes to see me dragg'd
By base plebeian hands to Westminster,
The scoff of serjeants and attornies' clerks,
And then, exalted on the pillory,
To stand the sneer of ev'ry virtuous whore?
Oh! couldst thou bear to see the rotten egg
Mix with my tears, and trickle down my cheeks,
Like dew distilling from the full-blown rose:
Or see me follow the attractive cart,
To see the hangman lift the virgal rod,
That hangman you so narrowly escap'd!

Capt. Bilk. Ha! that last thought has stung me to the soul:
Damnation on all laws and lawyers too:
Behold thee carted——oh! forfend that sight,
May Bilkum's neck be stretch'd before that day.

Moth. Come to my arms, thou best belov'd of sons,
Forgive the weakness of thy mother's fears:
O! may I never, never see thee hang'd!

Capt. Bilk. If born to swing, I never shall be drown'd:
Far be it from me, with too curious mind,
To search the office whence eternal fate
Issues her writs of various ills to men;
Too soon arrested we shall know our doom.
And now a present evil gnaws my heart,
Oh! Mother, Mother——

Moth. Say, what would my son?
Capt. Bilk. Get me a wench, and lend me half a crown.
Moth. Thou shalt have both.
Capt. Bilk. Oh! goodness most unmatch'd,
What are your 'Nelopes compar'd to thee?
In vain we'd search the hundreds of the town,
From where, in Goodman's-Fields, the city dame
Emboxed sits, for two times eighteenpence,
To where, at midnight hours, the noble race
In borrow'd voice, and mimic habit squeak.
Yet where, oh where is such a bawd as thou?
Moth. Oh! deal not praise with such a lavish tongue;
If I excel all others of my trade,
Thanks to those stars that taught me to excel.

SCENE IV.

MOTHER PUNCHBOWL, CAPTAIN BILKUM, LEATHERSIDES.

Leath. A porter from Lovegirlo is arriv'd.
If in your train one harlot can be found,
That has not been a month upon the town;
Her he expects to find in bed by two.
Moth. Thou, Leathersides, best know'st such nymphs to find,
To thee their lodgings they communicate.
Go, thou procure the girl, I'll make the punch,
Which she must call for when she first arrives.
Oh! Bilkum, when I backward cast my thoughts,
When I revolve the glorious days I've seen,
(Days I shall see no more)—it tears my brain.
When culls sent frequent, and were sent away,
When col'nels, majors, captains, and lieutenants,
Here spent the issue of their glorious toils;

These were the men, my Bilkum, that subdu'd
The haughty foe, and paid for beauty here.
Now we are sunk to a low race of beaus,
Fellows unfit for women or for war;
And one poor cull is all the guests I have.

SCENE V.

LEATHERSIDES, MOTHER PUNCHBOWL, BILKUM.

Leath. Two whores, great Madam, must be straight prepar'd,
A fat one for the squire, and for my lord a lean.
Moth. Be that thy care. This weighty bus'ness done,
A bowl of humming punch shall glad my son.

SCENE VI.

BILKUM, *solus.*

Oh! 'tis not in the power of punch to ease
My grief-stung soul, since Hecatissa's false,
Since she could hide a poor half-guinea from me.
Oh! had I search'd her pockets ere I rose,
I had not left a single shilling in them.
But lo! Lovegirlo comes, I will retire.

SCENE VII.

LOVEGIRLO, GALLONO.

Gal. And wilt thou leave us for a woman thus!
Art thou Lovegirlo? Tell me, art thou he,
Whom I have seen the saffron-colour'd morn
With rosy fingers beckon home in vain?
Than whom none oft'ner pull'd the pendent bell,

None oft'ner cry'd, 'Another bottle bring;'
And can'st thou leave us for a worthless woman?
Love. I charge thee, my Gallono, do not speak
Aught against woman; by Kissinda's smiles,
(Those smiles more worth than all the Cornwall mines)
When I drank most, 'twas woman made me drink,
The toast was to the wine an orange-peel.
Gal. Oh! would they spur us on to noble drink,
I too would be a lover of the sex.
And sure for nothing else they were design'd,
Woman was only born to be a toast.
Love. What madness moves thy slander hurling tongue?
Woman! what is there in the world like woman?
Man without woman is a single boot,
Is half a pair of sheers. Her wanton smiles
Are sweeter than a draught of cool small beer
To the scorch'd palate of a waking sot.
Man is a puppet which a woman moves
And dances as she will——Oh! had it not
Been for a woman, thou hadst not been here.
Gal. And were it not for wine—I would not be.
Wine makes a cobler greater than a king;
Wine gives mankind the preference to beasts,
Thirst teaches all the animals to drink,
But drunkenness belongs to only man.
Love. If woman were not, my Gallono, man
Would make a silly figure in the world.
Gal. And without wine all human kind would be
One stupid, sniveling, sneaking, sober fellow.
Love. What does the pleasures of our life refine?
'Tis charming woman.
Gal. Wine.
Love. 'Tis woman.
Gal. Wine.

SCENE VIII.

BILKUM.

Much may be said on both sides of this question.
Let me consider what the question is:
If wine or woman be our greater good.
Wine is a good—and so is woman too,
But which the greater good [*a long pause*] I cannot tell.
Either to other to prefer I'm loth,
But he does wisest who takes most of both.

SCENE IX.

LOVEGIRLO, KISSINDA.

Love. O! my Kissinda! Oh! how sweet art thou?
Not Covent-Garden, nor Stocks-Market knows
A flower like thee; less sweet the Sunday rose,
With which, in country church, the milkmaid decks
Her ruddy breast: ne'er wash'd the courtly dame
Her neck with honey water half so sweet.
Oh! thou art perfume all; a perfume shop.

Kis. Cease, my Lovegirlo, oh! thou hast a tongue
Might charm a bailiff to forego his hold.
Oh! I cou'd hear thee ever, cou'd with joy,
Live a whole day upon a dish of tea,
And listen to the bagpipes in thy voice.

Love. Hear this, ye harlots, hear her and reform:
Not so the miser loves to see his gold,
Not so the poet loves to see his play,
Not so the critic loves to see a fault,
Not so the beauty loves to see herself,
As I delight to see Kissinda smile.

Kis. Oh! my Lovegirlo, I must hear no more,
Thy words are strongest poison to my soul;
I shall forget my trade and learn to dote.
Love. O! give a loose to all the warmth of love.
Love like a bride upon the second night;
I like a ravish'd bridegroom on the first.
Kis. Thou know'st too well a lady of the town,
If she give way to love, must be undone.
Love. The town! thou shalt be on the town no more,
I'll take thee into keeping, take the room
So large, so furnish'd, in so fine a street,
The mistress of a Jew shall envy thee;
By Jove, I'll force the sooty tribe to own
A Christian keeps a whore as well as they.
Kis. And wilt thou take me into keeping?——
Love. Yes.
Kis. Then I am blest indeed——and I will be
The kindest, gentlest, and the cheapest girl.
A joint of meat a day is all I ask,
And that I'll dress myself——A pot of beer,
When thou din'st from me, shall be all my wine;
Few clothes I'll have, and those too second-hand;
Then when a hole within thy stocking's seen,
(For stockings will have holes) I'll darn it for thee;
With my own hands I'll wash thy soapen'd shirt,
And make the bed I have unmade with thee.
Love. Do virtuous women use their husbands so?
Who but a fool wou'd marry that can keep——
What is this virtue that mankind adore?
Sounds less the scolding of a virtuous tongue?
Or who remembers, to increase his joy!
In the last moments of excessive bliss,
The ring, the license, parson or his clerk?
Besides, whene'er my mistress plays me foul,
I cast her, like a dirty shirt, away.

But oh! a wife sticks like a plaster fast,
Like a perpetual blister to the poll.
Kis. And wilt thou never throw me off?
Love. Never,
'Till thou art soil'd.
Kis. Then turn me to the streets,
Those streets you took me from.
Love. Forbid it all
Ye powers propitious to unlawful love.
Oh! my Kissinda, by this kiss I swear,
(This kiss, which at a shilling is not dear)
I wou'd not quit the joys this night shall give,
For all the virtuous wives or maids alive.
Oh! I am all on fire, thou lovely wench,
Torrents of joy my burning soul must quench.
Reiterated joys!
Thus burning from the fire, the washer lifts
The red-hot iron to make smooth her shifts,
With arm impetuous rubs her shift amain,
And rubs, and rubs, and rubs it o'er again;
Nor sooner does her rubbing arm withhold,
'Till she grows warm, and the hot iron cold.

ACT II.—SCENE I.

STORMANDRA, CAPTAIN BILKUM.

STORMANDRA.

Not, though you were the best man in the land,
Shou'd you, unpaid for, have from me a favour.
Therefore come down the Ready, or I go.
Capt. Bilk. Forbid it, Venus, I shou'd ever set
So cursed an example to the world:
Forbid, the rake, in full pursuit of joy
Requir'd the unready Ready to come down,

Shou'd curse my name, and cry, 'Thus Bilkum did;
'To him this cursed precedence we owe.'

Stor. Rather forbid, that, bilk'd in after-time,
The chair-less girl shou'd curse Stormandra's name,
That, as she walks with draggled coats the street,
(Coats shortly to be pawn'd) the hungry wretch
Shou'd bellow out, 'For this I thank Stormandra!'

Capt. Bilk. Trust me to-night and never trust me more,
If I do not come down when I get up.

Stor. And dost thou think I have a soul so mean?
Trust thee! dost think I came last week to town,
The waggon straws yet hanging to my tail?
Trust thee! oh! when I trust thee for a groat,
Hanover-square shall come to Drury-lane.

Capt. Bilk. Madam, 'tis well; your mother may perhaps
Teach your rude tongue to know a softer tone.
And see, she comes, the smiling brightness comes.

SCENE II.

MOTHER PUNCHBOWL, CAPTAIN BILKUM, STORMANDRA.

Stor. Oh! Mother Punchbowl, teach me how to rail;
Oh! teach me to abuse this monstrous man.

Moth. What has he done?

Stor. Sure a design so base,
Turk never yet conceiv'd.

Moth. Forbid it, virtue.

Stor. It wounds me to the soul—he would have bilk'd me.

Moth. Ha! in my house! oh! Bilkum, is this true?
Who set thee on, thou traitor, to undo me?
Is it some envious sister? such may be;

For even bawds, I own it with a blush,
May be dishonest in this vicious age.
Perhaps, thou art an enemy to us all,
Wilt join malicious justices against us.
Oh! think not thus to bribe th' ungrateful tribe,
The hand to Bridewell which thy mother sends,
May one day send thee to more fatal gaol;
And oh! (avert the omen all ye stars!)
The very hemp I beat may hang my son.

Capt. Bilk. Mother, you know the passage to my heart,
But do not shock it with a thought so base.
Sooner Fleet-ditch like silver Thames shall flow,
The New-exchange shall with the Royal vie,
Or Covent-garden's with St. Paul's great bell.
Give no belief to that ungrateful woman;
Gods! who wou'd be a bully to a woman?
Canst thou forget—(it is too plain thou canst)
When at the Rummer, at the noon of night,
I found thee with a base apprentice boxing?
And though none better dart the clinched fist,
Yet wast thou overmatch'd and on the ground.
Then like a bull-dog in Hockleian holes,
Rush'd I tremendous on the snotty foe,
I took him by the throat, and kick'd him down the stairs.

Stor. Dost thou recount thy services, base wretch,
Forgetting mine? Dost thou forget the time,
When shiv'ring on a winter's icy morn,
I found thy coatless carcase at the roundhouse?
Did I not then forget my proper woes,
Did I not send for half a pint of gin,
To warm th' ungrateful guts? Pull'd I not off
A quilted petticoat to clothe thy back!
That unskin'd back, which rods had dress'd in red,
Thy only title to the name of Captain?

Did I not pick a pocket of a watch,
A pocket pick for thee?
Capt. Bilk. Dost thou mention
So slight a favour? Have I not for thee
Fled from the featherbed of soft repose,
And, as the watch proclaim'd the approaching day,
Robb'd the stage coach?—Again, when puddings hot,
And Well-fleet oysters cry'd, the evening come,
Have I not been a footpad for thy pride?
Moth. Enough, my children, let this discord cease,
Had both your merits had, you both deserve
The fate of greater persons——Go, my son,
Retire to rest——gentle Stormandra soon
Will follow you. See kind consent appear
In softest smiles upon her lovely brow.
Bilk. And can I think Stormandra will be mine!
Once more, unpaid for mine! then I again
Am blest, am paid for all her former scorn.
So when the doating henpeck'd husband long
Hath stood the thunder of his deary's tongue;
If supper over, she attempt to toy,
And laugh and languish for approaching joy,
His raptur'd fancy runs her charms all o'er,
While transport dances jig through ev'ry pore,
He hears the thunder of her tongue no more.

SCENE III.

STORMANDRA, MOTHER PUNCHBOWL.

Moth. Daughter, you use the captain too unkind.
Forbid it, virtue, I should ever think
A woman squeezes any cull too much:
But bullies never should be us'd as culls.
With caution still preserve the bully's love.

A house like this without a bully left,
Is like a puppet-show without a Punch.
When you shall be a bawd, and sure that day
Is written in the almanack of fate,
You'll own the mighty truth of what I say.
So the gay girl whose head romances fill,
By mother married well against her will;
Once past the age that pants for love's delight,
Herself a mother, owns her mother in the right.

SCENE IV.

STORMANDRA, *sola.*

What shall I do? Shall I unpaid to bed?
Oh! my Lovegirlo! oh! that thou wert here;
How my heart dotes upon Lovegirlo's name,
For no one ever paid his girls like him.
She, with Lovegirlo who had spent the night,
Sighs not in vain for next day's masquerade,
Sure of a ticket from him——Ha! ye powers,
What is't I see? Is it a ghost I see?
It is a ghost. It is Lovegirlo's ghost.
Lovegirlo's dead; for if he were not dead,
How could his living ghost be walking here?

SCENE V.

LOVEGIRLO, STORMANDRA.

Love. Surely this is some holiday in hell,
And ghosts are let abroad to take the air,
For I have seen a dozen ghosts to-night
Dancing in merry mood the winding hayes.

If ghosts all lead such merry lives as these,
Who wou'd not be a ghost!
Stor. Art thou not one?
Love. What do I see, ye stars? Is it Stormandra?
Stor. Art thou Lovegirlo? Oh! I see thou art.
But tell me, I conjure, art thou not dead?
Love. No, by my soul, I am not.
Stor. May I trust thee?
Yet if thou art alive, what dost thou here
Without Stormandra?——but thou needst not say,
I know thy falsehood, yes, perfidious fellow,
I know thee false as water or as hell;
Falser than any thing but thyself——
Love. Or thee.
Dares thus the devil to rebuke our sin!
Dares thus the kettle say the pot is black!
Canst thou upbraid my falsehood; thou! who still
Art ready to obey the porter's call,
At any hour, to any sort of guest;
Thy person is as common as the dirt
Which Piccadilly leaves on ev'ry heel.
Stor. Can I hear this, ye stars! Injurious man!
May I be ever bilk'd;——May I ne'er fetch
My watch from pawn, if I've been false to you.
Love. Oh! impudence unmatched! canst thou deny
That thou hast had a thousand diff'rent men?
Stor. If that be falsehood, I indeed am false.
And never lady of the town was true;
But though my person be upon the town,
My heart has still been fixt on only you.

SCENE VI.

LOVEGIRLO, STORMANDRA, KISSINDA.

Kis. Where's my Lovegirlo? Point him out, ye stars,
Restore him panting to Kissinda's arms.
Ha! do I see!
Stor. Hast thou forgot to rail?
Now call me false, perfidious and ingrate,
Common as air, as dirt, or as thyself.
Beneath my rage, hast thou forsaken me?
All my full meals of luscious love, to starve
At the lean table of a girl like that?
Kis. That girl you mention with so forc'd a scorn,
Envies not all the large repasts you boast;
A little dish oft furnishes enough:
And sure enough is equal to a feast.
Stor. The puny wretch such little plates may chuse;
Give me the man who knows a stronger taste.
Kis. Sensual and base! to such as you we owe
That harlot is a title of disgrace,
The worst of scandals on the best of trades.
Stor. That shame more justly to the wretch belongs,
Who gives those favours which she cannot sell.
Kis. But harder is the wretched harlot's lot,
Who offers them for nothing, and in vain.
Stor. Shew me the man who thus accuses me.
I own I chose Lovegirlo, own I lov'd him;
But then I chose and lov'd him as a cull:
Therefore preferr'd him to all other men,
Because he better paid his girls than they.
Oh! I despise all love but that of gold:
Throw that aside, and all men are alike.

Kis. And I despise all other charms but love.
Nothing could bribe me from Lovegirlo's arms;
Him, in a cellar, would my love prefer
To lords in houses of six rooms a floor.
Oh! had I in the world a hundred pound,
I'd give him all. Or did he (fate forbid!)
Want three half crowns his reckoning to pay,
I'd pawn my under-petticoat to lend them.

Love. Wou'dst thou, my sweet? Now by the powers of love,
I'll mortgage all my lands to deck thee fine.
Thou shalt wear farms and houses in each ear,
Ten thousand load of timber shall embrace
Thy necklac'd neck. I'll make thy glitt'ring form
Shine through th' admiring Mall a blazing star.
Neglected virtue shall with envy die;
The town shall know no other toast but thee.
So have I seen upon my lord mayor's day,
While coaches after coaches roll away,
The gazing crowd admire by turns, and cry,
"See such and such an alderman pass by:"
But when the mighty magistrate appears,
No other name is sounded in your ears;
The crowd all cry unanimous——'See there,
"Ye citizens, behold the coach of the lord mayor.'

SCENE VII.

STORMANDRA, CAPTAIN BILKUM.

Capt. Bilk. Why comes not my Stormandra? Twice and once
I've told the striking clock's increasing sound,
And yet unkind Stormandra stays away.

Stor. Captain, are you a man?

Capt. Bilk. I think I am.
The time has been when you have thought so too,
Try me again in the soft fields of love.
Stor. 'Tis war, not love, must try your manhood now.
By gin I swear ne'er to receive thee more,
Till curs'd Lovegirlo's blood has dy'd thy sword.
Capt. Bilk. Lovegirlo! Whence this fury bent on him?
Stor. Ha! dost thou question, coward?——Ask again,
And I will never call thee captain more.
Instant obey my purpose, or by hemp,
Rods, all the horrors Bridewell ever knew,
I will arrest thee for the note of hand,
Which thou hast given me for twice one pound;
But if thou dost, I call my sacred honour
To witness, thy reward shall be my love.
Capt. Bilk. Lovegirlo is no more. Yet wrong me not!
It is your promise, not your threat, prevails.
So when some parent of indulgence mild
Would to the nauseous potion bring the child;
In vain to win or frighten to its good,
He cries, 'My dear,' or lifts the useless rod:
But if, by chance, the sugar-plum he shows,
The simp'ring child no more reluctance knows;
It stretches out its finger and its thumb,
It swallows first the potion, then the sugar-plum.

SCENE VIII.

STORMANDRA, *sola.*

Go, act my just revenge, and then be hang'd,
While I retire and gently hang myself.
May women be by my example taught,
Still to be good, and never to be naught;

Never from virtue's rules to go astray,
Nor ever to believe what man can say.
She who believes a man, I am afraid,
May be a woman long, but not a maid.
If such blest harvest my example bring,
The female world shall with my praises ring,
And say, that when I hang'd myself, I did a noble thing.

SCENE IX.

MOTHER PUNCHBOWL, KISSINDA, NONPAREL.

Moth. Oh! Nonparel, thou loveliest of girls,
Thou latest darling of thy mother's years;
Let thy tongue know no commerce with thy heart;
For if thou tellest truth thou art undone.

Nonp. Forgive me, Madam, this first fault——henceforth
I'll learn with utmost diligence to fib.

Moth. Oh! never give your easy mind to love;
But poise the scales of your affection so,
That a bare sixpence added to his scale,
Might make the cit apprentice or the clerk
Outweigh a flaming Col'nel of the guards.
Oh! never give your minds to officers,
Whose gold is on the outside of the pocket.
But fly a poet as the worst of plagues,
Who never pays with any thing but words.
Oh! had Kissinda taken this advice,
She had not now been bilk'd.—

Kis. Think me not so;
Some hasty business has Lovegirlo drawn
To leave me thus——but I will hold a crown
To eighteen pence, he's here within an hour.

SCENE X.

To them LEATHERSIDES.

Moth. Oh! Leathersides, what means this newsful look?

Leath. Through the Piaches as I took my way
To fetch a girl, I at a distance viewed
Lovegirlo with great Captain Bilkum fighting;
Lovegirlo push'd, the Captain parry'd, thus
Lovegirlo push'd, he parried again:
Oft did he push, and oft was push'd aside.
At length the Captain, with his body thus,
Threw in a cursed thrust in flanconade.
'Twas then——oh! dreadful horror to relate!
I at a distance saw Lovegirlo fall,
And look as if he cry'd—'Oh! I am slain.'

[Kissinda *sinks into* Nonparel's *arms.*

SCENE XI.

To them GALLONO.

Gal. Give me my friend, thou most accursed bawd:
Restore him to me drunken as he was
Ere thy vile arts seduc'd him from the glass.

Moth. Oh! that I could restore him—but alas!
Or drunk or sober you'll ne'er see him more,
Unless you see his ghost—his ghost, perhaps,
May have escap'd from Captain Bilkum's sword.

Gal. What do I hear?—Oh damn'd accursed jade,
Thou art the cause of all——With artful smiles
Thou did'st seduce him to go home ere morn.

Bridewell shall be thy fate! I'll give a crown
To some poor justice to commit thee thither,
Where I will come and see thee flogg'd myself.
Kis. One flogg'd as I am can be flogg'd no more;
In her Lovegirlo Miss Kissinda liv'd:
The sword that pass'd through poor Lovegirlo's heart
Pass'd eke through mine; he was three-fifths of me.

SCENE XII.

To them BILKUM.

Capt. Bilk. Behold the most accurs'd of human kind!
I for a woman with a man have fought;
She, for I know not what, has hang'd herself:
And now Jack Ketch may do the same for me.
Oh! my Stormandra!
Moth. What of her?
Capt. Bilk. Alas!
She's hang'd herself all to her curtain's rod!
I saw her swinging, and I ran away.
Oh! if you lov'd Stormandra, come with me;
Skin off your flesh, and bite away your eyes;
Lug out your heart, and dry it in your hands;
Grind it to powder, make it into pills,
And take it down your throat.
Moth. Stormandra's gone!
Weep all ye sister-harlots of the town;
Pawn your best clothes, and clothe yourselves in rags.
Oh! my Stormandra!
Kis. Poor Lovegirlo's slain.
Oh! give me way; come all you furies, come,
Lodge in th' unfurnish'd chambers of my heart:
My heart, which never shall be let again

To any guest but endless misery,
Never shall have a bill upon it more.
Oh! I am mad, methinks; I swim in air,
In seas of sulphur and eternal fire,
And see Lovegirlo too.
Gal. Ha! see him! Where?
Where is the much-lov'd youth?—Oh! never more
Shall I behold him. Ha! distraction wild
Begins to wanton in my unhing'd brain.
Methinks I'm mad, mad as a wild March hare;
My muddy brain is addled like an egg;
My teeth, like magpies, chatter in my head;
My reeling head! which aches like any mad.
Omnes. Oh!
Leath. Was ever such a dismal scene of woe?

SCENE *the last.*

To them LOVEGIRLO, STORMANDRA, *and a* FIDDLER.

Love. Where's my Kissinda——bear me to her arms,
Ye winged winds——and let me perish there.
Kis. Lovegirlo lives——Oh! let my eager arms
Press him to death upon my panting breast.
Capt. Bilk. Oh! all ye powers of gin! Stormandra lives.
Stor. Nor modesty, nor pride, nor fear, nor rep,
Shall now forbid this tender chaste embrace.
Henceforth I'm thine as long as e'er thou wilt.
Gal. Lovegirlo!
Love. Oh, joy unknown! Gallono!
Moth. Come all at once to my capacious arms;
I know not where I should th' embrace begin.
My children! oh! with what tumultuous joy
Do I behold your almost virtuous loves.

But say, Lovegirlo, when we thought you dead,
Say by what lucky chance we see you here?
Love. In a few words I'll satisfy your doubt;
I through the coat was, not the body, run.
Capt. Bilk. But say, Stormandra, did I not behold
Thee hanging to the curtains of thy bed?
Stor. No, my dear love, it was my gown, not me:
I did intend to hang myself; but ere
The knot was tied, repented my design.
Kis. Henceforth, Stormandra, never rivals more;
By Bilkum you, I by Lovegirlo kept.
Love. Foreseeing all this sudden turn of joy,
I've brought a fiddler to play forth the same.
Moth. I too will shake a foot on this blest day.
Love. From such examples as of this and that,
We all are taught to know I know not what.

EPILOGUE:

SPOKEN BY MISS RAFTOR,

WHO ACTED THE PARTS OF ISABEL IN THE OLD DEBAUCHEES, AND OF KISSINDA IN THIS TRAGEDY.

In various lights this night you've seen me drest,
A virtuous lady, and a miss confest;
Pray tell me, Sirs, in which you like me best?
Neither averse to love's soft joys you find;
'Tis hard to say which is the best inclin'd.
The priest makes all the diff'rence in the case;
Kissinda's always ready to embrace,
And Isabel stays only to say grace.
For several prices ready both to treat,
This takes a guinea, that your whole estate.
Gallants, believe our passions are the same,
And virtuous women, though they dread the shame,
Let 'em but play secure, all love the game.
For though some prude her lover long may vex,
Her coyness is put on, she loves your sex.
At you the pretty things their airs display;
For you we dance, we sing, we smile, we pray;
On you we dream all night, we think all day.
For you the Mall and Ring with beauties swarm;
You teach soft Senesino's airs to charm.
For thin wou'd be th' assembly of the fair
At operas——were none but eunuchs there.
In short, you are the business of our lives,
To be a mistress kept the strumpet strives,
And all the modest virgins to be wives.
For prudes may cant of virtues and of vices,
But faith, we only differ in our prices.

THE

DEBAUCHEES;

OR,

THE JESUIT CAUGHT.

A COMEDY,

AS IT WAS ACTED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL IN DRURY LANE, IN 1781.

PROLOGUE:

SPOKEN BY MR. MILLS.

I WISH with all my heart, the stage and town
Would both agree to cry all prologues down;
That we, no more obliged to say or sing,
Might drop this useless necessary thing:
No more with awkward strut, before the curtain,
Chaunt out some rhymes—there's neither good nor hurt in.
What is this stuff the poets make us deal in,
But some old worn-out jokes of their retailing:
From sages of our own, or former times,
Transvers'd from prose, perhaps transpos'd from rhymes.
How long the tragic muse her station kept,
How guilt was humbl'd, and how tyrants wept,
Forgetting still how often hearers slept.
Perhaps, for change, you, now and then, by fits,
Are told that critics are the bane of wits;
How they turn vampires, being dead and damn'd,
And with the blood of living bards are cramm'd:
That poets thus tormented die, and then
The devil gets in them, and they suck agen.
Thus modern bards, like Bayes, their prologues frame,
For this, and that, and every play the same,
Which you, most justly, neither praise nor blame.
As something must be spoke, no matter what;
No friends are now by prologues lost or got;
By such harangues we raise nor spleen, nor pity—
Thus ends this idle, but important ditty.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Old Laroon, ...	MR. YATES.
Young Laroon, ...	MR. MOZEEN.
Father Martin, ...	MR. TASWELL.
Old Jourdain, ...	MR. NEALE.

WOMEN.

Isabel, ...	MRS. RIDOUT.
Beatrice, ...	MISS ROYER.

SCENE, TOULON.

N.B. Those lines marked thus ' are left out in the acting.

THE

DEBAUCHEES;

OR,

THE JESUIT CAUGHT.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

SCENE, MR. JOURDAIN'S.

ISABEL, BEATRICE.

ISABEL.

A NUNNERY! Ha, ha, ha! and is it possible, my dear Beatrice, you can intend to sacrifice your youth and beauty, to go out of the world as soon as you come into it?

Beat. No one, my dear Isabel, can sacrifice too much, or too soon, to Heaven!

Isa. Pshaw! Heaven regards hearts and not faces, and an old woman will be as acceptable a sacrifice as a young one.

Beat. It is possible you may come to a better understanding, and value the world as little as I do.

'*Isa.* As you say, it is possible, when I can enjoy it no 'longer, I may; nay, I do not care if I promise you, 'when I grow old and ugly, I'll come and keep you 'company: but this I am positive, till the world is 'weary of me, I never shall be weary of the world.'

Beat. What can a woman of sense see in this world worth her valuing?

Isa. Oh! ten thousand pretty things! Equipage, cards, music, plays, balls. flattery, visits, and that prettiest thing, of all pretty things, a pretty fellow.—'I 'rather wonder what charms a woman of any spirit can 'fancy in a nunnery, in watching, working, praying, and 'sometimes, I am afraid, wishing for other company than 'that of an old fusty friar.'——Oh! 'tis a delightful state, when every man one sees, instead of tempting us to sin, is to rebuke us for them!

'*Beat.* Such sentiments as these would indeed make 'you very uneasy——but believe me, child, you would 'soon bring yourself to hate mankind; fasting and 'praying are the best cures in the world for these violent 'passions.

'*Isa.* On my conscience I should want neither; if the 'continual sight of a set of dirty priests would not bring 'me to abhor mankind, I dare swear nothing could.'

SCENE II.

OLD LAROON, ISABEL, BEATRICE.

Old Lar. Good morrow, my little wagtail——my grasshopper, my butterfly. Odso! you little baggage, you look as full of——as full of love, and sport and wantonness——I wish I was a young fellow again——Oh! that I was but five and twenty for thy sake. Where's my boy? What, has not he been with you, has not he serenaded you?—Ods-heart I never let his mother sleep for a month before I married her.

Isa. Indeed!

Old Lar. No, Madam, nor for a month afterwards neither. The young fellows of this age are nothing,

mere butterflies, to those of ours.——Ods-heart, I remember the time when I could have taken a hop, step, and jump over the steeple of Nôtre Dame.

Beat. I fancy the sparks of your age had wings, Sir.

Old Lar. Wings, you little baggage, no——but they had—they had limbs like elephants, and as strong they were as Samson, and as swift as—Why, I have myself run down a stag in a fair chase, and eat him afterwards for my dinner. But come, where is my old neighbour, my old friend, my old Jourdain?

Isa. At his devotions, I suppose; this is the hour he generally employs in them.

Old Lar. This hour! ay, all hours. I dare swear he spends more time in them than all the priests in Toulon. Well, give him his due, he was wicked as long as he could be so; and when he could sin no longer, why he began to repent that he had sinned at all. Oh! there is nothing so devout as an old whoremaster.

Beat. I fancy then it will be shortly time for you to think of it, Sir!

Old Lar. Ay, Madam, about some thirty or forty years hence it may——Ods-heart! I am but in the prime of my years yet: 'And if it was not for a saucy 'young rascal, who looks me in the face and calls me 'father, might make a very good figure among the 'beaus. But though I am not so young in years, I am 'in constitution, as any of them;' and I don't question but to live to see a son and a great grandson both born on the same day.

Isa. You will excuse this lady, Mr. Laroon, who is going to retire so much earlier——

Old Lar. Retire!——Then it is with a young fellow, I hope.

Isa. Into a cloister, I assure you.

Old Lar. A cloister!—Why, Madam, if you have a

mind to hang yourself at the year's end, would it not be better to spend your time in matrimony than in a nunnery? Don't let a set of rascally priests put strange notions in your head. Take my word for it, and I am a very honest fellow, there are no raptures worth a louse, but those in the arms of a brisk young cavalier. Of all the actions of my youth, there are none I reflect on with so much pleasure as having burnt half a dozen nunneries, and delivered several hundred virgins out of captivity.

Beat. Oh! villany! unheard-of villany!

Isa. Unheard-of till this moment, I dare swear.

Old Lar. Out of which number there are at present nine countesses, three duchesses, and a queen, who owe their liberty and their promotion to this arm.

SCENE III.

OLD LAROON, YOUNG LAROON, ISABEL, BEATRICE.

Old Lar. You are a fine spark, truly, to let your father visit your mistress before you—'Sdeath! I believe you are no son of mine. Where have you been, Sir? What have you been doing, Sir, hey?

Yo. Lar. Sir, I have been at my devotions.

Old Lar. At your devotions! nay, then you are no son of mine, that's certain. Is not this the shrine you are to offer up at, sirrah? Is not here the altar you are to officiate at?—Sirrah! you have no blood of mine in you. I believe you are the bastard of some travelling English alderman, and must have come into the world with a custard in your mouth.

Yo. Lar. I hope, Madam, you will allow my excuse, though the old gentleman here will not.

Old Lar. Old gentleman! very fine! Sirrah! I'll convince you I am a young gentleman; I'll marry to-night, and make you a brother before you are a father; I'll teach you to thrust him out of the world that thrust you into it.—Madam! have no more to say to the ungracious dog.

Yo. Lar. That will be a sure way to quit all obligations between us; for the happiness I propose in this lady is the chief reason why I should thank you for bringing me into the world.

Old Lar. What's that you say, Sir? Say that again, Sir.

Yo. Lar. I was only thanking you, Sir, for desiring this lady to take from me all I esteem on earth.

Old Lar. Well enough that! I begin to think him my own again. I have made that very speech to half the women in Paris.

SCENE IV.

To them MARTIN.

Mart. Peace be with you all, good people.

Old Lar. Peace cannot stay long in any place where a priest comes. [*Aside.*

Mart. Daughter, I am ready to receive your confession——

Old Lar. Ay, ay, she has a fine parcel of sinful thoughts to answer for, I warrant her.

Mart. Mr. Laroon, you are too much inclined to slander, I must reprove you for it. My daughter's thoughts are as pure as a saint's.

Old Lar. As any saint's in Christendom within a day of matrimony.

Mart. Within a day of matrimony! it is too quick, I have not yet had sufficient time to prepare her mind for that solemn sacrament.

Old Laroon. Prepare her mind for a young fellow; prepare your mind for a bishopric.

Mart. Sir, there are ceremonies requisite; I shall be as expeditious as possible, but the church has rules.

Old Lar. Sir, you may be as expeditious or as slow as you please, but I will not have my boy disappointed of his happiness, one day, for all the rules in Europe.

SCENE V.

MARTIN, ISABEL.

Mart. I shall bring this haughtiness to a penance you may not like. Well, my dear daughter, I hope your account is not long. You have not many articles since our last reckoning.

Isa. I wish you do not think it so, father. First, telling nine lies at the opera the other night to Mr. Laroon; yesterday talk'd during the whole mass to a young cavalier. [*He groans.*] Nay, if you groan already, I shall make you groan more before I have done; last night cheated at cards, scandalized three of my acquaintance, went to bed without saying my prayers, and dreamt of Mr. Laroon.

Mart. Oh!——Tell me the particulars of that dream.

Isa. Nay, father, that I must be excus'd.

Mart. Modesty at confession is as unseasonable as in bed; and your mind should appear as naked to your confessor, as your person to your husband.

Isa. I thought he embraced me with the utmost tenderness.

Mart. But were you pleased therewith?

Isa. You know, father, a lie now would be the greatest of sins. I was not displeased, I assure you. But I have often heard you say, there is no sin in love.

Mart. No, in love itself there is not: love is not Malum in se. Nor in the excess is there sometimes any; but then it must be rightly placed, must be directed to a proper object. The love a daughter bears her confessor is no doubt not only innocent, but extremely laudable.

Isa. Yes, but that—that is another sort of love, you know.

Mart. You are deceived; there is but one sort of love which is justifiable, or, indeed, desirable.

Isa. I hope my love for Laroon is that.

Mart. That I know not, I wish it may: however, I have some dispute as yet remaining with me concerning it; 'till that be satisfied, it will be improper for you 'to proceed any further in the affair.' All the penance, therefore, I shall enjoin you on this confession, is to defer your marriage one week; by which time I shall have resolved within myself whether you shall marry him at all.

Isa. Not marry him at all? Sure, father, you are not in earnest?

Mart. I never jest on these occasions.

Isa. What reason can you have?

Mart. My reasons may not be so ripe for your ears at present. But, perhaps, better things are designed for you.

Isa. A fiddle stick! I tell you, father, better things cannot be designed for me. 'I suppose you have found 'out some old fellow with twenty livres a year more 'in his power; but I can assure you, if I marry not 'Laroon, I'll not marry any.

'*Mart.* Perhaps you are not designed to marry any. 'Let me feel your pulse—Extremely feverish.

'*Isa.* You are enough to put any one in a fever. I 'was to have been married to-morrow to a pretty fellow, 'and now I must defer my marriage, till you have 'consider'd whether I shall marry at all or no.'

Mart. Have you any more sins to confess?

'*Isa.* Sins! You have put all my sins out of my 'head, I think.'

Mart. Benedicite—[*Crossing himself.*] Daughter, you shall see me soon again, for great things are in agitation: at present, I leave you to your prayers.

SCENE VI.

ISABEL *alone.*

Sure never poor maid had more need of prayers: but you have left me no great stomach to them. Great things are in agitation! What can he mean? 'It 'must be so—Some old liquorish rogue, with a title 'or a larger estate, hath a mind to supplant my dear 'Laroon.'

SCENE VII.

YOUNG LAROON, ISABEL.

Yo. Lar. My Isabel, my sweet!—how painfully do I count each tedious hour, till I can call you mine!

Isa. Indeed, you are like to count many more tedious hours than you imagine.

Yo. Lar. Ha! What means my love?

Isa. I would not have your wishes too impatient,

that's all; but if you will wait a week, you shall know whether I intend to marry you or not.

Yo. Lar. And is this possible? Can words like these fall from Isabel's sweet lips; can she be false, inconstant, perjur'd?

Isa. Oh, do not discharge such a volley of terrible names upon me before you are certain I deserve them; doubt only whether I can be obedient to my confessor, and guess the rest.

Yo. Lar. Can he have enjoined you to be perjured; by Heaven it would be sinful to obey him.

Isa. Be satisfied, if I prevail with myself to obey him in this week's delay, I will carry my obedience no farther.

'*Yo. Lar.* Oh! to what happiness have those dear 'words restor'd me. I am again myself: for while the 'possession of thee is sure, though distant, there is 'in that dear hope more transport than any other actual 'enjoyment can afford.

'*Isa.* Well, adieu, and to cram you quite full with 'hope (since you like the food) I here promise you, that 'the commands of all the priests in France shall not 'force me to marry another.' That is, Sir, I will either marry you or die a maid; and I have no violent inclination to the latter, on the word of a virgin.

SCENE VIII.

YOUNG LAROON, *solus.*

Whether a violent hatred to my father, or an inordinate love for mischief, hath set the priest on this affair, I know not. Perhaps it is the former——for the old gentleman hath the happiness of being universally hated by every priest in Toulon.——Let a man abuse a physician,

he makes another physician his friend; let him rail at a lawyer, another will plead his cause gratis; if he libel this courtier, that courtier receives him into his bosom: but let him once attack a hornet or a priest, the whole nest of hornets, and the whole regiment of black-guards are sure to be upon him.

SCENE IX.

OLD LAROON, *laughing*, YOUNG LAROON.

Yo. Lar. You are merry, Sir.

Old Lar. Merry, Sir! Ay, Sir! I am merry, Sir. Would you have your father sad, you rascal? Have you a mind to bury him in his youth?

Yo. Lar. Pardon me, Sir, I rather wish to know the happy occasion of your mirth.

Old Lar. The occasion of my mirth, Sir, is the saddest sight that ever mortal beheld.

Yo. Lar. A very odd occasion indeed.

Old Lar. Very odd truly. It is the sight of an old honest whoremaster in a fit of despair, and a damn'd rogue of a priest riding him to the devil.

Yo. Lar. Ay, Sir; but I have seen a more melancholy sight.

Old Lar. Ha! what can that be?

Yo. Lar. A fine young lady in a fit of love, and a priest keeping her from her lover.

Old Lar. How?

Yo. Lar. The explanation of which is, that Father Martin hath put off our match for a week.

Old Lar. Put off your match with Isabel!

Yo. Lar. Even so, Sir.

Old Lar. Well, I never made a hole in a gown yet, I never have tapped a priest: but if I don't let out

some reverend blood before the sun sets, may I never see him rise again. I'll carbonade the villain, I'll make a ragout for the devil's supper of him.

Yo. Lar. Let me intreat you, Sir, to do nothing rashly, as long as I am safe in the faith of my Isabel.

Old Lar. I tell you, sirrah, no man is safe in the faith of a mistress, no one is secure of a woman till he is in bed with her. 'Had there been any security 'in the faith of a mistress, I had been at present mar-'ried to half the duchesses in France.' I no more rely on what a woman says out of a church, than on what a priest says in it.

'*Yo. Lar.* Pardon me, Sir: but I should have very 'little appetite to marry the woman whom I had such 'an opinion of.

'*Old Lar.* You had an opinion of! What business 'have you to have any opinion? Is it not enough that 'I have an opinion of her, that is, of her fortune.—But 'I suppose you are one of those romantic, whining cox-'combs, that are in love with a woman behind her 'back:' sirrah, I have had two women lawfully, and two thousand unlawfully, and never was in love in my life.

'*Yo. Lar.* Well, Sir, then I am happy, that we both 'agree in the same person; I like the woman, and you 'her fortune.

'*Old Lar.* Yes, you dog, and I'd have you secure her 'as soon as you can: for if a greater fortune should be 'found out in Toulon, I'd make you marry her.'——So go find out your mistress, and stick close to her, and I'll go seek the priest, whom, if I can find, I will stick close to with a vengeance.

SCENE X. *Another Apartment.*

JOURDAIN, MARTIN.

Jourd. Alas! father, there is one sin sticks by me more than any I have confessed to you. It is so enormous a one, my shame hath prevented me discovering it ——I have often concealed my crimes from my confessor.

Mart. That is a damnable sin indeed. It seemeth to argue a distrust of the church, the greatest of all crimes; a sin I fear the church cannot forgive.

Jourd. Oh! say not so, father!

Mart. I should have said, will not, or not without difficulty; for the church can do all things.

Jourd. That is some comfort again.

Mart. I hope, however, though you have not confessed them, you have not forgotten them; for they must be confessed before they can be forgiven.

Jourd. I hope I shall recollect them, they are a black roll——I remember I was once the occasion of ruining a woman's reputation by shewing a letter from her.

Mart. If you had shewn it to the priest, it had been no fault.

Jourd. Alas! Sir, I wrote the letter to myself, and thus traduced the innocent. I afterwards commanded a company of grenadiers at the taking of a town, where I knocked a poor old gentleman on the head for the sake of his money, and ravished his daughter.

Mart. These are crying sins indeed.

Jourd. At the same time I robbed a Jesuit of two pistoles.

Mart. Oh! damnable! Oh! execrable!

Jourd. 'Good father, have patience: I once borrow'd

'five hundred livres of an honest citizen in Paris, and 'repaid him by lying with his wife: and what sits 'nearest my heart, was forc'd to pay a young cavalier 'the same sum, by suffering him to lie with mine.

'*Mart.* Oh!

'*Jourd.* And yet what are these to what I have done 'since I commenced merchant? What have I not done 'to get a penny? I insured a ship for a great value, 'and then cast it away;' I broke when I was worth a hundred thousand livres, and went over to London. I settled there, renounced my religion, and was made a justice of peace.

Mart. Oh! that seat of heresy and damnation! that whore of Babylon!

Jourd. With the whores of Babylon did I unite: I protected them from justice: gaming-houses and bawdy-houses did I license, nay, and frequent too: I never punished any vice but poverty: for oh! I dread to name it, I once committed a priest to Newgate for picking pockets.

Mart. Oh! monstrous! horrible! dreadful! I'll hear no more. Thou art damn'd without reprieve.

Jourd. Take pity, father, take pity on a penitent.

Mart. Pity! the church abhors it. 'Twere mercy to such a wretch to pray him into Purgatory.

Jourd. I'll give all my estates to the church, I'll found monasteries, I'll build abbies.

Mart. All will not do, ten thousand masses will not deliver you.

Jourd. Was ever such a miserable wretch?

Mart. Thou hast sins enough to damn thy whole family. Monstrous impiety! to lift up the hand of justice against the church.

Jourd. Oh speak some comfort to me: will no penance expiate my crime?

Mart. It is too grievous for a single penance; go settle your estate on the church, and send your daughter to a nunnery, her prayers will avail more than yours: Heaven hears the young and innocent with pleasure. I will, myself, say four masses a day for you; and all these, I hope, will purchase your forgiveness; at least your stay in purgatory will be short.

Jourd. My daughter! she is to be married to-morrow, and I shall never prevail on her.

Mart. You must force her. Your all depends on it.

Jourd. But I have already sworn I will not force her.

Mart. The church absolves you from that oath, and it were now impiety to keep it. Go, lose not a moment, see her entered with the utmost expedition; she may put it out of your power.

Jourd. What a poor miserable wretch am I!

SCENE XI.

MARTIN, *solus.*

Thou art a miserable wretch indeed! and it is on such miserable wretches depends our power: that superstition which tears thy bowels feeds ours. This nunnery is a masterpiece; let me but once shut up my dear Isabel from every other man, and the warmth of her constitution may be my very powerful friend. How far am I got already from the very brink of despair by the despair of this old fool. Superstition, I adore thee.

Thou handle to the cheated layman's mind,
By which in fetters priestcraft leads mankind.

ACT II.—SCENE I.

JOURDAIN, ISABEL.

JOURDAIN.

HAVE you no compassion for your father, for him that gave you being? Could you bear to hear me howl in Purgatory?

Isa. Lud! papa! Do you think your putting me into Purgatory in this world will save you from Purgatory in the next? 'If you have any sins, you must repent of 'them yourself; for I give you my word, I have enough 'to do to repent of my own.

'*Jourd.* You will soon wipe off that score, and will be 'then in a place where you cannot contract a new one.

'*Isa.* Indeed, Sir, to shut a woman out from sin is not 'so easy. But, dear Sir, how can it enter into your 'head, that my penance can be acceptable for your sin?' Take my word, one week's fasting will be of more service to you than this long fast you would enjoin me.

Jourd. Alas! child, if fasting would do, I am sure I have not been wanting to my duty; I have fasted till I am almost worn away to nothing; I have almost fasted myself into Purgatory, while I was fasting myself out of it.

Isa. But whence comes all this apprehension of your danger?

Jourd. Whence should it come, but from the church.

Isa. Oh! Sir, I have thought of the most lucky thing. You know my cousin Beatrice is just going into a nunnery, and she will pray for you as much as you would have her.

Jourd. Trifle not with so serious a concern. No prayers but yours will ever do me good.

Isa. Then you shall have them any where but in a nunnery.

Jourd. They must be there too.

Isa. That will be impossible; for if I was there, instead of praying you out of Purgatory, my prayers would be all bent to pray myself out of the nunnery again.

SCENE II.

OLD LAROON, JOURDAIN, ISABEL.

Old Lar. A dog, a villain, put off my son's match! Mr. Jourdain, your servant; will you suffer a rogue of a Jesuit to defer your daughter's marriage a whole week?

Jourd. I am sorry, Mr. Laroon, for the disappointment, but her marriage will be deferred longer than that.

Old Lar. How, Sir?

Jourd. She is intended for another marriage, Sir; a much better match.

Old Lar. A much better match!——

Isa. Yes, Sir, I am to be sent to a nunnery, to pray my father out of Purgatory.

Old Lar. Oh! Ho!—We'll make that matter very easy: he shall have no fear of Purgatory; for I'll send him to the devil this moment. Come, Sir, draw, draw——

Jourd. Draw what, Sir?

Old Lar. Draw your sword, Sir.

Jourd. Alas, Sir, I have long since done with swords; I have broken my sword long since.

Old Lar. Then I shall break your head, you old rogue.

Jourd. Heyday——you are mad; what's the matter?

Old Lar. Oh! no matter, no matter; you have used me ill, and you are a son of a whore, that's all.

Jourd. I would not, Mr. Laroon, have my conscience accuse me of using you ill: I would not have preferred any earthly match to your son, but if heaven requires her——

Old Lar. I shall run mad.

Jourd. I hope my daughter has grace enough to make an atonement for her father's sins.

Old Lar. And so you would atone for all your former rogueries by a greater, by perverting the design of nature! Was this girl intended for praying? Harkye, old gentleman, let the young couple together, and they'll sacrifice their first fruits to the church.

Jourd. It is impossible.

Old Lar. Well, Sir, then I shall attempt to persuade you no longer; so, Sir, I desire you would fetch your sword.

SCENE III.

YOUNG LAROON *in a Friar's habit*, OLD LAROON, JOURDAIN.

Yo. Lar. Let peace be in this house——Where is the sinner Jourdain?

Jourd. Here is the miserable wretch.

Old Lar. Death and the devil, another priest.

Yo. Lar. Then know I am thy friend, and am come to save thee from destruction.

Old Lar. That's likely enough.

Yo. Lar. St. Francis, the patron of our order, hath sent me on this journey, to caution thee, that thou may not suffer thy sinful daughter to profane the holy veil. Such was, it seems, thy purpose; but the perdition that would have attended it, I dread to think on. Rejoice, therefore, and prostrate thyself at the shrine of a saint,

who has not only sent thee this caution, but does himself intercede for all thy sins.

Old Lar. Agad! and St. Francis is a very honest fellow, and thou art the first priest that ever I lik'd in my whole life.

Jourd. St. Francis honours me too much. I shall try to deserve the favour of that saint. But wherefore is my daughter denied the holy veil?

Yo. Lar. Your daughter, I am concerned to say it, is now with child by a young gentleman, one Mr. Laroon.

Jourd. Oh, Heavens!

Old Lar. What's that you say, Sir, because I thought I heard somewhat of a damn'd lie come out of your mouth.

Yo. Lar. Sir, it is St. Francis speaks within me, and he cannot be mistaken.

Old Lar. I can tell you, Sir, if that young gentleman had heard you, he would certainly have thrashed St. Francis out of you.

Yo. Lar. Sir, you have nothing to do now but to prepare the match with the utmost expedition.

Old Lar. This St. Francis must lie, or the boy would not be so eager upon the affair: no one is ever eager to sign articles when they have entered the town.—Well, Master Jourdain, if the young dog has tripp'd up your daughter's heels in an unlawful way, as St. Francis says, why he shall make her amends and—and do it in a lawful one. So I'll go see for my son, while you go and comfort the poor chicken that is pining for fear of a nunnery—Ods-heart, it would be very hard indeed, when a girl has once had her belly full, that she must fast all her life afterwards.

Yo. Lar. I have delivered my commission, and shall now return to my convent——Farewell, and return thanks to St. Francis.

Jourd. Oh! St. Francis! St. Francis! What a merciful Saint art thou!

[*Here begins the Second Act, as it is now play'd.*]

SCENE IV. *Another Apartment.*

MARTIN, ISABEL.

Mart. Indeed, child, there are pleasures in a retired life, which you are entirely ignorant of. Nay, there are indulgences granted to people in that state which would be sinful out of it. 'And, perhaps, the same liberties 'are permitted them with one person, which are deny'd 'them with another.' Come, put on a cheerful countenance, you don't know what you are design'd for.

Isa. No, but I know what I am not design'd for.

Mart. Let me feel your pulse.

Isa. You are a physician as well as a priest, I suppose.

Mart. Have you never any odd dreams?

Isa. No.

Mart. Do you never find any strange emotions?

Isa. No. None but what I believe are very natural.

Mart. Strange that——Did you never see me in your sleep?

Isa. I never dream of a priest, I assure you.

Mart. Nay, nay; be candid, confess, perhaps there may be nothing so sinful in it. We cannot help what we are design'd for. 'We are only passive, and the sin lies not 'at our doors. While you are only passive, I'll answer 'for your sins.'

Isa. What do you mean?

Mart. That you must not yet know——Great things are design'd for you, very great things are design'd for you.

Isa. (Hum! I begin to guess what is design'd for me.) [*Aside.*

'*Mart.* Those eyes have a fire in them that scarce 'seems mortal.—Come hither——give me a kiss——ha! 'there is a sweetness in that breath like what I have 'read of Ambrosia. That bosom heaves like those 'priestesses of old, when big with inspiration.

'*Isa.* (Hoity-toity —— Are you thereabouts, good 'father?') [*Aside.*

Mart. Let me embrace thee, my dear daughter, let me give thee joy of such promotion, such happiness as will attend you.

Isa. I'll try this reverend gentleman his own way. [*Aside.*

Mart. You must resign yourself up to my will, you must be passive in all things.

Isa. Oh! let me thus beg pardon on my knees, for an offence which modesty occasioned.

Mart. Ha! speak.

Isa. Oh! I see it is in vain to hide my secrets from you. What need have I to confess what you already know?

Mart. Confession was intended for the sake of the penitent, not the confessor: for to the church all things are revealed.

Isa. Oh! then I had a dream —— I dreamt —— I dreamt——oh! I can never tell you what I dreamt.

'*Mart.* Horrible!

'*Isa.* I dreamt——I dreamt——I dreamt'——

Mart. Oh! the strength of sin!

Isa. I dreamt I was brought to bed of the pope.

Mart. The very happiness I meant; let me embrace you, let me kiss you, my dear daughter: henceforth you may defy Purgatory——the mother of a pope was never there.

Isa. But how can that be, when I am to be a nun, father?

Mart. Leave the means to me. Learn only to be passive, the church will work the rest. A pope is always the son of a nun. Go you to your chamber, wash yourself, then pray devoutly, shut every ray of light out, leave open the door, and expect the consequence.

Isa. Father, I shall be obedient—Oh! the villain!

Mart. Be passive and be happy.

SCENE V.

JOURDAIN, MARTIN, ISABEL.

Mart. Why this unseasonable interruption, while your daughter is at confession?

Jourd. Oh, father, I have brought you news will make you happy, will rejoice your poor heart. My daughter is redeemed.

Mart. Out of Purgatory——vain man! dost thou think to inform the church?

Jourd. I suppose St. Francis has been beforehand with me. Indeed I should have imagined that before; for we seldom hear any thing from the saints, but through the mouth of a priest.

Mart. (What does he mean?) [*Aside.*

Jourd. Well, daughter, the thoughts of a nunnery now give you no uneasiness.

Mart. No, no, she is perfectly reconciled to it, and I am confident, would not quit the nunnery for the bed of a prince.

Jourd. Ha! would not quit the nunnery, Heaven forbid.

Mart. How! you are not mad!

Jourd. Unless with joy. I thought you had known that I have received an order from St. Francis to marry my daughter immediately.

Mart. 'Oh! folly!' to marry her immediately; why ay, to marry her to the church, St. Francis means. You see into what errors the laity run, when they go without the leading-strings of the church, 'and would 'interpret for themselves what they know nothing of.'

Isa. I'll take this opportunity to steal off, and communicate a design of mine to young Laroon, which may draw this priest into a snare he little dreams of. [*Aside.*

Jourd. But I cannot see how that should be St. Francis's meaning; for though my daughter may be married to the church in a figurative sense, sure she cannot be with child by the church in a literal one.

Mart. I see the business now, unhappy man! I was in hopes to have prevented this—*Exorcizo te. Exorcizo te,* Satan. *Ton Dapamibominos prosephe podas ocus Achilleus.*

Jourd. Bless us, what mean you?

Mart. You are possessed; the devil has taken possession of you; he is now within you, I saw him just now look out of your eyes.

Jourd. O miserable wretch that I am.

SCENE VI.

OLD LAROON, YOUNG LAROON, JOURDAIN, MARTIN.

Old Lar. Mr. Jourdain, your servant. Where is my daughter-in-law? I'll warrant she will easily forgive one day's forwarding the match. Odso, it's an error of the right side.

Jourd. Talk not to me of my daughter, I am possessed, I am possessed.

Old Lar. Possessed—what the Devil are you possessed with?

Jourd. I am possessed with the Devil.

Old Lar. You are possess'd with a priest, and that's worse. Come, let's have the wedding, and, at night, we'll drive the devil out of you with a fiddle. The Devil is a great lover of music. I have known half a dozen devils dance out of a man's mouth at the tuning a violin, then present the company with a hornpipe, and so dance a jig through the keyhole.

Mart. Thou art the Devil's son; for he is the father of liars.

Old Lar. Thou art the Devil's footman, and wearest his proper livery.

Jourd. Fie upon you, Mr. Laroon; fie upon you.

Mart. Mr. Laroon! O surprising effect of possession ——Here is nobody.

Jourd. Can I not believe my eyes!

Mart. Can you not! no—you are to believe mine. The eyes of the laity may err, the eyes of a priest cannot.

Jourd. And do not I see Mr. Laroon and his son?

Mart. You see neither. It is the spirit within you that represents to your eyes and ears what objects it pleases.

Jourd. Oh! miserable wretch.

Old Lar. Agad I'll try whether I am nobody or no, and whether I cannot make this priest sensible that I am somebody.

Yo. Lar. For Heaven's sake, Sir, consider the consequence.

Old Lar. Consequence! do you think I'll suffer a rascal to prove me nothing at all to my face?

Jourd. And is it possible all this is a vision?

Mart. Retire to rest—While I, by the force and battery of prayer, expel this dreadful guest.

Jourd. Oh! what a miserable wretch am I!

SCENE VII.

OLD LAROON, YOUNG LAROON, MARTIN.

Old Lar. Harkye, Sir, will you please to tell me what this great impudence of yours means, and what you intend by annihilating me?

Mart. It were happy for such sinners that they could be annihilated; 'It were worth you two hundred thou-'sand masses, take my word for it.

'*Old Lar.* It were happy for such rascals as you, 'sirrah, that all honesty was annihilated.

'*Yo. Lar.* But pray, father, what reasons have you 'for preventing my match with Isabel?

'*Mart.* Reasons, young gentleman, that are not proper 'for your ears. Isabel is intended for a better bride-'groom than you.

'*Old Lar.* How, sirrah! how! do you disparage my 'son; do you run down my boy?' Harkye, either make up affairs between them immediately, exert thyself in thy proper office, and hold the door, or I'll blow up thy convent; I'll burn your garrison, and disband such a set of black locusts, as shall rob and pillage all Toulon.

Mart. I contemn thy threats. The saints defend their ministers.

Old Lar. The saints defend their ministers! the laws defend them: St. Wheel, and St. Prison, and St. Gibbet, and St. Fagot; these are the saints that defend you. If you had no defence but from the saints in the other world, you'd few of you stay long in this. If you had

no other arms than your beads, you'd have shortly no other food.

Mart. Oh slanderous! Oh impious! some judgment cannot be far off.

Old Lar. When a priest is so near—sirrah!

SCENE VIII.

ISABEL, *to them.*

Mart. Daughter, fly from this wicked place; the breath of sin has infected it, 'and two gallons of holy water will 'scarce purify the air.'

Isa. Oh! Heavens! what's the matter, father?

Old Lar. Why, the matter is, this gentleman in black here, for reasons best known to himself, and another gentleman in black, has thought fit to forbid your marriage.

Isa. What the saints please.

Old Lar. Hoity-toity, what, has he filled your head with the saints too.

Isa. Oh Sir! I have had such dreams.

Old Lar. Dreams! Ha, ha, ha! the devil's in it, if a girl just going to be married should not have dreams. But they were dreams the saints had nothing to do with, I warrant you.

'*Isa.* Such visions of saints appearing to me, and 'advising me to a nunnery.

'*Old Lar.* Impossible! impossible! for I have had 'visions too: I have been ordered by half a dozen 'saints to see you married with the utmost expedition; 'and a very honest saint, whose name I forgot, came 'to me about an hour ago, and swore heartily if you 'were not married within this week, he'd lead you to 'purgatory in a fortnight.

'*Mart.* Oh! grievous!

'*Isa.* Can there be such contradictions?

'*Old Lar.* Pshaw! pshaw! Yours was a dream, and 'so to be understood backwards; mine, a true vision, 'therefore to be believed. Why, child, I have been a 'famous seer of visions in my time. Would you believe 'it? While I was in the army, there never was a battle, 'but I saw it some time before hand. I have had an 'intimate familiarity with the saints, I know them all: 'there is not one of them could be capable of saying 'such a thing.'

Isa. Oh! Sir, I saw, and heard, and must believe; for none but the church can contradict our senses.

Old Lar. So, so! the distemper's hereditary, I find: the daughter is as full of the church as the father. Come away, son, come away: I would not have thee marry into such a family; I should be grandfather to a race of greasy priests. 'Sdeath! this girl will be brought to bed of a pope one day or other.

Isa. 'Tis out, 'tis out.

Mart. Oh! prodigious! that such a saint should prophesy truth through those lips, whence the devil has been thundering so many lies.

Old Lar. What truth, Sir? what truth?

Isa. Oh! Sir, the blessing you mentioned has been promised me! I am to give a pope to the world.

Old Lar. Are you so, Madam? He shall have no blood of mine in him: I'm resolv'd I'll never ask blessings of a grandson. Come away, Jack, come away, I say; let us leave the devil's son, and the pope's mother together.

Yo. Lar. Remember, my Isabel, I only live in the hopes of seeing you mine.

SCENE IX.

MARTIN, ISABEL.

Mart. It were better thou shou'dst howl in Purgatory ten thousand years, than ever see that day. Oh! that we had but an inquisition in France. Burning four or five hundred such fellows in a morning, would be the best way of deterring others. Religion loves to warm itself at the fire of a heretic.

Isa. Fire is as necessary to keep our minds warm as our bodies, father: and 'burning a heretic is really a 'very great service done to himself; a fagot is a purge 'for a sick soul, and a heretic is obliged to the priest 'who applies it.'

Mart. There spoke the spirit of zeal: let me embrace thee, my little saint; for such thou wilt be, let me kiss thee with the pure affection of a confessor——Ha! there is something divine in these lips, let me taste them again; are you sure you have drank no holy water this morning?

Isa. None, upon my word.

Mart. Let me smell a third time. There. *Numero Deus impare gaudet.* Depend on it, child, very great happiness will attend you. But be sure to observe my directions in every thing.

Isa. I shall, father. I did as you commanded me this morning.

Mart. Well, and did you perceive any great alterations in yourself? any extraordinary emotion?

Isa. I cannot say I did.

Mart. Hum! Spirits have their own times of operation; which must be diligently watch'd for. 'Perhaps 'your good genius was at that time otherwise employ'd.

'Repeat the ceremony often, and my life on the success.' Let me see, about an hour hence will be a very good season. Be ready to receive him, and, I firmly believe, the spirit will come to you.

Isa. Oh lud! father, I shall be frighted out of my wits at the sight of a spirit.

Mart. You will see nothing frightful, take my word for it.

Isa. I hope he won't appear in any horrible shape.

Mart. Hum——That is to be averted by *Ave Maries.* As this is a very spirit, I dare say you may prevail on him to take what shape you please. Perhaps your father; or if you cannot prevail for a layman, I dare swear you may at least pray him into the shape of your confessor: and though I must suffer pain on that account I am ready to undergo it for your service.

Isa. I am infinitely obliged to my dear father; I'll prepare myself for this vast happiness, and nothing shall be wanting on my part, I assure you.

Mart. And if any thing be wanting on mine, may I never say mass again, or never be paid for masses I have not said. 'Either this girl has extraordinary simplicity, 'or, what is more likely, extraordinary cunning; she 'does not seem averse to my kisses. Why should I not 'imagine she sees and approves of my design? Well, 'I'll say this for the sex; let a man but invent any 'excuse for the sin, and they are all ready to undertake 'it.' How happy is a priest,

> Who can the blushing maid's resistance smother,
> With sin in one hand, pardon in the other.

ACT III.—SCENE I.

SCENE, ISABEL'S *Apartment.*

YOUNG LAROON, ISABEL.

YOUNG LAROON.

PERDITION seize the villain; may all the torments of twenty inquisitions rack his soul!

Isa. Act your part well, and we shall not want his own weapons against him.

Yo. Lar. Sure it is impossible he can intend it—

Isa. Shall I make the experiment?

Yo. Lar. I shall never be able to forbear murdering him.

Isa. You shall promise not to commit any violence, you know too well what will be the consequence of that. 'Let us sufficiently convict him, and leave his punish-'ment to the law.

'*Yo. Lar.* And I know too well what will be the con-'sequence of that. There seems to be a combination 'between priests and lawyers; the lawyers are to save 'the priests from punishment for their rogueries in this 'world, and the priests the lawyers in the next.'

Isa. However, the same law that screens him for having injured you, will punish you for having done justice to him. [*Knocking at the door.*

Isa. Oh! Heavens! the priest is at the door. What shall we do?

Yo. Lar. Damn him: I'll stay here and confront him.

Isa. Oh! no, by no means; for once, I'll attack him

in his own way; so the moment he opens the door, do you run out, and leave the rest to me.

[*She throws herself into a chair, and shrieks, Young* Laroon *overturns* Martin.

SCENE II.

MARTIN, ISABEL.

Mart. I am slain, I am overlaid, I am murdered. Oh! daughter, daughter, is this your patient expectation of the spirit?

Isa. It has been here, it has been here.

Mart. What has been here?

Isa. Oh! the spirit, the spirit. It has been here this half hour; and just as you came in, it vanished away in a clap of thunder, and I thought would have taken the room with it.

Mart. I thought it would have taken me with it, I am sure. Spirit, indeed! there are abundance of such spirits as these in Toulon. And pray, how have the spirit and you employed your time this half hour?

Isa. Oh don't ask me: it is impossible to tell you.

Mart. Ay, 'tis needless too: for I can give a shrewd guess. I suppose you like his company.

Isa. Oh! so well, that I could wish he would visit me ten times every day.

'*Mart.* Oh, oh! and in the same shape too.

'*Isa.* Oh! I should like him in any shape; and I dare 'swear he'll come in any shape too; for he is the purest, 'sweetest, most complaisant spirit! I could have almost 'sworn it had been Mr. Laroon himself.

'*Mart.* Was there ever such a——'

Isa. Nay, when it came in first, it behaved just like Mr. Laroon, and call'd itself by his name; but when it

found I did not answer a word it took me by the hand, and cried, 'Is it possible you can be angry with your 'Laroon!' I answer'd not a word; then it kissed me a hundred times; I said nothing still; it caught me in its arms, and embrac'd me passionately; I still behaved as you commanded me, very passive.

'*Mart.* Oh! the devil, the devil! Was ever man so 'caught? And did you ever apprehend it to be 'Mr. Laroon himself?

'*Isa.* Heaven forbid I should have suffered Mr. 'Laroon in these familiarities, which you order'd me 'to allow the spirit.'

Mart. I am caught, indeed. Damn'd driveling idiot! [*Aside.*

Isa. But, dear father, tell me, shall I not see it again quickly? for I long to see it again.

Mart. Oh! yes, yes——

Isa. I long to see it in the dark, methinks; for, you know, father, one sees spirits best in the dark.

Mart. Ay, ay, you'll see it in the dark, I warrant you; but be sure and behave as you did before.

Isa. And will he always behave as he did before, father?

Mart. Hum! be in your chamber this evening at eight; take care there be no light in the room, and perhaps the spirit may pay you a second visit.

Isa. I'll be sure to be punctual.

Mart. And passive.

Isa. I'll obey you in every thing.

Mart. Senseless oaf! But though I have lost the first fruits by her extreme folly, yet am I highly delighted with it: and if I do not make a notable use of it, I am no priest.

SCENE III.

JOURDAIN, *solus.*

Oh! Purgatory! Purgatory! what would I not give to escape thy flames! methinks I feel them already. Hark! what noise is that?—Nothing—Ha! what's that I see? Something with two heads—What can all this portend?—'What a poor miserable wretch am I!'

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Sir, a friar below desires to speak with you.

Jourd. Why will you suffer a man of holy order to wait a moment at my door? Bring him in. 'Perhaps 'he is some messenger of comfort. But oh! I rather 'fear the reverse: for what comfort can a sinner like 'me expect?'

SCENE IV.

OLD LAROON *in a Friar's habit,* JOURDAIN.

Old Lar. A plague attend this house, and all that are in it.

Jourd. Oh! oh!

Old Lar. Art thou that miserable, sad, poor son of a whore, Jourdain?

Jourd. Alas! alas!

Old Lar. If thou art he, I have a message to thee from St. Francis. The saint gives his humble service to you, and bid me tell you you are one of the saddest dogs that ever liv'd for having disobey'd his orders, and attempted

to put your daughter into a nunnery: for which he has given me positive orders to assure you, you shall lie in Purgatory five hundred thousand years.

Jourd. Oh!

Old Lar. And I assure you it is a very warm sort of place; for I call'd there as I came along to take lodgings for you.

Jourd. Oh! Heavens! is it possible that you can have seen the dreadful horrors of that place?

Old Lar. Seen them! Ha, ha, ha! Why, I have been there half a dozen times 'in a day. Why, how far do 'you take it to be to Purgatory? Not above a mile and 'half at farthest, and every step of the way down hill.' Seen them! Ay, ay, I have seen them! and a pretty sight they are too, a pretty tragical sort of a sight if it were not for the confounded heat of the air—then there is the prettiest concert of music.

Jourd. Oh! Heavens! music!

Old Lar. Ay, ay, groans, groans, a fine concert of groans; you would think yourself at an opera if it were not for the great heat of the air, as I said before. Some spirits are shut up in ovens, some are chain'd to spits, some are scatter'd in frying-pans—and I have taken up a place for you on a gridiron.

Jourd. Oh! I am scorch'd, I am scorch'd——For pity's sake, father, intercede with St. Francis for me; compassionate my case——

'*Old Lar.* There is but one way; let me carry him the 'news of your daughter's marriage, that may perhaps 'appease him. Between you and I, St. Francis is a 'liquorish old dog, and loves to set people to work to his 'heart.

'*Jourd.* She shall be married this instant; the saint 'must know it is none of my fault. Had I rightly un-'derstood his will, it had been long since perform'd——

'But well might I misinterpret him, when even the 'church, when father Martin fail'd.'

Old Lar. I would be very glad to know where I should find that same Father Martin. I have a small commission to him relating to a Purgatory affair. St. Francis has sentenc'd him to lie in a frying-pan there just six hundred years, for his amour with your daughter.

Jourd. My daughter!

Old Lar. Are you ignorant of it, then? Did you not know that he had debauch'd your daughter?

Jourd. Ignorant! Oh! heavens! no wonder she is refused the veil.

Old Lar. I thought you had known it. I'll shew you a sight worse than Purgatory itself: you shall behold this disgrace to the church, a sight shall make you shudder.

Jourd. Is it possible a priest should be such a villain?

Old Lar. Nothing's impossible to the church, you know.

Jourd. And may I hope St. Francis will be appeas'd?

'*Old Lar.* Hum! There is a great favourite of that 'saint who lives in this town; his name is Monsieur 'Laroon. If you could get him to say half a dozen 'bead-rolls for you, they might be of great service.

'*Jourd.* How! Can the saint regard so loose a liver?

'*Old Lar.* Oh! St. Francis loves an honest merry 'fellow to his soul. And harkye, I don't think it im-'possible for Mr. Laroon to bring you acquainted with 'the saint; for to my knowledge they very often crack a 'bottle together.

'*Jourd.* Can I believe it?'

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Father Martin is below.

Old Lar. Son, behave civilly to him, nor mention a

word of what I have told you—that we may entrap him more securely.

SCENE V.

MARTIN, *to them.*

Mart. Peace be with my son. Ha! a friar here! I like not this; I will have no partners in my plunder. [*Aside.*] Save you, reverend father.

Old Lar. Tu quoque.

Mart. This fellow should be a Jesuit by his taciturnity. You see, father, the miserable state of our poor son.

Old Lar. I have advis'd him thereon.

Mart. Your advice is kind, though needless. He hath not wanted prayer, fasting, nor castigation, which are proper physic for him.

Old Lar. Or suppose, father, he was to go to a ball. What think you of a ball?

Mart. A ball!

Old Lar. Ay, or a wench; suppose we were to procure him a wench.

Mart. Oh! monstrous! Oh! impious!

Old Lar. I only gave my opinion.

Mart. Thy opinion is damnable: and thou art some wolf in sheep's clothing. Thou art a scandal to thy order.

Old Lar. I wish thou art not more a scandal to thine, brother father, to abuse a poor old fellow in a fit of the spleen here, as thou dost, with a set of ridiculous notions of Purgatory and the devil knows what, when both you and I know there is no such thing.

Mart. That I should not know thee before. Don't you know this reverend father, son? your worthy neighbour Laroon.

Old Lar. Then farewell, hypocrisy. I would not wear thy cloak another hour for any consideration.

Jourd. What do I see?

Old Lar. Why, you see a very honest neighbour of yours, that has tried to deliver you out of the claws of a roguish priest, whom you may see too; look in the glass, and you may see an old doting fool, who is afraid of his shadow.

Mart. Be not concern'd at this, son. Perhaps one hour's suffering from this fellow may strike off several years of Purgatory: I have known such instances.

Jourd. Oh! father! didst thou know what I have been guilty of believing against thee from the mouth of this wicked man.

Old Lar. Death and the devil, I'll stay no longer here; for, if I do, I shall cut this priest's throat, though the rack was before my face.

SCENE VI.

MARTIN, JOURDAIN.

Mart. Son, take care of believing any thing against the church: it is as sinful to believe any thing against the church, as to disbelieve any thing for it. You are to believe what the church tells you, and no more.

Jourd. I almost shudder when I think what I believed against you. I believed that you had seduced my daughter.

Mart. Oh! horrible! and did you believe it? think not you believed it. I order you to think you did not believe it, and it were now sinful to believe you did believe it.

Jourd. And can I think so?

Mart. Certainly. I know what you believe better than you yourself do. However, that your mind may be cleansed from the least pollution of thought—go, say over ten bead-rolls immediately, go, and peace attend you——

Jourd. I am exceedingly comforted within.

SCENE VII.

MARTIN, *solus.*

Go. While I retire and comfort your daughter. Was this a suspicion of Laroon's, or am I betray'd? I begin to fear. I'll act with caution: for I am not able yet to discover whether this girl be of prodigious simplicity or cunning. How vain is policy, when the little arts of a woman are superior to the wisdom of a conclave! A priest may cheat mankind, but a woman would cheat the devil.

SCENE VIII. *The Street.*

'OLD LAROON *and* YOUNG LAROON *meet.*

'*Yo. Lar.* Well, Sir, what success?

'*Old Lar.* Success! you rascal! if ever you offer to 'put me into a priest's skin again, I'll beat you out of 'your own.

'*Yo. Lar.* What's the matter, Sir?

'*Old Lar.* Matter, Sir! Why, I have been laughed 'at, have been abused. 'Sdeath! Sir! I am in such a 'passion, that I do not believe I shall come to myself 'again these twenty years. That rascal Martin dis-'covered me in an instant, and turned me into a jest.

'*Yo. Lar.* Be comforted, Sir, you may yet have the 'pleasure of turning him into one.

'*Old Lar.* Nothing less than turning him inside out. '——Nothing less than broiling his gizzard will satisfy 'me.

'*Yo. Lar.* Come with me, and I dare swear I'll give 'your revenge content. We have laid a snare for him, 'which I think it is impossible he should escape.

'*Old Lar.* A snare for a priest! a trap for the devil! 'you will as soon catch the one as the other.

'*Yo. Lar.* I am sure our bait is good—A fine woman 'is as good a bait for a priest-trap, as toasted cheese is 'for a mouse-trap.

'*Old Lar.* Yes, but the rascal will nibble off twenty 'baits before you can take him.

'*Yo. Lar.* Leave that to us. I'll warrant our success.

'*Old Lar.* Wilt thou? then I shall have more pleasure 'in taking this one priest, than in all the other wild 'beasts I have ever taken.'

SCENE IX.

JOURDAIN, ISABEL.

Isa. If I don't convince you he's a villain, renounce me for your daughter. Do not shut your ears against truth, and you shall want no other evidence.

Jourd. Oh, daughter, daughter, some evil spirit is busy within you. The same spirit that visited me this morning is now in you.

Isa. I wish the spirit that is in me would visit you, you would kick this rogue out of doors.

Jourd. The wicked reason of your anger is too plain. The priest won't let you have your fellow.

Isa. The priest would have me for himself.

Jourd. Oh! wicked assertion! Oh! base return for the care he has taken of your poor sinful father, for the love he has shewn for your soul.

Isa. He has shewn more love for my body, believe me, Sir. Nay, go but with me, and you shall believe your own eyes and ears.

Jourd. Against the church! Heaven forbid!

Isa. Will not you believe your own senses, Sir?

Jourd. Not when the church contradicts them—Alas! how do we know what we believe without the church? Why, I thought I saw Mr. Laroon and his son to-day, when I saw neither. Alack-a-day, child, the church often contradicts our senses. But you owe these wicked thoughts to your education in England, that vile heretical country, where every man believes what religion he pleases, and most believe none.

Isa. Well, Sir, if you will not be convinced, you shall be the only person in Toulon that is not.

Jourd. I will go with thee, if it were only to see how far this wicked spirit will carry his imposition; for I am convinced the devil will leave no stone unturn'd to work my destruction.

Isa. I hope you will find us too hard for him and his ambassador too.

SCENE X. *Another Apartment.*

YOUNG LAROON, *in Woman's clothes.*

None ever waited with more impatience for her lover than I for mine. It is a delightful assignation, but I hope it is a prelude to one more agreeable. I shall have difficulty to refrain from beating the rascal before he has discover'd himself—— [*Knocking at the door.*
Who's there? [*Softly.*

Beat. Isabel, Isabel.

Yo. Lar. Come in. What a soft voice the rogue caterwauls in!

SCENE XI.

YOUNG LAROON, BEATRICE.

Beat. What are you doing in the dark, my dear?

Yo. Lar. Heyday, who the devil is this? I seem to be in a way of an assignation in earnest.

Beat. Isabel, where are you?

Yo. Lar. Here, child, give me your hand. Dear Mademoiselle Beatrice, is it you?

Beat. Oh Heavens! am I in a man's arms?

Yo. Lar. Hush! hush!—Don't you know my voice—I am Laroon.

Beat. Mr. Laroon! What business can you have here?

Yo. Lar. Ask me no questions, get but into a corner of the room and be silent, and you will perhaps see a very diverting scene. Nay, do not be afraid, for I assure you, it will be a very innocent one; make haste, dear Madam, you will do a very laudable action, by being an additional evidence to the discovery of a notorious villain.

Beat. I cannot guess your meaning, but would willingly assist on such an occasion.

Yo. Lar. Now for my desiring lover. Ha! I think I hear him.

SCENE XII.

YOUNG LAROON, MARTIN.

Mart. Isabel, Isabel, where are you?

Yo. Lar. Here.

Mart. Come to my arms, my angel.

Yo. Lar. I hope you are in no frightful shape.

Mart. I am in the shape of that very good man thy confessor, honest father Martin. Let me embrace thee, my love, my charmer.

Yo. Lar. Bless me, what do you mean?

Mart. The words even of a spirit cannot tell you what I mean. Lead me to thy bed, there shalt thou know my meaning. There will we repeat those pleasures which this day I gave thee in another shape—Tread softly, my dearest, sweetest! This night shall make thee mother to a pope. [Laroon *leads him out.*

SCENE XIII. *Another Apartment.*

OLD LAROON, JOURDAIN, ISABEL, A PRIEST, YOUNG LAROON, MARTIN, *and* BEATRICE.

Mart. Whither will you pull me?

Yo. Lar. Villain, I'll shew thee whither.

Mart. Ha!

Yo. Lar. Down on thy knees, confess thyself the worst of villains, or I'll drive this dagger to thy heart.

Priest. He needs not confess; our ears are sufficient witnesses against him.

Old Lar. Huzza! huzza! the priest is caught, the priest is caught.

Jourd. I am thunderstruck with amazement.

Old Lar. How dost thou attempt to debauch my son, you black rascal? I have a great mind to make an example of you for attempting to dishonour my family.

Priest. You shall be made a severe example of, for having dishonour'd your order.

Mart. I shall find another time to answer you.

Old Lar. Hold, Sir, hold. I have too much charity not to cleanse you, as much as possible, from your pollution. So, who's there? [*Enter Servants.*] Here, take this worthy gentleman, and wash him a little in a horse pond, then toss him dry in a blanket.

1 *Serv.* We will wash him with a vengeance.

All. Ay, ay, we'll wash him.

Mart. You may repent this, Mr. Laroon.

SCENE *the last.*

OLD LAROON, YOUNG LAROON, JOURDAIN, PRIEST, ISABEL, *and* BEATRICE.

Priest. Though he deserves the worst, yet consider his order, Mr. Laroon.

Old Lar. Sir, he shall undergo the punishment, though I suffer the like afterwards. Well, Master Jourdain, I hope you are now convinced, that you may marry your daughter without going to Purgatory for it.

Jourd. I hope you will pardon what is past, my good neighbour, and you, young gentleman, will, I hope, do the same. If my girl can make you any amends, I give you her for ever.

Yo. Lar. Amends! Oh! she would make me large amends for twenty thousand times my sufferings.

Isa. Tell me so hereafter, my dear lover. 'A woman

'may make a man amends for his sufferings before mar-
'riage, but can she make him amends for what he suffers
'after it?

'*Yo. Lar.* Oh! think not that can ever be my fate
'with you.

'*Old Lar.* Pox o' your raptures. If you don't make
'her suffer before to-morrow morning, thou art no son of
'mine; and if she does not make you suffer within this
'twelvemonth, blood, she is no woman——Come, honest
'neighbour, I hope thou hast discovered thy own folly
'and the priest's roguery together, and thou wilt return
'and be one of us again.

'*Jourd.* Mr. Laroon, if I have err'd on one side, you
'have err'd as widely on the other. Let me tell you, a
'reflection on the sins of your youth would not be
'unwholesome.

'*Old Lar.* 'Sblood, Sir, but it would! Reflection is
'the most unwholesome thing in the world. Besides,
'Sir, I have no sins to reflect on but those of an honest
'fellow. If I have lov'd a whore at five-and-twenty,
'and a bottle at forty, why I have done as much good as
'I could in my generation; and that, I hope, will make
'amends.'

Isa. Well, my dear Beatrice, and are you positively bent on a nunnery still?

Beat. Hum! I suppose you will laugh at me if I should change my resolution; but I have seen so much of a priest to-day, that I really believe I shall spend my life in the company of a layman.

Old Lar. Why, that is bravely said, Madam. 'Sbud! I like you, and if I had not resolv'd for the sake of this rascal here never to marry again, 'Sbud! I might take you into my arms; and I can tell you, they are as warm as any young fellow's in Europe.—Come, Master Jourdain, this night you and I will crack a bottle together, and

to-morrow morning we will employ this honest gentleman here to tack our son and daughter together, and then I don't care if I never see a priest again as long as I live.

Isa. [*to* Yo. Lar.] Well, Sir, you see we have got the better of all difficulties at last. The fears of a lover are very unreasonable, when he is once assured of the sincerity of his mistress.

For when a woman sets herself about it,
Nor priest nor devil can make her go without it.

THE

MISER.

A COMEDY.

TAKEN FROM PLAUTUS AND MOLIERE.

AS IT WAS ACTED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL IN DRURY-LANE, 1782.

Servorum ventres modio castigat iniquo,
Ipse quoque esuriens: neque enim omnia sustinet unquam
Mucida cœrulei panis consumere frusta,
Hesternum solitus medio servare minutal
Septembri; nec non differre in tempora cœnæ
Alterius, conchem æstivi cum parte lacerti
Signatam, vel dimidio putrique siluro,
Filaque sectivi numerata includere porri.
Invitatus ad hæc aliquis de ponte negabit.
Sed quò divitias hæc per tormenta coactas;
Cùm furor haud dubius, cùm sit manifesta phrenesis,
Ut locuples moriaris, egenti vivere fato?

JUV.

TO HIS GRACE

CHARLES

DUKE OF RICHMOND AND LENNOX.

MY LORD,

As there is scarce any vanity more general than that of desiring to be thought well received by the Great, pardon me if I take the first opportunity of boasting the countenance I have met with from one who is an honour to the high rank in which he is born. The Muses, my lord, stand in need of such protectors; nor do I know under whose protection I can so properly introduce Molière as that of your Grace, to whom he is as familiar in his own language as in ours.

The pleasure which I may be supposed to receive from an extraordinary success in so difficult an undertaking, must be indeed complete by your approbation. The perfect knowledge which your Grace is known to have of the manners, habits, and taste of that nation whence this play was derived, makes you the properest judge, wherein I have judiciously kept up to, or departed from, the original. The theatre hath declared loudly in favour of the *Miser;* and you, my Lord, are to decide what share the translator merits in the applause.

I shall not grow tedious, by entering into the usual style of Dedications; for my pen cannot accompany my heart when I speak of your Grace; and I am now

writing to the only person living to whom such a panegyric would be displeasing. Therefore I shall beg leave to conclude with the highest on myself, by affirming that it is my greatest ambition to be thought,

My Lord,

Your Grace's most obliged,

And most obedient humble servant,

HENRY FIELDING.

PROLOGUE:

WRITTEN BY A FRIEND; SPOKEN BY MRS. BRIDGEWATER.

Too long the slighted Comic Muse has mourn'd,
Her face quite altered, and her heart o'erturn'd;
That force of nature now no more she sees,
With which so well her Jonson knew to please.
No characters from nature now we trace;
All serve to empty books of common-place:
Our modern bards, who to assemblies stray,
Frequent the park, the visit, or the play,
Regard not what fools do, but what wits say.
Just they retail each quibble to the town,
That surely must admire what is its own.
Thus, without characters from nature got,
Without a moral, and without a plot,
A dull collection of insipid jokes,
Some stole from conversation, some from books,
Provided lords and ladies give 'em vent,
We call high Comedy and seem content.
But to regale with other sort of fare,
To-night our Author treats you with Molière.
Molière, who nature's inmost secrets knew;
Whose justest pen, like Kneller's pencil, drew.
In whose strong scenes all characters are shown,
Not by low jests, but actions of their own.
Happy our English bard if your applause
Grant h'as not injured the French author's cause.
From that alone arises all his fear;
He must be safe if he has sav'd Molière.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Lovegold, the Miser, ...	MR. GRIFFIN.
Frederick, his Son, ...	MR. BRIDGEWATER.
Clermont, ...	MR. MILLS, JUN.
Ramilie, Servant to Frederick, . .	MR. CIBBER, JUN.
Mr. Decoy, a Broker, ...	MR. OATES.
Mr. Furnish, an Upholsterer, . . .	MR. FIELDING.
Mr. Sparkle, a Jeweller, ...	MR. BERRY.
Mr. Sattin, a Mercer, ...	MR. GREY.
Mr. List, a Taylor, ...	MR. OATES.
Charles Bubbleboy, ...	MR. MULLART.
A Lawyer, ...	MR. MULLART.

WOMEN.

Harriet, Daughter to Lovegold, . .	MRS. BUTLER.
Mrs. Wisely, ...	MRS. GRACE.
Mariana, ...	MRS. HORTON.
Lappet, Maid to Harriet, ...	MRS. RAFTOR.
Wheedle, Maid to Mariana, . . .	MRS. MULLART.

SERVANTS, &c.

SCENE, LONDON.

THE

MISER.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, LOVEGOLD'S *House*.

LAPPET, RAMILIE.

LAPPET.

I'LL hear no more. Perfidious fellow! Have I for thee slighted so many good matches? Have I for thee turn'd off Sir Oliver's steward, and my Lord Landy's butler, and several others, thy betters, and all to be affronted in so public a manner?

Ramil. Do but hear me, Madam.

Lap. If thou wou'dst have neglected me, was there nobody else to dance a minuet with, but Mrs. Susan Crossstich, whom you know to be my utter aversion?

Ramil. Curse on all balls! henceforth I shall hate the sound of a violin.

Lap. I have more reason, I am sure, after having been the jest of the whole company; what must they think of me, when they see you, after I have countenanced your addresses in the eye of the world, take out another lady before me?

Ramil. I'm sure the world must think worse of me, did they imagine, Madam, I could prefer any other to you.

Lap. None of your wheedling, Sir; that won't do. If you ever hope to speak to me more, let me see you affront the little minx in the next assembly you meet her.

Ramil. I'll do it: and luckily, you know, we are to have a ball at my Lord Landy's, the first night he lies out of town, where I'll give your revenge ample satisfaction.

Lap. On that condition I pardon you this time; but if ever you do the like again——

Ramil. May I be banish'd for ever from those dear eyes, and be turn'd out of the family while you live in it.

SCENE II.

LAPPET, WHEEDLE, RAMILIE.

Wheed. Dear Mrs. Lappet!

Lap. My dear, this is extremely kind.

Wheed. It is what all your acquaintance must do that expect to see you. It is in vain to hope for the favour of a visit.

Lap. Nay, dear creature, now you are barbarous; my young lady has staid at home so much, I have not had one moment to myself; the first time I had gone out, I am sure, Madam, would have been to wait on Mrs. Wheedle.

Wheed. My lady has staid at home, too, pretty much lately. Oh! Mr. Ramilie, are you confin'd too? your master does not stay at home, I am sure; he can find the way to our house though you can't.

Ramil. That is the only happiness, Madam, I envy him; but faith! I don't know how it is in this parliament time, one's whole days are so taken up in the

Court of Request, and one's evenings at Quadrille, the deuce take me if I have seen one opera since I came to town. Oh! now I mention operas, if you have a mind to see Cato, I believe I can steal my master's silver ticket; for I know he is engaged to-morrow with some gentlemen, who never leave their bottle for music.

Lap. Ah, the savages.

Wheed. No one can say that of you, Mr. Ramilie, you prefer music to every thing——

Ramil. —— But the ladies. [*Bell rings.*] So, there's my summons.

Lap. Well, but shall we never have a party of Quadrille more?

Wheed. O, don't name it. I have worked my eyes out since I saw you; for my lady has taken a whim of flourishing all her old cambric pinners and handkerchiefs; in short, my dear, no journeywoman sempstress is half so much a slave as I am.

Lap. Why do you stay with her?

Wheed. La, child, where can one better one's self? all the ladies of our acquaintance are just the same. Besides, there are some little things that make amends; my lady has a whole train of admirers.

Ramil. That, Madam, is the only circumstance wherein she has the honour of resembling you. [*Bell rings louder.*] You hear, Madam, I am oblig'd to leave you— [*Bell rings.*] So, so, so, would the bell were in your guts.

SCENE III.

LAPPET, WHEEDLE.

Lap. Oh! Wheedle! I am quite sick of this family; the old gentleman grows more covetous every day he

lives. Everything is under lock and key; I can scarce ask you to eat or drink.

Wheed. Thank you, my dear; but I have drank half a dozen dishes of chocolate already this morning.

Lap. Well; but, my dear, I have a whole budget of news to tell you. I have made some notable discoveries.

Wheed. Pray let us hear them. I have some secrets of our family too, which you shall know by and by. What a pleasure there is in having a friend to tell these things to.

Lap. You know, my dear, last summer my young lady had the misfortune to be overset in a boat between Richmond and Twickenham, and that a certain young gentleman, plunging immediately into the water, sav'd her life at the hazard of his own—Oh! I shall never forget the figure she made at her return home, so wet, so draggled——ha, ha, ha!

Wheed. Yes, my dear, I know how all your fine ladies look, when they are never so little disordered—they have no need to be so vain of themselves.

Lap. You are no stranger to my master's way of rewarding people; when the poor gentleman brought miss home, my master meets them at the door, and, without asking any question, very civilly shuts it against him. Well, for a whole fortnight afterwards, I was continually entertained with the young spark's bravery, and gallantry, and generosity, and beauty.

Wheed. I can easily guess; I suppose she was rather warmed than cool'd by the water. These mistresses of ours, for all their pride, are made of just the same flesh and blood as we are.

Lap. About a month ago my young lady goes to the play in an undress, and takes me with her. We sat in Burton's box, where, as the devil would have it, whom should we meet with but this very gentleman: her

blushes soon discovered to me who he was; in short, the gentleman entertained her the whole play, and I much mistake if ever she was so agreeably entertained in her life. Well, as we were going out, a rude fellow thrusts his hand into my lady's bosom; upon which her champion fell upon him, and did so maul him——My lady fainted away in my arms; but as soon as she came to herself—had you seen how she look'd on him. Ah! Sir, says she, in a mighty pretty tone, sure you were born for my deliverance: he handed her into a hackney-coach, and set us down at home. From this moment letters began to fly on both sides.

Wheed. And you took care to see the post paid, I hope.

Lap. Never fear that.—And now what do you think we have contrived among us? We have got this very gentleman into the house in the quality of my master's clerk.

Wheed. So! here's fine billing and cooing, I warrant; miss is in a fine condition.

Lap. Her condition is pretty much as it was yet. How long it will continue so, I know not. I am making up my matters as fast as I can; for this house holds not me after the discovery.

Wheed. I think you have no great reason to lament the loss of a place, where the master keeps his own keys.

Lap. The devil take the first inventor of locks, say I: but come, my dear, there is one key which I keep, and that, I believe, will furnish us with some sweetmeats; so if you will walk in with me, I'll tell you a secret which concerns your family. It is in your power, perhaps, to be serviceable to me; I hope, my dear, you will keep these secrets safe; for one would not have it known that one publishes all the affairs of a family, while one stays in it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A Garden.*

CLERMONT, HARRIET.

Cler. Why are you melancholy, my dear Harriet; do you repent that promise of yours, which has made me the happiest of mankind?

Har. You little know my heart, if you can think it capable of repenting any thing I have done towards your happiness; if I am melancholy, it is that I have it not in my power to make you as happy as I would.

Cler. Thou art too bounteous. Every tender word, from those dear lips, lays obligations on me I never can repay; but if to love, to doat on, you more than life itself, to watch your eyes that I may obey your wishes before you speak them, can discharge me from any part of that vast debt I owe you, I will be punctual in the payment.

Har. It were ungenerous in me to doubt you, and when I think what you have done for me, believe me, I must think the balance on your side.

Cler. Generous creature! and dost thou not for me hazard the eternal anger of your father, the reproaches of your family, the censures of the world, who always blame the conduct of the person who sacrifices interest to any consideration.

Har. As for the censures of the world, I despise them while I do not deserve them: folly is forwarder to censure wisdom, than wisdom folly. I were weak indeed not to embrace real happiness, because the world does not call it so.

Cler. But see, my dearest, your brother is come into the garden.

Har. Is it not safe, think you, to let him into our secret?

Cler. You know, by outwardly humouring your father, in railing against the extravagance of young men, I have brought him to look on me as his enemy: it will be first proper to set him right in that point. Besides, in managing the old gentleman, I shall still be obliged to a behaviour which the impatience of his temper may not bear; therefore I think it not advisable to trust him, at least yet——he will observe us. Adieu, my heart's only joy.

Har. Honest creature! what happiness may I propose in a life with such a husband! what is there in grandeur to recompense the loss of him! Parents choose as often ill for us, as we for ourselves. They are too apt to forget how seldom true happiness lives in a palace, or rides in a coach and six.

SCENE V.

FREDERICK, HARRIET.

Fred. Dear Harriet, good-morrow, I am glad to find you alone; for I have an affair to impart to you, that I am ready to burst with.

Har. You know, brother, I am a trusty confidante.

Fred. As ever wore petticoats; but this is an affair of such confidence——

Har. Or it were not worth your telling me.

Fred. Nor your telling again; in short you never could discover it, I could afford you ten years to guess it in. I am—you will laugh immoderately when you know it. I am—it is impossible to tell you. In a word, I am in love.

Har. In love!

Fred. Violently, to distraction: so much in love, that without more hopes than I at present see any possibility of obtaining, I cannot live three days.

Har. And has this violent distemper, pray, come upon you of a sudden?

Fred. No, I have bred it a long time. It hath been growing these several weeks. I stifled it as long as I could; but it is now come to a crisis, and I must either have the woman, or you will have no brother.

Har. But who is this woman? for you have conceal'd it so well that I can't even guess.

Fred. In the first place she is a most intolerable coquette.

Har. That is a description I shall never find her out by. There are so many of her sisters, you might as well tell me the colour of her complexion.

Fred. Secondly, she is almost eternally at cards.

Har. You must come to particulars. I shall never discover your mistress till you tell me more than that she is a woman, and lives in this town.

Fred. Her fortune is very small.

Har. I find you are enumerating her charms.

Fred. Oh! I have only shewn you the reverse; but were you to behold the medal on the right side, you would see beauty, wit, genteelness, politeness—in a word, you would see Mariana.

Har. Mariana! ha, ha, ha! you have started a wild-goose chase, indeed. But, if you could ever prevail on her, you may depend on it, it is an arrant impossibility to prevail on my father, and you may easily imagine what success a disinherited son may likely expect from a woman of her temper.

Fred. I know 'tis difficult, but nothing's impossible to love, at least nothing's impossible to woman; and therefore, if you and the ingenious Mrs. Lappet will but

lay your heads together in my favour, I shall be far from despairing; and in return, sister, for this kindness——

Har. And, in return, brother, for this kindness, you may perhaps have it in your power to do me a favour of pretty much the same nature.

Love. [*without.*] Rogue! villain!

Har. So! what's the matter now? what can have thrown my father into this passion?

Fred. The loss of an old slipper, I suppose, or something of equal consequence. Let us step aside into the next walk, and talk more of our affairs.

SCENE VI.

LOVEGOLD, RAMILIE.

Love. Answer me not, sirrah; but get you out of my house.

Ramil. Sir, I am your son's servant, and not yours, Sir; and I won't go out of the house, Sir, unless I am turn'd out by my proper master, Sir.

Love. Sirrah, I'll turn your master out after you, like an extravagant rascal as he is; he has no need of a servant while he is in my house; and here he dresses out a fellow at more expense than a prudent man might clothe a large family at; it's plain enough what use he keeps you for; but I will have no spy upon my affairs, no rascal continually prying into all my actions, devouring all I have, and hunting about in every corner to see what he may steal.

Ramil. Steal! a likely thing, indeed, to steal from a man who locks up every thing he has, and stands sentry upon it day and night.

Love. I'm all over in a sweat, lest this fellow

should suspect something of my money! [*Aside.*] Harkye, rascal, come hither, I would advise you not to run about the town, and tell every body you meet that I have money hid.

Ramil. Why, have you any money hid, Sir?

Love. No, sirrah, I don't say I have; but you may raise such a report, nevertheless.

Ramil. 'Tis equal to me whether you have money hid or no, since I cannot find it.

Love. D'ye mutter, sirrah? Get you out of my house, I say, get you out this instant.

Ramil. Well, Sir, I am going.

Love. Come back; let me desire you to carry nothing away with you.

Ramil. What should I carry?

Love. That's what I would see. These boot-sleeves were certainly intended to be the receivers of stolen goods, and I wish the tailor had been hang'd who invented them. Turn your pockets inside out, if you please; but you are too practised a rogue to put any thing there. These damn'd bags have had many a good thing in them, I warrant you.

Ramil. Give me my bag, Sir, I am in the most danger of being robb'd.

Love. Come, come, be honest, and return what thou hast taken from me.

Ramil. Ay, Sir, that I could do with all my heart, for I have taken nothing from you but some boxes on the ear.

Love. And hast thou really stolen nothing?

Ramil. No really, Sir.

Love. Then get out of my house while 'tis all well, and go to the devil.

Ramil. Ay, any where from such an old covetous curmudgeon.

Love. So, there's one plague gone; now I will go pay a visit to my dear casket.

SCENE VII.

LOVEGOLD, FREDERICK, HARRIET.

Love. In short, I must find some safer place to deposit those three thousand guineas in, which I receiv'd yesterday; three thousand guineas are a sum—O Heavens! I have betray'd myself! my passion has transported me to loud talk, and I have been overheard. How now! What's the matter?

Fred. The matter, Sir?

Love. Yes, the matter, Sir; I suppose you can repeat more of my words than these; I suppose you have overheard——

Fred. What, Sir?

Love. That——

Fred. Sir!

Love. What I was just now saying.

Har. Pardon me, Sir, we really did not.

Love. Well, I see you did overhear something, and so I will tell you the whole: I was saying to myself, in this great scarcity, what a happiness it would be to have three thousand guineas by one: I tell you this, that you might not misunderstand me, and imagine that I said I had three thousand guineas!

Fred. We enter not into your affairs, Sir.

Love. Ah! would I had those three thousand guineas!

Fred. In my opinion——

Love. It would make my affairs extremely easy.

Fred. Then it is very easily in your power to raise them, Sir, that the whole world knows.

Love. I raise them! I raise three thousand guineas

easily! My children are my greatest enemies, and will, by their way of talking, and by the extravagant expenses they run into, be the occasion that, one of these days, somebody will cut my throat, imagining me to be made up of nothing but guineas.

Fred. What expense, Sir, do I run into?

Love. How! have you the assurance to ask me that, Sir? when, if one was but to pick those fine feathers of yours off, from head to foot, one might purchase a very comfortable annuity out of them: a fellow, here, with a very good fortune upon his back, wonders that he is called extravagant. In short, Sir, you must rob me to appear in this manner.

Fred. How, Sir! rob you?

Love. Ay, rob me; or how could you support this extravagance?

Fred. Alas, Sir, there are fifty young fellows of my acquaintance that support greater extravagances, and no one knows how. Ah, Sir! there are ten thousand pretty ways of living in this town without robbing one's father.

Love. What necessity is there for all that lace on your coat? and all bought at the first hand, too, I warrant you. If you will be fine, is there not such a place as Monmouth Street in this town, where a man may buy a suit for the third part of the sum which his tailor demands? And then, periwigs! what need has a man of periwigs, when he may wear his own hair? I dare swear a good periwig can't cost less than fifteen or twenty shillings. Heyday! what, are they making signs to one another which shall pick my pocket?

Har. My brother and I, Sir, are disputing which shall speak to you first, for we have both an affair of consequence to mention to you.

Love. And I have an affair of consequence to mention

to you both. Pray, son, you who are a fine gentleman, and converse much among the ladies, what think you of a certain young lady, called Mariana?

Fred. Mariana, Sir!

Love. Ay, what do you think of her?

Fred. Think of her, Sir!

Love. Why do you repeat my words? Ay, what do you think of her?

Fred. Why, I think her the most charming woman in the world.

Love. Would she not be a desirable match?

Fred. So desirable, that, in my opinion, her husband will be the happiest of mankind.

Love. Does she not promise to make a good housewife?

Fred. Oh! the best housewife upon earth.

Love. Might not a husband, think ye, live very easy and happy with her?

Fred. Doubtless, Sir.

Love. There is one thing I'm a little afraid of, that is, that she has not quite as much fortune as one might fairly expect.

Fred. Oh, Sir, consider her merit, and you may easily make an abatement in her fortune: for Heaven's sake, Sir, don't let that prevent your design. Fortune is nothing in comparison with her beauty and merit.

Love. Pardon me there; however, there may be some matters found, perhaps, to make up some little deficiency; and if you would, to oblige your father, retrench your extravagances on this occasion, perhaps the difference, in some time, might be made up.

Fred. My dearest father, I'll bid adieu to all extravagance for ever.

Love. Thou art a dutiful good boy: and since I find you have the same sentiments with me, provided she

can but make out a pretty tolerable fortune, I am ev'n resolved to marry her.

Fred. Ha! you resolved to marry Mariana.

Love. Ay, to marry Mariana.

Har. Who, you, you, you?

Love. Yes, I, I, I.

Fred. I beg you will pardon me, Sir, a sudden dizziness has seiz'd me, and I must beg leave to retire.

SCENE VIII.

LOVEGOLD, HARRIET.

Love. This, daughter, is what I have resolv'd for myself; as for your brother, I have a certain widow in my eye for him; and you, my dear, shall marry our good neighbour, Mr. Spindle.

Har. I marry Mr. Spindle!

Love. Yes; he is a prudent, wise man, not much above fifty, and has a great fortune in the funds.

Har. I thank you, my dear papa, but I had rather not marry if you please. [*Curtsying.*

Love. [*Mimicking her curtsy.*] I thank you, my good daughter, but I had rather you should marry him, if you please.

Har. Pardon me, dear Sir.

Love. Pardon me, dear Madam.

Har. Not all the fathers on earth shall force me to it.

Love. Did ever mortal hear a girl talk in this manner to her father?

Har. Did ever father attempt to marry his daughter after such a manner? In short, Sir, I have ever been obedient to you; but as this affair concerns my happiness only, and not yours, I hope you will give me leave to consult my own inclination.

Love. I would not have you provoke me; I am resolv'd upon the match.

SCENE IX.

LOVEGOLD, CLERMONT, HARRIET.

Cler. Some people, Sir, upon justice-business, desire to speak with your worship.

Love. I can attend to no business, this girl has so perplex'd me. Hussy, you shall marry as I would have you, or——

Cler. Forgive my interposing; dear Sir, what's the matter? Madam, let me intreat you not to put your father into a passion.

Love. Clermont, you are a prudent young fellow. Here's a baggage of a daughter, who refuses the most advantageous match that ever was offer'd, both to her and to me. A man of a vast estate offers to take her without a portion.

Cler. Without a portion! Consider, dear Madam, can you refuse a gentleman who offers to take you without a portion?

Love. Ay, consider what that saves your father.

Har. Yes, but I consider what I am to suffer.

Cler. That's true, indeed; you will think on that, Sir. Though money be the first thing to be considered in all affairs of life, yet some little regard should be had in this case to inclination.

Love. Without a portion.

Cler. You are in the right, Sir; that decides the thing at once: and yet, I know there are people, who, on this occasion, object against a disparity of age and

temper, which too often make the married state utterly miserable.

Love. Without a portion.

Cler. Ah! there is no answering that.——Who can oppose such a reason as that? And yet there are several parents, who study the inclinations of their children more than any other thing, that would by no means sacrifice them to interest; and who esteem, as the very first article of marriage, that happy union of affections, which is the foundation of every blessing attending on a married state ——and who——

Love. Without a portion.

Cler. Very true; that stops your mouth at once—Without a portion! Where is the person who can find argument against that?

Love. Ha! is not that the barking of a dog? Some villains are in search of my money.——Don't stir from hence, I'll return in an instant.

Cler. My dearest Harriet, how shall I express the agony I am in on your account?

Har. Be not too much alarm'd since you may depend on my resolution. It may be in the power of fortune to delay our happiness, but no power shall force me to destroy your hopes by any other match.

Cler. Thou kindest, lovely creature.

Love. Thank Heaven, it was nothing but my fear.

Cler. Yes, a daughter must obey her father; she is not to consider the shape, or the air, or the age of a husband; but when a man offers to take her without a portion, she is to have him, let him be what he will.

Love. Admirably well said, indeed.

Cler. Madam, I ask your pardon if my love for yourself and your family carries me a little too far. Be under no concern, I dare swear I shall bring her to it.

[*To* Lovegold.

Love. Do, do; I'll go in and see what these people want with me. Give her a little more now, while she's warm; you will be time enough to draw the warrant.

Cler. When a lover offers, Madam, to take a daughter without a portion, one should enquire no farther; every thing is contain'd in that one article; and 'without a portion,' supplies the want of beauty, youth, wisdom, honour, and honesty.

Love. Gloriously said! spoke like an oracle! [*Exit.*

Cler. So, once more we are alone together. Believe me, this is a most painful hypocrisy, it tortures me to oppose your opinion, though I am not in earnest, nor suspected by you of being so. Oh, Harriet! how is the noble passion of love abus'd by vulgar souls, who are incapable of tasting its delicacies. When love is great as mine,

None can its pleasures, or its pains declare,
We can but feel how exquisite they are. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.—SCENE I.

SCENE *continues.*

FREDERICK, RAMILIE.

FREDERICK.

WHAT is the reason, sirrah, you have been out of the way, when I gave you orders to stay here?

Ramil. Yes, Sir, and here did I stay, according to your orders, till your good father turned me out; and it

is, Sir, at the extreme hazard of a cudgel that I return back again.

Fred. Well, Sir, and what answer have you brought touching the money?

Ramil. Ah, Sir! it is a terrible thing to borrow money; a man must have dealt with the devil to deal with a scrivener.

Fred. Then it won't do, I suppose.

Ramil. Pardon me, Sir, Mr. Decoy, the broker, is a most industrious person; he says he has done every thing in his power to serve you; for he has taken a particular fancy to your honour.

Fred. So, then, I shall have the five hundred, shall I?

Ramil. Yes, sir; but there are some trifling conditions which your honour must submit to before the affair can be finished.

Fred. Did he bring you to the speech of the person that is to lend the money?

Ramil. Ah, Sir; things are not managed in that manner; he takes more care to conceal himself than you do; there are greater mysteries in these matters than you imagine; why, he would not so much as tell me the lender's name; and he is to bring him to-day to talk with you in some third person's house, to learn from your own mouth the particulars of your estate and family; I dare swear the very name of your father will make all things easy.

Fred. Chiefly the death of my mother, whose jointure no one can hinder me of.

Ramil. Here, Sir, I have brought the articles; Mr. Decoy told me, he took them from the mouth of the person himself. Your honour will find them extremely reasonable; the broker was forc'd to stickle hard to get such good ones: In the first place, the lender is to see all his securities; and the borrower must be of age, and

heir apparent to a large estate, without flaw in the title, and entirely free from all incumbrance; and that the lender may run as little risk as possible, the borrower must insure his life for the sum lent; if he be an officer in the army, he is to make over his whole pay for the payment of both principal and interest, which, that the lender may not burthen his conscience with any scruples, is to be no more than 30 per Cent.

Fred. Oh, the conscientious rascal!

Ramil. But as the said lender has not by him, at present, the sum demanded; and that to oblige the borrower, he is himself forced to borrow of another, at the rate of 4 per Cent., he thinks it but reasonable that the first borrower, over and above the 30 per Cent. aforesaid, shall also pay this 4 per Cent., since it is for his service only that the sum is borrowed.

Fred. Oh the devil! what a Jew is here!

Ramil. You know, Sir, what you have to do—he can't oblige you to these terms.

Fred. Nor can I oblige him to lend me the money without them; and you know that I must have it, let the conditions be what they will.

Ramil. Ay, Sir, why that was what I told him.

Fred. Did you so, rascal? No wonder he insists on such conditions, if you laid open my necessities to him.

Ramil. Alas! Sir, I only told it to the broker, who is your friend, and has your interest very much at heart.

Fred. Well; is this all, or are there any more reasonable articles?

Ramil. Of the five hundred pounds required, the lender can pay down, in cash, no more than four hundred; and for the rest, the borrower must take in goods, of which here follows the catalogue.

Fred. What, in the devil's name, is the meaning of all this?

Ramil. Imprimis, One large yellow camblet bed, lin'd with satin, very little eaten by the moths, and wanting only one curtain. Six stuft chairs of the same, a little torn, and the frames worm-eaten, otherwise not in the least the worse for wearing. One large pier-glass, with only one crack in the middle. One suit of tapestry hangings, in which are curiously wrought the loves of Mars and Venus, Venus and Adonis, Cupid and Psyche, with many other amorous stories, which make the hangings very proper for a bedchamber.

Fred. What the devil is here?

Ramil. Item, One suit of drugget, with silver buttons, the buttons only the worse for wearing. *Item,* Two muskets, one of which only wants the lock. One large silver watch, with Tompion's name to it. One snuff-box, with a picture in it, bought at Mr. Deard's; a proper present for a mistress. Five pictures without frames; if not originals, all copies by good hands; and one fine frame without a picture.

Fred. Oons! what use have I for all this?

Ramil. Several valuable books; amongst which are all the journals printed for these five years last past, handsomely bound and letter'd—The whole works in divinity of——

Fred. Read no more: confound the curst extortioner; I shall pay 100 per Cent.

Ramil. Ah, Sir! I wish your honour would consider of it in time.

Fred. I must have money. To what straits are we reduc'd by the curst avarice of fathers! Well may we wish them dead, when their death is the only introduction to our living.

Ramil. Such a father as yours, Sir, is enough to make one do something more than wish him dead. For my part, I have never had any inclination towards hanging;

and, I thank Heaven, I have lived to see whole sets of my companions swing out of the world, while I have had address enough to quit all manner of gallantries the moment I smelt the halter: I have always had an utter aversion to the smell of hemp; but this rogue of a father of yours, Sir—Sir, I ask your pardon—has so provok'd me, that I have often wish'd to rob him, and rob him I shall in the end, that's certain.

Fred. Give me that paper, that I may consider a little these moderate articles.

SCENE II.

LOVEGOLD, DECOY, RAMILIE, FREDERICK.

Decoy. In short, Sir, he is a very extravagant young fellow, and so press'd by his necessities, that you may bring him to what terms you please.

Love. But do you think, Mr. Decoy, there is no danger? Do you know the name, the family, and the estate of the borrower?

Decoy. No, I cannot give you any perfect information yet, for it was by the greatest accident in the world that he was recommended to me; but you will learn all these from his own lips; and his man assur'd me you would make no difficulty the moment you knew the name of his father; all that I can tell you is, that his servant says the old gentleman is extremely rich; he called him a covetous old rascal.

Love. Ay, that is the name which these spendthrifts, and the rogues their servants, give to all honest prudent men who know the world, and the value of their money.

Decoy. This young gentleman is an only son, and is so little afraid of any future competitors, that he offers to be

bound, if you insist on it, that his father shall die within these eight months.

Love. Ay, there's something in that; I believe then I shall let him have the money. Charity, Mr. Decoy, charity obliges us to serve our neighbour, I say, when we are no losers by so doing.

Decoy. Very true indeed.

Ramil. Heyday; what can be the meaning of this? our broker talking with the old gentleman!

Decoy. So, gentlemen! I see you are in great haste. But who told you, pray, that this was the lender? I assure you, Sir, I neither discover'd your name, nor your house; but, however, there is no great harm done, they are people of discretion, so you may freely transact the affair now.

Love. How!

Decoy. This, Sir, is the gentleman that wants to borrow the five hundred pounds I mentioned to you.

Love. How! rascal, is it you that abandon yourself to these intolerable extravagances?

Fred. I must even stand buff, and outface him. [*Aside.* ——And is it you, father, that disgrace yourself by these scandalous extortions?

[Ramilie *and* Decoy *sneak off.*

Love. Is it you that would ruin yourself, by taking up money at such interest?

Fred. Is it you that would enrich yourself, by lending at such interest?

Love. How dare you after this appear before my face?

Fred. How dare you after this appear before the face of the world?

Love. Get you out of my sight, villain; get out of my sight.

Fred. Sir, I go; but give me leave to say——

Love. I'll not hear a word. I'll prevent your attempt-

ing anything of this nature for the future.—Get out of my sight, villain.——I am not sorry for this accident; it will make me henceforth keep a strict eye over his actions.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

SCENE, *an Apartment in* LOVEGOLD'S *House.*

HARRIET, MARIANA.

Mar. Nay, Harriet, you must excuse me; for of all people upon earth, you are my greatest favourite: but I have had such an intolerable cold, child, that it is a miracle I have recovered; for, my dear, would you think it, I have had no less than three doctors?

Har. Nay, then it is a miracle you recovered, indeed!

Mar. O! child, doctors will never do me any harm; I never take any thing they prescribe: I don't know how it is, when one's ill one can't help sending for them; and you know, my dear, my Mamma loves physic better than she does any thing but cards.

Har. Were I to take as much of cards as you do, I don't know which I should nauseate most.

Mar. Oh! child, you are quite a tramontane; I must bring you to like dear Spadille. I protest, Harriet, if you'd take my advice in some things, you would be the most agreeable creature in the world.

Har. Nay, my dear, I am in a fair way of being obliged to obey your commands.

Mar. That would be the happiest thing in the world for you; and I dare swear you would like them extremely, for they would be exactly opposite to every command of your father's.

Har. By that, now, one would think you were married already.

Mar. Married, my dear!

Har. Oh, I can tell you of such a conquest: you will have such a lover within these four and twenty hours.

Mar. I am glad you have given me timely notice of it, that I may turn off somebody to make room for him; but I believe I have listed him already. Oh Harriet; I have been so plagu'd, so pester'd, so fatigu'd, since I saw you with that dear creature, your brother—In short, child, he has made arrant downright love to me; if my heart had not been harder than adamant itself, I had been your sister by this time.

Har. And if your heart be not harder than adamant, you will be in a fair way of being my mother shortly; for my good father has this very day declar'd such a passion for you.

Mar. Your father!

Har. Ay, my dear. What say you to a comely old gentleman, of not much above threescore, that loves you so violently? I dare swear he will be constant to you all his days.

Mar. Ha, ha, ha! I shall die. Ha, ha, ha! You extravagant creature, how could you throw away all this jest at once? it would have furnish'd a prudent person with an annuity of laughter for life. Oh! I am charm'd with my conquest; I am quite in love with him already. I never had a lover yet above half his age.

Har. Lappet and I have laid a delightful plot, if you will but come into it, and counterfeit an affection for him.

Mar. Why, child, I have a real affection for him. Oh! methinks I see you on your knees already——Pray, mamma, please to give me your blessing. Oh! I see my loving bridegroom in his threefold nightcap, his flannel shirt; methinks I see him approach me with all the

lovely gravity of age; I hear him whisper charming sentences of morality in my ear, more instructive than all my grandmother ever taught me. Oh! I smell him sweeter; oh! sweeter than even hartshorn itself. Ha, ha, ha! see, child, how beautiful a fond imagination can paint a lover: would not any one think now we had been a happy couple together, Heaven knows how long?

Har. Well, you dear mad creature, but do you think you can maintain any of this fondness to his face? for I know some women, who speak very fondly of a husband to other people, but never say one civil thing to the man himself.

Mar. Oh! never fear it; one can't indeed bring one's self to be civil to a young lover; but as for those old fellows, I think one may play as harmlessly with them as with one another. Young fellows are perfect bears, and must be kept at a distance; the old ones are mere lap dogs, and when they have agreeable tricks with them, one is equally fond of both.

Har. Well, but now I hope you will give me leave to speak a word or two seriously in favour of my poor brother.

Mar. Oh! I shall hate you if you are serious: Auh! see what your wicked words have occasioned: I protest you are a conjuror, and certainly deal with the devil.

SCENE IV.

FREDERICK, MARIANA, HARRIET.

Har. Oh, brother! I am glad you are come to plead your own cause; I have been your solicitor in your absence.

Fred. I am afraid, like other clients, I shall plead much worse for myself than my advocate has done.

Mar. Persons who have a bad cause should have very artful counsel.

Fred. When the judge is determin'd against us all, art will prove of no effect.

Mar. Why then, truly, Sir, in so terrible a situation, I think the sooner you give up the cause the better.

Fred. No, Madam, I am resolv'd to persevere; for, when one's whole happiness is already at stake, I see nothing more can be hazarded in the pursuit. It might be, perhaps, a person's interest to give up a cause, wherein part of his fortune was concerned; but, when the dispute is about the whole, he can never lose by persevering.

Mar. Do you hear him, Harriet? I fancy this brother of yours would have made a most excellent lawyer. I protest, when he is my son-in-law, I'll even send him to the Temple; though he begins a little late, yet diligence may bring him to be a great man.

Fred. I hope, Madam, diligence may succeed in love, as well as law; sure, Mariana is not a more crabbed study than Coke upon Littleton?

Mar. Oh! the wretch, he has quite suffocated me with his comparison: I must have a little air: dear Harriet, let us walk in the garden.

Fred. I hope, Madam, I have your leave to attend you?

Mar. My leave! no, indeed, you have no leave of mine; but if you will follow me, I know no way to hinder you.

Har. Ah, brother, I wish you had no greater enemy in this affair than your mistress.

SCENE V.

RAMILIE, LAPPET.

Lap. This was, indeed, a most unlucky accident; however, I dare lay a wager, I shall succeed better with him, and get some of those guineas you would have borrowed.

Ramil. I am not, Madam, now to learn Mrs. Lappet's dexterity; but if you get any thing out of him, I shall think you a match for the devil. Sooner than to extract gold from him, I would engage to extract religion from a hypocrite, honesty from a lawyer, health from a physician, sincerity from a courtier, or modesty from a poet. I think, my dear, you have liv'd long enough in this house to know that gold is a very dear commodity here.

Lap. Ah! but there are some certain services which will squeeze it out of the closest hands; there is one trade, which, I thank Heaven, I am no stranger to, wherein all men are dabblers; and he who will scarce afford himself either meat or clothes, will still pay for the commodities I deal in.

Ramil. Your humble servant, Madam; I find you don't know our good master yet; there is not a woman in the world, who loves to hear her pretty self talk never so much, but you may easier shut her mouth, than open his hand: as for thanks, praises and promises, no courtier upon earth is more liberal of them: but for money, the devil a penny: there's nothing so dry as his caresses: and there is no husband, who hates the word Wife half so much as he does the word Give; instead of saying I give you a good-morrow, he always says, I lend you a good-morrow.

Lap. Ah! Sir, let me alone to drain a man; I have the secret to open his heart, and his purse too.

Ramil. I defy you to drain the man we talk of, of his money; he loves that more than any thing you can procure him in exchange; the very sight of a dun throws him into convulsions; 'tis piercing him in the only sensible part; 'tis touching his heart, tearing out his vitals, to ask him for a farthing; but here he is, and if you get a shilling out of him, I'll marry you without any other fortune.

SCENE VI.

LOVEGOLD, LAPPET.

Love. All's well, hitherto; my dear money is safe. Is it you, Lappet?

Lap. I should rather ask if it be you, Sir; why, you look so young and vigorous——

Love. Do I, do I?

Lap. Why, you grow younger and younger every day, Sir; you never look'd half so young in your life, Sir, as you do now. Why, Sir, I know fifty young fellows of five and twenty, that are older than you are.

Love. That may be, that may be, Lappet, considering the lives they lead; and yet I am a good ten years above fifty.

Lap. Well, and what's ten years above fifty? 'tis the very flower of a man's age. Why, Sir, you are now in the very prime of your life.

Love. Very true, that's very true, as to understanding; but I am afraid, could I take off twenty years, it would do me no harm with the ladies, Lappet. How goes on our affair with Mariana? Have you mentioned any thing about what her mother can give her? for, now-a-days, nobody marries a woman unless she brings something with her besides a petticoat.

Lap. Sir! why, Sir, this young lady will be worth to you as good a thousand pounds a year as ever was told.

Love. How, a thousand pounds a year!

Lap. Yes, Sir, there's in the first place the article of a table; she has a very little stomach, she does not eat above an ounce in a fortnight, and then as to the quality of what she eats, you'll have no need of a French cook upon her account; as for sweetmeats, she mortally hates them: so there is the article of deserts wiped off all at once——You'll have no need of a confectioner, who would be eternally bringing in bills for preserves, conserves, biscuits, comfits, and jellies, of which half a dozen ladies would swallow you ten pounds worth at a meal: this, I think, we may very moderately reckon at two hundred pounds a year at least. *Item*, For clothes, she has been bred up at such a plainness in them, that should we allow but for three birthnight suits a year saved, which are the least a town-lady would expect, there go a good two hundred pounds a year more. For jewels (of which she hates the very sight) the yearly interest of what you must lay out in them would amount to one hundred pounds. Lastly, she has an utter detestation for play, at which I have known several moderate ladies lose a good two thousand pounds a year: now let us take only the fourth part of that, which amounts to five hundred; to which, if we add two hundred pounds on the table account, two hundred pounds in clothes, and one hundred pounds in jewels, there is, Sir, your thousand pounds a year in hard money.

Love. Ay, ay, these are pretty things, it must be confess'd, very pretty things; but there's nothing real in 'em.

Lap. How, Sir, is it not something real to bring you in marriage a vast store of sobriety, the inheritance of a great love for simplicity of dress, and a vast acquired fund of hatred for play?

Love. This is downright raillery, Lappet, to make me up a fortune out of the expences she won't put me to; I assure you, Madam, I shall give no acquittance for what I have not receiv'd: in short, Lappet, I must touch, touch, touch something real.

Lap. Never fear, you shall touch something real: I have heard them talk of a certain country, where she has a very pretty freehold, which shall be put into your hands.

Love. Nay, if it were a copyhold, I should be glad to touch it; but there is another thing that disturbs me. You know this girl is young, and young people generally love one another's company: it would ill agree with a person of my temper to keep an assembly for all the young rakes and flaunting girls in town.

Lap. Ah, Sir, how little do you know of her! This is another particularity that I had to tell you of; she has a most terrible aversion for all young people, and loves none but persons of your years. I would advise you, above all things, to take care not to appear too young; she insists on sixty at least. She says, that fifty-six years are not able to content her.

Love. This humour is a little strange, methinks.

Lap. She carries it farther, Sir, than can be imagined; she has in her chamber several pictures; but what do you think they are? None of your smock-fac'd young fellows, your Adonises, your Cephaluses, your Parises, and your Apollos. No, Sir, you see nothing there but your handsome figures of Saturn, King Priam, old Nestor, and good father Anchises upon his son's shoulders.

Love. Admirable! this is more than I could have hoped. To say the truth, had I been a woman, I should never have lov'd young fellows.

Lap. I believe you. Pretty sort of stuff, indeed, to

be in love with your young fellows! Pretty masters, indeed, with their fine complexions, and their fine feathers! Now, I should be glad to taste the savour that is in any of them.

Love. And do you really think me pretty tolerable?

Lap. Tolerable! you are ravishing! If your picture was drawn by a good hand, Sir, it would be invaluable! Turn about a little, if you please: there, what can be more charming? Let me see you walk; there's a person for you, tall, straight, free, and degagée! Why, Sir, you have no fault about you.

Love. Not many; hem, hem; not many, I thank Heaven; only a few rheumatic pains now and then, and a small catarrh that seizes me sometimes.

Lap. Ah, Sir, that's nothing; your catarrh sits very well upon you, and you cough with a very good grace.

Love. But tell me, what does Mariana say of my person?

Lap. She has a particular pleasure in talking of it; and I assure you, Sir, I have not been backward on all such occasions to blazon forth your merit, and to make her sensible how advantageous a match you will be to her.

Love. You did very well, and I am obliged to you.

Lap. But, Sir, I have a small favour to ask of you ——I have a law-suit depending, which I am on the very brink of losing for want of a little money, [*He looks gravely*]—and you could easily procure my success, if you had the least friendship for me. You can't imagine, Sir, the pleasure she takes in talking of you. [*He looks pleas'd.*]——Ah! how you will delight her, how your venerable mien will charm her! She will never be able to withstand you——But indeed, Sir, this law-suit will be of a terrible consequence to me. [*He looks grave again.*]—I am ruin'd, if I lose it, which

a very small matter might prevent. Ah, Sir, had you but seen the raptures with which she has heard me talk of you! [*He resumes his gaiety.*] How pleasure sparkled in her eyes at the recital of your good qualities! In short, to discover a secret to you, which I promis'd to conceal, I have work'd up her imagination, till she is downright impatient of having the match concluded.

Love. Lappet, you have acted a very friendly part; and I own that I have all the obligations in the world to you.

Lap. I beg you would give me this little assistance, Sir. [*He looks serious.*] It will set me on my feet, and I shall be eternally obliged to you.

Love. Farewell, I'll go and finish my dispatches.

Lap. I assure you, Sir, you cou'd never assist me in a greater necessity.

Love. I must go give some orders about a particular affair.

Lap. I would not importune you, Sir, if I was not forc'd by the last extremity.

Love. I expect the tailor about turning my coat. Don't you think this coat will look well enough turn'd, and with new buttons, for a wedding suit?

Lap. For pity's sake, Sir, don't refuse me this small favour; I shall be undone, indeed, Sir. If it were but so small a matter as ten pounds, Sir.

Love. I think I hear the tailor's voice.

Lap. If it were but five pounds, Sir; but three pounds, Sir; nay, Sir, a single guinea would be of service for a day or two. [*As he offers to go out on either side, she intercepts him.*

Love. I must go; I can't stay. Hark there, somebody calls me. I'm very much oblig'd to you; indeed, I am very much oblig'd to you.

Lap. Go to the gallows, to the devil, like a covetous good-for-nothing villain, as you are. Ramilie is in the right; however I shall not quit the affair: for though I get nothing out of him, I am sure of my reward from the other side.

Fools only to one party will confide,
Good politicians will both parties guide,
And, if one fails, they're fee'd on t'other side.

ACT III.—SCENE I.

SCENE *continues.*

HARRIET, FREDERICK, CLERMONT.

FREDERICK.

I THINK, Sir, you have given my sister a very substantial proof of your affection. I am sorry you could have had such a suspicion of me, as to imagine I could have been an enemy to one who has approv'd himself a gentleman and a lover.

Cler. If any thing, Sir, could add to my misfortunes, it would be to be thus oblig'd, without having any prospect of repaying the obligation.

Fred. Every word you speak is a farther conviction to me that you are what you have declared yourself; for there is something in a generous education which it is impossible for persons who want that happiness to counterfeit: therefore, henceforth I beg you to believe me sincerely your friend.

Har. Come, come, pray a truce with your compliments; for I hear my father's cough coming this way.

SCENE II.

LOVEGOLD, FREDERICK, CLERMONT, HARRIET.

Love. So, so, this is just as I would have it. Let me tell you, children, this is a prudent young man, and you cannot converse too much with him. He will teach you, Sir, for all you hold your head so high, better sense than to borrow money at 50 per Cent. And you, Madam, I dare say he will infuse good things into you too, if you will but hearken to him.

Fred. While you live, Sir, we shall want no other instructor.

Love. Come hither, Harriet. You know to-night I have invited our friend and neighbour Mr. Spindle. Now I intend to take this opportunity of saving the expense of another entertainment, by inviting Mariana and her mother; for I observe, that, take what care one will, there is always more victuals provided on these occasions than is eat; and an additional guest makes no additional expense.

Cler. Very true, Sir; besides, though they were to rise hungry, no one ever calls for more at another person's table.

Love. Right, honest Clermont: and to rise with an appetite is one of the wholesomest things in the world. Harriet, I would have you go immediately and carry the invitation: you may walk thither, and they will bring you back in a coach.

Har. I shall obey you, Sir.

Love. Go, that's my good girl. And you, Sir, I desire you would behave yourself civilly at supper.

Fred. Why should you suspect me, Sir?

Love. I know, Sir, with what eyes such sparks as you look upon a mother-in-law; but, if you hope for my forgiveness of your late exploit, I would advise you to behave to her in the most affectionate manner imaginable.

Fred. I cannot promise, Sir, to be overjoy'd at her being my mother-in-law: but this I will promise you, I will be as civil to her as you could wish. I will behold her with as much affection as you can desire me; that is an article upon which you may be sure of a most punctual obedience.

Love. That, I think, is the least I can expect.

Fred. Sir, you shall have no reason to complain.

SCENE III.

LOVEGOLD, CLERMONT, JAMES.

James. Did you send for me, Sir?

Love. Where have you been? for I have wanted you above an hour.

James. Whom, Sir, did you want? your coachman, or your cook? for I am both one and t'other.

Love. I want my cook, Sir.

James. I thought, indeed, it was not your coachman; for you have had no great occasion for him since your last pair of geldings were starv'd——But your cook, Sir, shall wait on you in an instant.

[*Puts off his coachman's great coat and appears as a cook.*

Love. What's the meaning of this folly?

James. I am ready for your commands, Sir.

Love. I am engag'd this evening to give a supper.

James. A supper, Sir! I have not heard the word this half-year. I have, indeed, now and then heard of such a thing as a dinner; but for a supper, I have not dress'd one so long, that I am afraid my hand is out.

Love. Leave your saucy jesting, sirrah, and see that you provide me a good supper.

James. That may be done, Sir, with a good deal of money.

Love. What, is the devil in you? Always money. Can you say nothing else but money, money, money! All my servants, my children, my relations, can pronounce no other word than money.

Cler. I never heard so ridiculous an answer. Here's a miracle for you, indeed, to make a good supper, with a good deal of money! Is there any thing so easy? Is there any one who can't do it? Would a man shew himself to be a good cook, he must make a good supper out of a little money.

James. I wish you would be so good, Sir, as to shew us that art, and take my office of cook upon yourself.

Love. Peace, sirrah, and tell me what we can have.

James. There's a gentleman, Sir, who can furnish you out a good supper with a little money.

Love. Answer me yourself.

James. Why, Sir, how many will there be at table?

Love. About eight or ten; but I will have a supper dress'd but for eight: for if there be enough for eight, there is enough for ten.

James. Suppose, Sir, you have at one end of the table a good handsome soup; at the other a fine Westphalia ham and chickens; on one side a fillet of veal roasted; and on the other a turkey, or rather a bustard, which, I believe, may be bought for a guinea, or thereabouts.

Love. What! is the fellow providing an entertainment for my lord mayor, and the court of aldermen?

James. Then, Sir, for the second course a leash of pheasants, a leash of fat poulards, half a dozen partridges, one dozen of quails, two dozen of ortolans, three dozen——

Love. [*Putting his hand before* James's *mouth.*] Ah, villain! you are eating up all I am worth.

James. Then a ragout——

Love. [*Stopping his mouth again.*] Hold your extravagant tongue, sirrah.

Cler. Have you a mind to burst them all? Has my master invited people to cram 'em to death? Or do you think his friends have a mind to eat him up at one supper? Such servants as you, Mr. James, should be often reminded of that excellent saying of a very wise man, 'We must eat to live, and not live to eat.'

Love. Excellently well said, indeed; it is the finest sentence I ever heard in my life. 'We must live to eat, 'and not eat to'——No, that is not it; how did you say?

Cler. That 'we must eat to live, and not live to eat.'

Love. Extremely fine; pray write them out for me: for I'm resolved to have 'em done in letters of gold, or black and white rather, over my hall chimney.

James. You have no need to do any more, Sir; people talk enough of you already.

Love. Pray, Sir, what do people say of me?

James. Ah, Sir, if I could but be assur'd that you would not be angry with me.

Love. Not at all; so far from it, you will very much oblige me; for I am always very glad to hear what the world says of me.

James. Well, Sir, then since you will have it, I will tell you freely, that they make a jest of you every where; nay, of your very servants, upon your account. They make ten thousand stories of you; one says, that

you have always a quarrel ready with your servants at quarter-day, or when they leave you, in order to find an excuse to give them nothing. Another says, that you were taken one night stealing your own oats from your own horses; for which your coachman very handsomely belabour'd your back. In a word, Sir, one can go no where, where you are not the byeword; you are the laughing-stock of all the world; and you are never mention'd but by the names of covetous, scraping, stingy——

Love. Impertinent, impudent rascal! Beat him for me, Clermont.

Cler. Are not you asham'd, Mr. James, to give your master this language?

James. What's that to you, Sir?—I fancy this fellow's a coward; if he be, I will handle him. [*Aside.*

Cler. It does not become a servant to use such language to his master.

James. Who taught you, Sir, what becomes? If you trouble your head with my business, I shall thresh your jacket for you. If I once take a stick in hand, I shall teach you to hold your tongue for the future, I believe. If you offer to say another word to me, I'll break your head for you.

[*Drives* Clermont *to the farther end of the stage.*

Cler. How, rascal! break my head!

James. I did not say I'd break your head.

[Clermont *drives him back again.*

Cler. Do you know, sirrah, that I shall break yours for this impudence?

James. I hope not, Sir; I give you no offence, Sir.

Cler. That I shall shew you the difference between us.

James. Ha, ha, ha, Sir, I was but in jest.

Cler. Then I shall warn you to forbear these jests for the future. [*Kicks him off the stage.*

James. Nay, Sir, can't you take a jest? Why, I was but in jest all the while.

Love. How happy am I in such a clerk!

Cler. You may leave the ordering of the supper to me, Sir; I will take care of that.

Love. Do so; see and provide something to cloy their stomachs: let there be two great dishes of soup-meagre, a good large suet-pudding, some dainty fat pork pye or pasty, a fine small breast of mutton, not too fat; a salad, and a dish of artichokes; which will make plenty and variety enough.

Cler. I shall take a particular care, Sir, to provide every thing to your satisfaction.

Love. But be sure there be plenty of soup, be sure of that. This is a most excellent young fellow; but now I will go and pay a visit to my money.

SCENE IV. *The Street.*

RAMILIE *and* LAPPET, *meeting.*

Ramil. Well, Madam, what success? Have I been a false prophet, and have you come at the old hunck's purse? or have I spoke like an oracle, and is he as closefisted as usual?

Lap. Never was a person of my function so used. All my rhetoric availed nothing: while I was talking to him about the lady, he smil'd and was pleas'd; but the moment I mention'd money to him, his countenance chang'd, and he understood not one word that I said. But now, Ramilie, what do you think this affair is that I am transacting?

Ramil. Nay, Mrs. Lappet, now you are putting too severe a task upon me. How is it possible, in the vast variety of affairs which you honour with taking into

your hands, that I should be able to guess which is so happy to employ your immediate thoughts?

Lap. Let me tell you then, sweet Sir, that I am transacting an affair between your master's mistress and his father.

Ramil. What affair, pr'ythee?

Lap. What should it be but the old one, matrimony. In short, your master and his father are rivals.

Ramil. I am glad on't; and I wish the old gentleman success, with all my heart.

Lap. How! are you your master's enemy?

Ramil. No, Madam, I am so much his friend, that I had rather he should lose his mistress than his humble servant; which must be the case: for I am determin'd against a married family. I will never be servant to any man who is not his own master.

Lap. Why truly, when one considers the case thoroughly, I must be of an opinion, that it would be more your master's interest to be this lady's son-in-law than her husband; for, in the first place, she has but little fortune; and, if she was once married to his son, I dare swear the old gentleman would never forgive the disappointment of his love.

Ramil. And is the old gentleman in love?

Lap. Oh, profoundly! delightfully! Oh that you had but seen him as I have! with his feet tottering, his eyes watering, his teeth chattering! His old trunk was shaken with a fit of love, just as if it had been a fit of an ague.

Ramil. He will have more cold fits than hot, I believe.

Lap. Is it not more advantageous for him to have a mother-in-law that should open his father's heart to him, than a wife that should shut it against him? Besides, it will be the better for us all: for if the husband were

as covetous as the devil, he could not stop the hands of an extravagant wife. She will always have it in her power to reward them who keep her secrets; and when the husband is old enough to be the wife's grandfather, she has always secrets that are worth concealing, take my word for it: so, faith, I will e'en set about that in earnest which I have hitherto intended only as a jest.

Ramil. But do you think you can prevail with her? Will she not be apt to think she loses that by the exchange which he cannot make her amends for?

Lap. Ah! Ramilie! the difficulty is not so great to persuade a woman to follow her interest. We generally have that more at heart than you men imagine; besides, we are extremely apt to listen to one another; and whether you would lead a woman to ruin, or preserve her from it, the surest way of doing either is by one of her own sex. We are generally decoy'd into the net by birds of our own feathers.

Ramil. Well, if you do succeed in your undertaking, you will allow this, I hope, that I first put it into your head.

Lap. Yes, it is true you did mention it first; but I thought of it first, I am sure, I must have thought of it: but I will not lose a moment's time; for, notwithstanding all I have said, young fellows are devils. Besides, this has a most plausible tongue, and, should he get access to Mariana, may do in a few minutes what I shall never be able to undo as long as I live.

[*Exit.*

Ramil. There goes the glory of all chambermaids. The jade has art, but it is quite overshadow'd by her vanity. She will get the better of every one, but the person who will condescend to praise her; for though she be a most mercenary devil, she will swallow no bribe half so eagerly as flattery. The same pride

which warms her fancy, serves to cool her appetites; and therefore, though she have neither virtue nor beauty, her vanity gives her both. And this is my mistress, with a pox to her. Pray, what am I in love with? But that is a question so few lovers can answer, that I shall content myself with thinking I am in love with, *Le je ne sçai quoi.*

SCENE V.

SCENE, LOVEGOLD'S *House.*

LOVEGOLD, FREDERICK, HARRIET, MRS. WISELY, AND MARIANA.

Love. You see, Madam, what it is to marry extremely young. Here are a couple of tall branches for you, almost the age of man and woman; but ill weeds grow apace.

Mrs. Wise. When children come to their age, Mr. Lovegold, they are no longer any trouble to their parents; what I have always dreaded was to have married into a family where there were small children.

Love. Pray, give me leave, young lady, I have been told you have no great aversion to spectacles; it is not that your charms do not sufficiently strike the naked eye, or that they want addition; but it is with glasses we look at the stars, and I'll maintain you are a star of beauty that is the finest, brightest, and most glorious of all stars.

Mar. Harriet, I shall certainly burst! O nauseous, filthy fellow!

Love. What does she say to you, Harriet?

Har. She says, Sir, if she were a star, you would be sure of her kindest influence.

Love. How can I return this great honour you do me?

Mar. Auh! what an animal! what a wretch!

Love. How vastly am I oblig'd to you for these kind sentiments!

Mar. I shall never be able to hold it out, unless you keep him at a greater distance.

Love. [*Listening.*] I shall make them both keep their distance, Madam. Harkye, you Mr. Spendall, why don't you come and make this lady some acknowledgment for the great honour she does your father?

Fred. My father has indeed, Madam, much reason to be vain of his choice. You will be doubtless a very great honour to our family. Notwithstanding which, I cannot dissemble my real sentiments so far as to counterfeit any joy I shall have in the name of son-in-law; nor can I help saying, that if it were in my power, I believe I should make no scruple of preventing the match.

Mar. I believe it; indeed, were they to ask the leave of their children, few parents would marry twice.

Love. Why, you ill-bred blockhead, is that the compliment you make your mother-in-law?

Fred. Well, Sir, since you will have me talk in another style—Suffer me, Madam, to put myself in the place of my father; and believe me, when I swear to you I never saw any one half so charming, that I can imagine no happiness equal to that of pleasing you; that, to be called your husband, would be to my ears a title more blest, more glorious, than that of the greatest of princes. The possession of you is the most valuable gift in the power of fortune. That is the lovely mark to which all my ambition tends; there is nothing which I am not capable of undertaking to attain so great a blessing, all difficulties, when you are the prize in pursuit——

Love. Hold, hold, Sir: softly, if you please.

Fred. I am only saying a few civil things, Sir, for you to this lady.

Love. Your humble servant, Sir: I have a tongue to say civil things with myself. I have no need of such an interpreter as you are, sweet Sir.

Mar. If your father could not speak better for himself than his son can for him, I am afraid he would meet with little success.

Love. I don't ask you, ladies, to drink any wine before supper, lest it should spoil your stomach.

Fred. I have taken the liberty to order some sweetmeats, Sir, and tokay, in the next room; I hope the ladies will excuse what is wanting.

Mrs. Wise. There was no necessity for such a collation.

Fred. [*To* Mariana.] Did you ever see, Madam, so fine a brilliant as that on my father's finger?

Mar. It seems, indeed, to be a very fine one.

Fred. You cannot judge of it, Madam, unless you were to see it nearer. If you will give me leave, Sir. [*Takes it off from his father's finger, and gives it to* Mariana.] There is no seeing a jewel while it is on the finger.

Mrs. Wise.
Mar. } It is really a prodigious fine one.

Fred. [*Preventing* Mariana, *who is going to return it.*] No, Madam, it is already in the best hands. My father, Madam, intends it as a present to you; therefore, I hope you will accept it.

Love. Present! I!

Fred. Is it not, Sir, your request to this lady, that she would wear this bauble for your sake?

Love. [*To his son.*] Is the devil in you?

Fred. He makes signs to me that I would intreat you to accept it.

Mar. I shall not, upon my word.

Fred. He will not receive it again.

Love. I shall run stark-staring mad.

Mar. I must insist on returning it.

Fred. It would be cruel in you to refuse him: let me intreat you, Madam, not to shock my poor father to such a degree.

Mrs. Wise. It is ill-breeding, child, to refuse so often.

Love. Oh! that the devil would but fly away with this fellow!

Fred. See, Madam, what agonies he is in, lest you should return it.—It is not my fault, dear Sir; I do all I can to prevail with——but she is obstinate——For pity's sake, Madam, keep it.

Love. [*To his son.*] Infernal villain!

Fred. My father will never forgive me, Madam, unless I succeed; on my knees, I intreat you.

Love. The cut-throat!

Mrs. Wise. Daughter, I protest you make me asham'd of you; come, come, put up the ring, since Mr. Lovegold is so uneasy about it.

Mar. Your commands, Madam, always determine me, and I shall refuse no longer.

Love. I shall be undone; I wish I was buried while I have one farthing left.

SCENE VI.

To them JAMES.

James. Sir, there is a man at the door who desires to speak with you.

Love. Tell him I am busy—bid him come another time, bid him leave his business with you——

James. Must he leave the money he has brought with him, Sir?

Love. No, no, stay—tell him I come this instant. I ask pardon, ladies, I'll wait on you again immediately.

Fred. Will you please, ladies, to walk into the next room, and taste the collation I was mentioning?

Mar. I have eat too much fruit already this afternoon.

Mrs. Wise. Really, Sir, this is an unnecessary trouble; but, since the tokay is provided, I will taste one glass.

Har. I'll wait on you, Madam.

SCENE VII.

FREDERICK, MARIANA.

Mar. That is a mighty pretty picture over the door, Harriet. Is it a family piece, my dear? I think it has a great deal of you in it. Are not you generally thought very like it? Heyday, where is my mamma and your sister gone?

Fred. They thought, Madam, we might have some business together, and so were willing to leave us alone.

Mar. Did they so? but as we happen to have no business together we may as well follow them.

Fred. When a lover has no other obstacles to surmount but those his mistress throws in his way, she is in the right not to become too easy a conquest: but, were you as kind as I could wish, my father would still prove a sufficient bar to our happiness; therefore it is a double cruelty in you.

Mar. Our happiness! how come your happiness and mine to depend so on one another, pray, when that of the mother and son-in-law are usually so very opposite?

Fred. This is keeping up the play behind the curtain. Your kindness to him comes from the same spring, as your cruelty to me.

Mar. Modest enough! then, I suppose, you think both fictitious.

Fred. Faith, to be sincere, I do without arrogance, I think; I have nothing in me so detestable, as should make you deaf to all I say, or blind to all I suffer. This I am certain, there is nothing in him so charming as to captivate a woman of your sense in a moment.

Mar. You are mistaken, Sir; money; money, the most charming of all things; money, which will say more in one moment than the most elegant lover can in years. Perhaps you will say a man is not young; I answer he is rich. He is not genteel, handsome, witty, brave, good-humour'd; but he is rich, rich, rich, rich, rich——that one word contradicts every thing you can say against him; and if you were to praise a person for an whole hour, and end with, 'But he is poor,' you overthrow all you have said; for it has long been an establish'd maxim, that he who is rich can have no vice, and he that is poor can have no virtue.

Fred. These principles are foreign to the real sentiments of Mariana's heart. I vow, did you but know how ill a counterfeit you are, how awkwardly ill nature sits upon you, you'd never wear it. There is not one so abandon'd but that she can affect what is amiable better than you can what is odious. Nature has painted in you the complexion of virtue in such lively colours, that nothing but what is lovely can suit you, or appear your own.

SCENE VIII.

MARIANA, FREDERICK, HARRIET.

Har. I left your mamma, Mariana, with Mr. Clermont, who is shewing her some pictures in the gallery. Well, have you told him?

Mar. Told him what?

Har. Why, what you told me this afternoon; that you lov'd him.

Mar. I tell you I lov'd him——Oh! barbarous falsehood!

Fred. Did you? could you say so? Oh! repeat it to my face, and make me bless'd to that degree.

Har. Repeat it to him, can't you? How can you be so ill-natur'd to conceal any thing from another, which would make him happy to know?

Mar. The lie would choke me, were I to say so.

Har. Indeed, my dear, you have said you hated him so often, that you need not fear that. But, if she will not discover it to you herself, take my word for it, brother, she is your own without any possibility of losing. She is full as fond of you as you are of her. I hate this peevish, foolish coyness in women, who will suffer a worthy lover to languish and despair, when they need only put themselves to the pain of telling truth to make them easy.

Mar. Give me leave to tell you, Miss Harriet, this is a treatment I did not expect from you, especially in your own house, Madam. I did not imagine I was invited hither to be betray'd, and that you had enter'd into a plot with your brother against my reputation.

Har. We form a plot against your reputation! I wish you could see, my dear, how prettily these airs become

you. Take my word for it, you would have no reason to be in love with your fancy.

Mar. I should indeed have no reason to be in love with my fancy, if it were fix'd where you have insinuated it to be placed.

Har. If you have any reason, Madam, to be ashamed of your choice, it is from denying it. My brother is every way worthy of you, Madam! and give me leave to tell you, if I can prevent it, you shall not render him as ridiculous to the town as you have some other of your admirers.

Fred. Dear Harriet, carry it no further; you will ruin me for ever with her.

Har. Away, you do not know the sex. Her vanity will make you play the fool 'till she despises you, and 'then contempt will destroy her affection for you——It is 'a part she has often play'd.'

Mar. I am oblig'd to you, however, Madam, for the lesson you have given me, how far I may depend on a woman's friendship. It will be my own fault, if ever I am deceiv'd hereafter.

Har. My friendship, Madam, naturally cools, when I discover its object less worthy than I imagin'd her.—— I can never have any violent esteem for one, who would make herself unhappy, to make the person who dotes on her more so; the ridiculous custom of the world is a poor excuse for such a behaviour. And, in my opinion, the coquette, who sacrifices the ease and reputation of as many as she is able to an ill-natur'd vanity, is a more odious, I am sure she is a more pernicious creature, than the wretch whom fondness betrays to make her lover happy at the expense of her own reputation.

SCENE IX.

To them MRS. WISELY, CLERMONT.

Mrs. Wise. Upon my word, Sir, you have a most excellent taste for pictures.

Mar. I can bear this no longer; if you have been base enough to have given up all friendship and honour, good breeding should have restrain'd you from using me after this inhuman, cruel, barbarous manner.

Mrs. Wise. Bless! child, what's the matter?

Har. Let me intreat you, Mariana, not to expose yourself; you have nothing to complain of on his side; and therefore pray let the whole be a secret.

Mar. A secret! no, Madam. The whole world shall know how I have been treated. I thank Heaven, I have it in my power to be reveng'd on you; and if I am not reveng'd on you——

Fred. See, sister, was I not in the right? Did I not tell you, you would ruin me? and now you have done it.

Har. Courage! all will go on well yet. You must not be frightened at a few storms. These are only blasts that carry a lover to his harbour.

SCENE X.

To them LOVEGOLD.

Love. I ask your pardon, I have despatch'd my business with all possible haste.

Mrs. Wise. I did not expect, Mr. Lovegold, when we were invited hither, that your children intended to affront us.

Love. Has any one affronted you, Madam?

Mrs. Wise. Your children, Sir, have used my poor girl so ill, that they have brought tears into her eyes. I can assure you we are not us'd to be treated in this manner. My daughter is of as good a family——

Love. Out of my sight, audacious, vile wretches, and let me never see you again.

Fred. Sir, I——

Love. I won't hear a word, and I wish I may never hear you more. Was ever such impudence, to dare, after what I have told you——

Har. Come, brother; perhaps I may give you some comfort.

Fred. I fear you have destroy'd it for ever.

SCENE XI.

LOVEGOLD, MRS. WISELY, MARIANA, CLERMONT.

Love. How shall I make you amends for the rudeness you have suffer'd? Poor, pretty creature! had they stolen my purse, I would almost as soon have pardon'd them.

Mrs. Wise. The age is come to a fine pass, indeed, if children are to control the wills of their parents. If I would have consented to a second match, I would have been glad to have seen a child of mine oppose it.

Love. Let us be married immediately, my dear; and if after that they ever dare to offend you, they shall stay no longer under my roof.

Mrs. Wise. Lookee, Mariana, I know your consent will appear a little sudden, and not altogether conform to those nice rules of decorum, of which I have been all my life so strict an observer: but this is so prudent a match, that the world will be apt to give you a dispensa-

tion. When women seem too forward to run away with idle young fellows, the world is, as it ought to be, very severe on them; but when they only consult their interest in their consent, though it be never so quickly given; we say, La! who suspected it? it was mighty privately carried on.

Mar. I resign myself entirely over to your will, Madam, and am at your disposal.

Mrs. Wise. Mr. Lovegold, my daughter is a little shy on this occasion: you know your courtship has not been of any long date; but she has consider'd your great merit, and I believe I may venture to give you her consent.

Love. And shall I? hey! I begin to find myself the happiest man upon earth. Od! Madam, you shall be a grandmother within these ten months. I am a very young fellow.

Mar. If you were five years younger, I should utterly detest you.

Love. The very creature she was describ'd to be. No one, sure, ever so luckily found a mass of treasure as I have. My pretty sweet, if you will walk a few minutes in the garden I will wait on you; I must give some necessary orders to my clerk.

Mrs. Wise. We shall expect you with impatience.

SCENE XII.

LOVEGOLD, CLERMONT.

Love. Clermont, come hither: you see the disorder my house is likely to be in this evening. I must trust every thing to your care; see that matters be manag'd with as small expense as possible. My extravagant son has sent

for fruit, sweetmeats, and tokay. Take care what is not eat or drank be return'd to the tradespeople. If you can save a bottle of the wine, let that be sent back too, and put up what is left; if part of a bottle, in a pint: that I will keep for my own drinking when I am sick. Be sure that the servants of my guests be not ask'd to come farther than the hall, for fear some of mine should ask them to eat. I trust every thing to you.

Cler. I shall take all the care possible, Sir. But there is one thing in this entertainment of yours, which gives me inexpressible pain.

Love. What is that, pr'ythee?

Cler. That is the cause of it. Give me leave, Sir, to be free on this occasion. I am sorry a man of your years and prudence should be prevail'd on to so indiscreet an action, as I fear this marriage will be called.

Love. I know she has not quite so great a fortune as I might expect.

Cler. Has she any fortune, Sir?

Love. Oh! yes, yes, I have been very well assur'd that her mother is in very good circumstances; and you know she is her only daughter. Besides, she has several qualities which will save a fortune. And a penny sav'd is a penny got. Since I find I have great occasion for a wife I might have search'd all over this town, and not have got one cheaper.

Cler. Sure, you are in a dream, Sir; she save a fortune!

Love. In the article of a table, at least two hundred pounds a year.

Cler. Sure, Sir, you do not know——

Love. In clothes, two hundred more——

Cler. There is not, Sir, in the whole town——

Love. In jewels, one hundred; play, five hundred; these have been all prov'd to me; besides all that her

mother is worth. In short, I have made a very prudent choice.

Cler. Do but hear me, Sir.

Love. Take a particular care of the family, my good boy. Pray, let there be nothing wasted.

SCENE XIII.

CLERMONT *alone.*

How vainly do we spend our breath, while passion shuts the ears of those we talk to. I thought it impossible for any thing to have surmounted his avarice; but I find there is one little passion, which reigns triumphant in every mind it creeps into; and whether a man be covetous, proud, or cowardly, it is in the power of woman to make him liberal, humble, and brave. Sure this young lady will not let her fury carry her into the arms of a wretch she despises; but, as she is a coquette, there is no answering for any of her actions. I will hasten to acquaint Frederick with what I have heard. Poor man, how little satisfaction he finds in his mistress, compared to what I meet in Harriet. Love to him is misery, to me perfect happiness. Women are always one or the other; they are never indifferent.

Whoever takes for better and for worse
Meets with the greatest blessing or the greatest curse.

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

SCENE, *a Hall in* LOVEGOLD'S *House.*

FREDERICK, RAMILIE.

FREDERICK.

How! Lappet my enemy! and can she attempt to forward Mariana's marriage with my father!

Ramil. Sir, upon my honour it is true. She told it me in the highest confidence; a trust, Sir, which nothing but the inviolable friendship I have for you could have prevail'd with me to have broken.

Fred. Sir, I am your most humble servant; I am infinitely oblig'd to your friendship.

Ramil. Oh! Sir; but really I did withstand pretty considerable offers: for, would you think it, Sir, the jade had the impudence to attempt to engage me too in the affair: I believe, Sir, you wou'd have been pleas'd to have heard the answer I gave her. Madam, says I, do you think, if I had no more honour, I should have no greater regard to my interest? It is my interest, Madam, says I, to be honest; for my master is a man of that generosity, that liberality, that bounty, that I am sure he will never suffer any servant of his to be a loser by being true to him. No, no, says I; let him alone for rewarding a servant, when he is but once assur'd of his fidelity.

Fred. No demands now, Ramilie; I shall find a time to reward you.

Ramil. That was what I told her, Sir. Do you think, says I, this old rascal (I ask your pardon, Sir,) that this Hunks, my master's father, will live for ever? And

then, says I, do you think my master will not remember his old friends?

Fred. Well, but, dear Sir, let us have no more of your rhetoric—go and fetch Lappet hither. I'll try if I can't bring her over.

Ramil. Bring her over! a fig for her, Sir. I have a plot worth fifty of yours. I'll blow her up with your father. I'll make him believe just the contrary of every word she has told him.

Fred. Can you do that?

Ramil. Never fear it, Sir; I'll warrant my lies keep even pace with hers. But, Sir, I have another plot; I don't question but before you sleep, I shall put you in possession of some thousands of your father's money.

Fred. He has done all in his power to provoke me to it; but I am afraid that will be carrying the jest too far.

Ramil. Sir, I will undertake to make it out that robbing him is a downright meritorious act. Besides, Sir, if you have any qualms of conscience, you may return it him again. Your having possession of it will bring him to any terms.

Fred. Well, well. I believe there is little danger of thy stealing any thing from him. So about the first affair. It is that only which causes my present pain.

Ramil. Fear nothing, Sir, whilst Ramilie is your friend.

SCENE II.

FREDERICK, CLERMONT.

Fred. If impudence can give a title to success, I am sure thou hast a good one.

Cler. Oh! Frederick, I have been looking for you all over the house. I have news for you, which will give

me pain to discover, though it is necessary you should know it. In short, Mariana has determin'd to marry your father this evening!

Fred. How! Oh! Clermont, is it possible? Cursed be the politics of my sister, she is the innocent occasion of this. And can Mariana from a pique to her throw herself away! Dear Clermont, give me some advice, think on some method by which I may prevent, at least defer, this match; for that moment which gives her to my father will strike a thousand daggers in my heart.

Cler. Would I could advise you: but here comes one who is more likely to invent some means for your deliverance.

Fred. Ha! Lappet!

SCENE III.

LAPPET, FREDERICK, CLERMONT.

Lap. Heyday! Mr. Frederick, you stand with your arms across, and look as melancholy as if there was a funeral going on in the house, instead of a wedding.

Fred. This wedding, Madam, will prove the occasion of my funeral; I am oblig'd to you for being instrumental to it.

Lap. Why, truly, if you consider the case rightly, I think you are. It will be much more to your interest to——

Fred. Mistress, undo immediately what you have done; prevent this match which you have forwarded, or by all the devils which inhabit that heart of yours——

Lap. For Heaven's sake, Sir, you do not intend to kill me!

Fred. What could drive your villainy to attempt to rob

me of the woman I dote on more than life? What could urge thee when I trusted thee with my passion, when I have paid the most extravagant usury for money to bribe thee to be my friend, what could sway thee to betray me?

Lap. As I hope to be sav'd, Sir, whatever I have done was intended for your service.

Fred. It is in vain to deny it; I know thou hast us'd thy utmost art to persuade my father into this match.

Lap. If I did, Sir, it was all with a view towards your interest; if I have done any thing to prevent your having her, it was because I thought you would do better without her.

Fred. Wou'dst thou, to save my life, tear out my heart? And dost thou, like an impudent inquisitor, while thou art destroying me, assert it is for my own sake?

Lap. Be but appeas'd, Sir, and let me recover out of this terrible fright you have put me into, and I will engage to make you easy yet.

Cler. Dear Frederick, adjourn your anger for a while at least; I am sure Mrs. Lappet is not your enemy in her heart; and whatever she has done, if it has not been for your sake, this I dare confidently affirm, it has been for her own. And I have so good an opinion of her, that the moment you show her it will be more her interest to serve you, than to oppose you, you may be secure of her friendship.

Fred. But has she not already carried it beyond retrieval?

Lap. Alas! Sir, I never did any thing yet so effectually but that I have been capable of undoing it; nor have I ever said any thing so positively, but that I have been able as positively to unsay it again. As for truth, I have neglected it so long, that I often forget which side of the question it is of. Besides, I look on it to be so

very insignificant towards success, that I am indifferent whether it is for me or against me.

Fred. Let me intreat you, dear Madam, to lose no time in informing us of your many excellent qualities; but consider how very precious our time is, since the marriage is intended this very evening.

Lap. That cannot be.

Cler. My own ears were witnesses to her consent.

Lap. That indeed may be—but for the marriage it cannot be, nor it shall not be.

Fred. How! how will you prevent it?

Lap. By an infallible rule I have. But, Sir, Mr. Clermont was mentioning a certain little word called Interest, just now. I should not repeat it to you, Sir, but that really one goes about a thing with so much a better will, and one has so much better luck in it too, when one has got some little matter by it.

Fred. Here, take all the money I have in my pocket, and on my marriage with Mariana, thou shalt have fifty more.

Lap. That is enough, Sir; if they were half-married already, I would unmarry them again. I am impatient till I am about it—Oh! there is nothing like gold to quicken a woman's capacity.

SCENE IV.

FREDERICK, CLERMONT.

Fred. Dost thou think I may place any confidence in what this woman says?

Cler. Faith! I think so. I have told you how dexterously she manag'd my affairs. I have seen such proofs of her capacity, that I am much easier on your account than I was.

Fred. My own heart is something lighter too. Oh, Clermont! how dearly do we buy all the joys which we receive from women!

Cler. A coquette's lover generally pays very severely, indeed. His game is sure to lead him a long chase, and if he catches her at last, she is hardly worth carrying home——You will excuse me.

Fred. It does not affect me; for what appears a coquette in Mariana, is rather the effects of sprightliness and youth, than any fixed habit of mind; she has good sense and good nature at the bottom.

Cler. If she has good nature, it is at the bottom indeed; for I think she has never discover'd any to you.

Fred. Women of her beauty and merit have such a variety of admirers, that they are shocked to think of giving up all the rest by fixing on one. Besides, so many pretty gentlemen are continually attending them, and whispering soft things in their ears, who think all their services well repaid by a curtsey or a smile, that they are startled, and think a lover a most unreasonable creature, who can imagine he merits their whole person.

Cler. They are of all people my aversion; they are a sort of spaniels, who though they have no chance of running down the hare themselves, often spoil the chace. I have known one of these fellows pursue half the fine women in town, without any other design than of enjoying them all in the arms of a strumpet. It is pleasant enough to see them watching the eyes of a woman of quality half an hour, to get an opportunity of making a bow to her.

Fred. Which she often returns with a smile, or some other extraordinary mark of affection; from a charitable design of giving pain to her real admirer, who though

he can't be jealous of the animal, is concern'd to see her condescend to take notice of him.

SCENE V.

HARRIET, FREDERICK, CLERMONT.

Har. I suppose, brother, you have heard of my good father's economy, that he has resolv'd to join two entertainments in one—and prevent giving an extraordinary wedding supper.

Fred. Yes, I have heard it——and I hope have taken measures to prevent it.

Har. Why, did you believe it then?

Fred. I think I had no longer room to doubt.

Har. I would not believe it, if I were to see them in bed together.

Fred. Heaven forbid it!

Har. So say I too. Heaven forbid I should have such a mother-in-law; but I think, if she were wedded into any other family, you would have no reason to lament the loss of so constant a mistress.

Fred. Dear Harriet, indulge my weakness.

Har. I will indulge your weakness with all my heart ——but the men ought not; for they are such lovers as you, who spoil the women.——Come, if you will bring Mr. Clermont into my apartment, I'll give you a dish of tea, and you shall have some Sal Volatile in it, though you have no real cause for any depression of your spirit; for I dare swear your mistress is very safe. And I am sure, if she were to be lost in the manner you apprehend, she would be the best loss you ever had in your life.

Cler. Oh, Frederick! if your mistress were but equal to your sister, you might be well called the happiest of mankind. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

MARIANA, LAPPET.

Lap. Ha, ha, ha! and so you have persuaded the old lady that you really intend to have him.

Mar. I tell you, I do really intend to have him.

Lap. Have him! ha, ha, ha! For what do you intend to have him?

Mar. Have I not told you already that I will marry him?

Lap. Indeed, you will not.

Mar. How, Mrs. Impertinence, has your mistress told you so? and did she send you hither to persuade me against the match.

Lap. What should you marry him for? As for his riches, you might as well think of going hungry to a fine entertainment, where you are sure of not being suffer'd to eat. The very income of your own fortune will be more than he will allow you. Adieu fine clothes, operas, plays, assemblies; adieu dear Quadrille —and to what have you sacrificed all these?——not to a husband—for whatever you make of him, you will never make a husband of him, I'm sure.

Mar. This is a liberty, Madam, I shall not allow you; if you intend to stay in this house, you must leave off these pretty airs you have lately given yourself—— Remember you are a servant here, not the mistress, as you have been suffer'd to affect.

Lap. You may lay aside your airs too, good Madam, if you come to that; for I shall not desire to stay in this house when you are the mistress of it.

Mar. It will be prudent in you not to put on your usual insolence to me; for, if you do, your master shall punish you for it.

Lap. I have one comfort; he will not be able to punish me half so much as he will you. The worst he can do to me is to turn me out of the house——but you he can keep in it. Wife to an old fellow! faugh!

Mar. If Miss Harriet sent you on this errand, you may return, and tell her, her wit is shallower than I imagin'd it—and, since she has no more experience, I believe I shall send my daughter-in-law to school again.

[*Exit.*

Lap. Hum! you will have a schoolmaster at home. I begin to doubt whether this sweet-tempered creature will not marry in spite at last. I have one project more to prevent her, and that I will about instantly.

SCENE VII. *The Garden.*

LOVEGOLD, MRS. WISELY.

Love. I cannot be easy. I must settle something upon her.

Mrs. Wise. Believe me, Mr. Lovegold, it is unnecessary; when you die, you will leave your wife very well provided for.

Love. Indeed, I have known several lawsuits happen on these accounts; and sometimes the whole has been thrown away in disputing to which party it belong'd. I shall not sleep in my grave while a set of villainous lawyers are dividing the little money I have among them.

Mrs. Wise. I know this old fool is fond enough now to come to any terms! but it is ill trusting him: violent passions can never last long at his years.

[*Aside.*

Love. What are you considering?

Mrs. Wise. Mr. Lovegold, I am sure, knows the world too well to have the worse opinion of any woman from

her prudence; therefore I must tell you, this delay of the match does not at all please me. It seems to argue your inclinations abated, and so it is better to let the treaty end here. My daughter has a very good offer now, which were she to refuse on your account, she would make a very ridiculous figure in the world after you had left her.

Love. Alas! Madam, I love her better than any thing almost upon the face of the earth; this delay is to secure her a good jointure: I am not worth the money the world says; I am not indeed.

Mrs. Wise. Well, Sir, then there can be no harm, for the satisfaction of both her mind and mine, in your signing a small contract which can be prepared immediately.

Love. What signifies signing, Madam?

Mrs. Wise. I see, Sir, you don't care for it. So there is no harm done; and really this other is so very advantageous an offer, that I don't know whether I shall not be blam'd for refusing him on any account.

Love. Nay, but be not in haste; what would you have me sign?

Mrs. Wise. Only to perform your promise of marriage.

Love. Well, well, let your lawyer draw it up then, and mine shall look over it.

Mrs. Wise. I believe my lawyer is in the house; I'll go to him, and get it done instantly; and then we will give this gentleman a final answer. I assure you, he is a very advantageous offer. [*Exit.*

Love. As I intend to marry this girl, there can be no harm in signing the contract; her lawyer draws it up, so I shall be at no expense; for I can get mine to look it over for nothing. I should have done very wisely, indeed, to have entitled her to a third of my fortune, whereas I will not make her jointure above a tenth. I protest it is with some difficulty that I have prevail'd

with myself to put off the match; I am more in love, I find, than I suspected.

SCENE VIII.

LAPPET, LOVEGOLD.

Lap. Oh! unhappy, miserable creature that I am! what shall I do? whither shall I go?

Love. What's the matter, Lappet?

Lap. To have been innocently assisting in betraying so good a man! so good a master! so good a friend!

Love. Lappet, I say.

Lap. I shall never forgive myself, I shall never outlive it, I shall never eat, drink, sleep——

[*Runs against him.*

Love. One would think you were walking in your sleep, now. What can be the meaning of this?

Lap. Oh! Sir!——you are undone, Sir, and I am undone.

Love. How! what! has any one robb'd me? have I lost any thing.

Lap. No, Sir, but you have got something.

Love. What? what?

Lap. A wife, Sir.

Love. No, I have not yet——but why—

Lap. How, Sir, are you not married?

Love. No.

Lap. That is the happiest word I ever heard come out of your mouth.

Love. I have, for some particular reasons, put off the match for a few days.

Lap. Yes, Sir; and for some particular reasons, you shall put off the match for a few years.

Love. What do you say?

Lap. Oh! Sir, this affair has almost determin'd me never to engage in matrimonial matters again. I have been finely deceiv'd in this lady. I told you, Sir, she had an estate in a certain country; but I find it is all a cheat, Sir; the devil of any estate has she.

Love. How! not any estate at all! How can she live then?

Lap. Nay, Sir. Heaven knows how half the people in this town live.

Love. However, it is an excellent good quality in a woman to be able to live without an estate. She that can make something out of nothing, will make a little go a great way. I am sorry she has no fortune; but considering all her saving qualities, Lappet——

Lap. All an imposition, Sir; she is the most extravagant wretch upon earth.

Love. How! how! extravagant!

Lap. I tell you, Sir, she is downright extravagance itself.

Love. Can it be possible after what you told me?

Lap. Alas, Sir, that was only a cloak thrown over her real inclinations.

Love. How was it possible for you to be so deceiv'd in her?

Lap. Alas! Sir, she would have deceiv'd anyone upon earth, even yourself: for, Sir, during a whole fortnight since you have been in love with her she has made it her whole business to conceal her extravagance and appear thrifty.

Love. That is a good sign, tho'; Lappet, let me tell you, that is a good sign; right habits as well as wrong are got by affecting them. And she who could be thrifty a whole fortnight gives lively hopes that she may be brought to be so as long as she lives.

Lap. She loves play to distraction: it is the only visible way in the world she has of a living.

Love. She must win then, Lappet; and play, when people play the best of the game, is no such very bad thing. Besides, as she plays only to support herself, when she can be supported without it, she may leave it off.

Lap. To support her extravagance, in dress particularly; why, don't you see, Sir, she is dress'd out to-day like a princess?

Love. It may be an effect of prudence in a young woman to dress, in order to get a husband. And as that is apparently her motive, when she is married that motive ceases; and to say the truth, she is in discourse a very prudent young woman.

Lap. Think of her extravagance.

Love. A woman of the greatest modesty!

Lap. And extravagance.

Love. She has really a very fine set of teeth.

Lap. She will have all the teeth out of your head.

Love. I never saw finer eyes.

Lap. She will eat you out of house and home.

Love. Charming hair!

Lap. She will ruin you!

Love. Sweet kissing lips, swelling breasts, and the finest shape that ever was embraced.

[*Catching* Lappet *in his arms.*

Lap. O, Sir! I am not the lady.——Was ever such an old goat!——Well, Sir, I see you are determined on the match, and so I desire you would pay me my wages. I cannot bear to see the ruin of a family in which I have liv'd so long, that I have contracted as great a friendship for it as if it was my own: I can't bear to see waste, riot, and extravagance; to see all the wealth a poor, honest, industrious gentleman has been raising all his lifetime, squander'd away in a year or two in feasts, balls, music, cards, clothes, jewels—It would break my

heart to see my poor old master eat out by a set of singers, fiddlers, milliners, mantua-makers, mercers, toy-men, jewellers, fops, cheats, rakes——To see his guineas fly about like dust; all his ready money paid in one morning to one tradesman; his whole stock in the funds spent in one half-year; all his land swallowed down in another; all his old gold, nay, the very plate which he has had in his family, time out of mind, which has descended from father to son ever since the flood, to see even that disposed of. What will they have next, I wonder, when they have had all that he is worth in the world, and left the poor old man without any thing to furnish his old age with the necessaries of life—Will they be contented then, or will they tear out his bowels, and eat them too? [*Both burst into tears.*] The laws are cruel to put it in the power of a wife to ruin her husband in this manner——And will any one tell me that such a woman as this is handsome?—What are a pair of shining eyes, when they must be bought with the loss of all one's shining gold?

Love. Oh! my poor old gold.

Lap. Perhaps she has a fine set of teeth.

Love. My poor plate, that I have hoarded with so much care!

Lap. Or I'll grant she may have a most beautiful shape.

Love. My dear land and tenements.

Lap. What are the roses on her cheeks, or lilies in her neck?

Love. My poor India bonds, bearing at least three and a half per cent.

Lap. A fine excuse, indeed, when a man is ruined by his wife, to tell us he has married a beauty.

SCENE IX.

LAWYER, LOVEGOLD, LAPPET.

Law. Sir, the contract is ready; my client has sent for the counsel on the other side, and he is now below examining it.

Love. Get you out of my doors, you villain, you and your client too; I'll contract you, with a pox.

Law. Heyday! sure you are non compos mentis!

Love. No, sirrah, I had like to have been non compos mentis; but I have had the good luck to escape it. Go and tell your client I have discover'd her: bid her take her advantageous offer; for I shall sign no contracts.

Law. This is the strangest thing I have met with in my whole course of practice.

Love. I am very much obliged to you, Lappet; indeed, I am very much obliged to you.

Lap. I am sure, Sir, I have a very great satisfaction in serving you, and I hope you will consider of that little affair that I mentioned to you to-day about my lawsuit.

Love. I am very much obliged to you.

Lap. I hope, Sir, you won't suffer me to be ruined when I have preserved you from it.

Love. Hey! [*Appearing deaf.*

Lap. You know, Sir, that in Westminster-hall money and right are always on the same side.

Love. Ay, so they are; very true, so they are; and therefore no one can take too much care of his money.

Lap. The smallest matter of money, Sir, would do me an infinite service.

Love. Hey! what?

Lap. A small matter of money, Sir, would do me a great kindness.

Love. Oho! I have a very great kindness for you; indeed, I have a very great kindness for you.

Lap. Pox take your kindness! I'm only losing time: there's nothing to be got out of him. So I'll ev'n to Frederick, and see what the report of my success will do there: Ah! would I were married to thee myself!

Love. What a prodigious escape have I had! I cannot look at the precipice without being giddy.

SCENE X.

RAMILIE, LOVEGOLD.

Love. Who is that? Oh, is it you, sirrah? How dare you enter within these walls?

Ramil. Truly, Sir, I can scarcely reconcile it to myself; I think, after what has happened, you have no great title to my friendship. But I don't know how it is, Sir, there is something or other about you which strangely engages my affections, and which, together with the friendship I have for your son, won't let me suffer you to be impos'd upon; and to prevent that, Sir, is the whole and sole occasion of my coming within your doors. Did not a certain lady, Sir, called Mrs. Lappet, depart from you just now?

Love. What if she did, sirrah?

Ramil. Has she not, Sir, been talking to you about a young lady whose name is Mariana?

Love. Well, and what then?

Ramil. Why, then, Sir, every single syllable she has told you has been neither more nor less than a most confounded lie; as is, indeed, every word she says: for I don't believe, upon a modest calculation, she has told

six truths since she has been in the house. She is made up of lies: her father was an attorney, and her mother was chambermaid to a maid of honour. The first word she spoke was a lie, and so will be the last. I know she has pretended a great affection for you, that's one lie; and every thing she has said of Mariana is another.

Love. How! how! are you sure of this?

Ramil. Why, Sir, she and I laid the plot together; that one time, indeed, I myself was forced to deviate a little from the truth; but it was with a good design: the jade pretended to me that it was out of friendship to my master; that it was because she thought such a match would not be at all to his interest; but alas! Sir, I know her friendship begins and ends at home; and that she has friendship for no person living but herself. Why, Sir, do but look at Mariana, Sir, and see whether you can think her such a sort of woman as she has described her to you.

Love. Indeed she has appeared to me always in a different light. I do believe what you say. This jade has been bribed by my children to impose upon me. I forgive thee all that thou hast done for this one service. I will go deny all that I said to the lawyer, and put an end to everything this moment. I knew it was impossible she could be such a sort of a woman. [*Exit.*

Ramil. And I will go find out my master, make him the happiest of mankind, squeeze his purse, and then get drunk for the honour of all party-coloured politicians.

SCENE XI. *The Hall.*

FREDERICK, LAPPET.

Fred. Excellent Lappet! I shall never think I have sufficiently rewarded you for what you have done.

Lap. I have only done half the business yet. I have, I believe, effectually broke off the match with your father. Now, Sir, I shall make up the matter between you and her.

Fred. Do but that, dear girl, and I'll coin myself into guineas.

Lap. Keep yourself for your lady, Sir; she will take all that sort of coin, I warrant her: as for me, I shall be much more easily contented.

Fred. But what hopes canst thou have? for I, alas! see none.

Lap. Oh, Sir! it is more easy to make half a dozen matches, than to break one; and, to say the truth, it is an office I myself like better. There is something, methinks, so pretty in bringing young people together that are fond of one another. I protest, Sir, you will be a mighty handsome couple. How fond will you be of a little girl the exact picture of her mother! and how fond will she be of a boy to put her in mind of his father!

Fred. Death! you jade, you have fir'd my imagination.

Lap. But, methinks, I want to have the hurricane begin, hugely; I am surpriz'd they are not altogether by the ears already!

SCENE XII.

RAMILIE, FREDERICK, LAPPET.

Ramil. Oh! Madam, I little expected to have found you and my master together, after what has happened; I did not think you had the assurance—

Fred. Peace, Ramilie, all is well, and Lappet is the best friend I have in the world.

Ramil. Yes, Sir, all is well, indeed; no thanks to her: happy is the master that has a good servant; a good servant is certainly the greatest treasure in this world; I have done your business for you, Sir; I have frustrated all she has been doing, denied all she has been telling him; in short, Sir, I observed her ladyship in a long conference with the old gentleman, mightily to your interest, as you may imagine. No sooner was she gone, than I steps in, and made the old gentleman believe every single syllable she had told him, to be a most confounded lie; and away he is gone, fully determined to put an end to the affair.

Lap. And sign the contract; so, now, Sir, you are ruined without reprieve.

Fred. Death and damnation! fool! villain!

Ramil. Heyday! What is the meaning of this? Have I done any more than you commanded me?

Fred. Nothing but my cursed stars could have contriv'd so damn'd an accident.

Ramil. You cannot blame me, Sir, whatever has happened.

Fred. I don't blame you, Sir; nor myself, nor any one: Fortune has marked me out for misery. But I will be no longer idle; since I am to be ruin'd I will meet my destruction.

SCENE XIII.

LAPPET, RAMILIE.

[*They stand some time silent, looking at each other.*]

Lap. I give you joy, Sir, of the success of your negociation; you have approved yourself a most able

person, truly; and I dare swear, when your skill is once known, will not want employment.

Ramil. Do not triumph, good Mrs. Lappet; a politician may make a blunder; I am sure no one can avoid it that is employ'd with you; for you change sides so often, that 'tis impossible to tell at any time which side you are on.

Lap. And pray, sirrah, what was the occasion of your betraying me to your master, for he has told me all?

Ramil. Conscience, conscience, Mrs. Lappet, the great guide of all my actions; I could not find in my heart to let him lose his mistress.

Lap. Your master is very much obliged to you, indeed, to lose your own, in order to preserve his; for henceforth I forbid all your addresses, I disown all obligations, I revoke all promises; henceforth I would advise you never to open your lips to me, for if you do, it will be in vain; I shall be deaf to all your little false, mean, treacherous, base insinuations. I would have you know, Sir, a woman injur'd as I am never can nor ought to forgive. Never see my face again. [*Exit.*

Ramil. Huh! now would some lovers think themselves very unhappy; but I, who have had experience in the sex, am never frighten'd at the frowns of a mistress, nor ravish'd with her smiles; they both naturally succeed one another; and a woman, generally, is as sure to perform what she threatens, as she is what she promises. But now I'll to my lurking-place. I'm sure this old rogue has money hid in the garden; if I can but discover it, I shall handsomely quit all scores with the old gentleman, and make my master a sufficient return for the loss of his mistress.

SCENE XIV. *Another Apartment.*

FREDERICK, MRS. WISELY, MARIANA.

Fred. No, Madam, I have no words to upbraid you with, nor shall I attempt it.

Mrs. Wise. I think, Sir, a respect to your father should keep you now within the rules of decency; as for my daughter, after what has happened, I think she cannot expect it on any other account.

Mar. Dear mamma, don't be serious, when, I dare say, Mr. Frederick is in jest.

Fred. This exceeds all you have done; to insult the person you have made miserable, is more cruel than having made him so.

Mar. Come, come, you may not be so miserable as you expect. I know the word Mother-in-law has a terrible sound; but perhaps I may make a better than you imagine. Believe me, you will see a change in this house which will not be disagreeable to a man of Mr. Frederick's gay temper.

Fred. All changes to me are henceforth equal. When fortune robbed me of you, she made her utmost effort; I now despise all in her power.

Mrs. Wise. I must insist, Sir, on your behaving in a different manner to my daughter. The world is apt to be censorious. Oh, heavens! I shudder at the apprehensions of having cast a reflection on my family, which has hitherto past unblemished.

Fred. I shall take care, Madam, to shun any possibility of giving you such a fear; for from this night I never will behold those dear, those fatal eyes again.

Mar. Nay, that I am sure will cast a reflection on me.

What a person will the world think me to be, when you could not live with me.

Fred. Live with you! Oh, Mariana! those words bring back a thousand tender ideas to my mind. Oh! had that been my blest fortune.

Mrs. Wise. Let me beg, Sir, you would keep a greater distance. The young fellows of this age are so rampant, that even degrees of kindred can't restrain them.

Fred. There are yet no such degrees between us—— Oh, Mariana! while it is in your power, while the irrevocable wax remains unstamp'd, consider, and do not seal my ruin.

Mrs. Wise. Come with me, daughter; you shall not stay a moment longer with him—a rude fellow.

SCENE XV.

RAMILIE, FREDERICK.

Ramil. Follow me, Sir, follow me this instant.

Fred. What's the matter?

Ramil. Follow me, Sir; we are in the right box; the business is done.

Fred. What done?

Ramil. I have it under my arm, Sir,—here it is!

Fred. What? what?

Ramil. Your father's soul, Sir; his money——Follow me, Sir, this moment, before we are overtaken.

Fred. Ha! this may preserve me yet.

SCENE XVI.

LOVEGOLD *in the utmost distraction.*

Thieves! thieves! assassination! murder! I am undone! all my money is gone! Who is the thief? where

is the villain? where shall I find him? Give me my money again, villain. [*Catching himself by the arm.*] I am distracted! I know not where I am, nor what I am, nor what I do. Oh! my money, my money! Ha! what say you? Alack-a-day! here is no one. The villain must have watch'd his time carefully; he must have done it whilst I was signing that d—n'd contract. I will go to a justice, and have all my house put to their oaths, my servants, my children, my mistress, and myself too; all the people in the house, and in the street, and in the town: I will have them all executed; I will hang all the world; and if I don't find my money I will hang myself afterwards.

ACT V.—SCENE I.

SCENE, *the Hall.*

SEVERAL SERVANTS.

JAMES.

THERE will be rare doings now; Madam's an excellent woman, faith! Things won't go as they have done; she has order'd something like a supper; here will be victuals enough for the whole town.

Thomas. She's a sweet-humour'd lady, I can tell you that. I have had a very good place on't with her. You will have no more use for locks and keys in this house now.

James. This is the luckiest day I ever saw; as soon as supper is over I will get drunk to her good health,

I am resolv'd; and that's more than ever I could have done before.

Thomas. You shan't want liquor, for here are ten hogsheads of strong beer coming in.

James. Bless her heart! good lady! I wish she had a better bridegroom.

Thomas. Ah! never mind that, he has a good purse; and for other things, let her alone, Master James.

Wheed. Thomas, you must go to Mr. Mixture's the wine-merchant, and order him to send in twelve dozen of his best Champagne, twelve dozen of Burgundy, and twelve dozen of Hermitage. And you must call at the wax-chandler's, and bid him send in a chest of candles; and at Mr. Lambert's, the confectioner in Pall Mall, and order the finest dessert he can furnish; and you, Will, must go to Mr. Grey's, the horse-jockey, and order him to buy my lady three of the finest geldings for her coach, to-morrow morning; and here you must take this roll, and invite all the people in it to supper; then you must go to the playhouse in Drury-Lane, and engage all the music, for my lady intends to have a ball.

James. O brave, Mrs. Wheedle! here are fine times!

Wheed. My lady desires that supper may be kept back as much as possible; and if you can think of any thing to add to it, she desires you would.

James. She is the best of ladies.

Wheed. So you will say when you know her better: she has thought of nothing ever since matters have been made up between her and your master, but how to lay out as much money as she could; we shall have all rare places.

James. I thought to have given warning to-morrow morning, but I believe I shall not be in haste now.

Wheed. See what it is to have a woman at the head

of a house. But here she comes. Go you into the kitchen, and see that all things be in the nicest order.

James. I am ready to leap out of my skin for joy.

SCENE II.

MARIANA, WHEEDLE, UPHOLSTERER, MRS. WISELY.

Mar. Wheedle, have you dispatched the servants according to my orders?

Wheed. Yes, Madam.

Mar. You will take care, Mr. Furnish, and let me have those two beds with the utmost expedition?

Uphol. I shall take a particular care, Madam. I shall put them both in hand to-morrow morning; I shall put off some work, Madam, on that account.

Mar. That tapestry in the dining-room does not at all please me.

Uphol. Your ladyship is very much in the right, Madam; it is quite out of fashion; no one hangs a room now with tapestry.

Mar. Oh! I have the greatest fondness for tapestry in the world! you must positively get me some of a newer pattern.

Uphol. Truly, Madam, as you say, tapestry is one of the prettiest sorts of furniture for a room that I know of. I believe I can shew you some that will please you.

Mrs. Wise. I protest, child, I can't see any reason for this alteration.

Mar. Dear Mamma, let me have my will. There is not any one thing in the whole house that I shall be able to leave in it, every thing has so much of antiquity about it; and I cannot endure the sight of any thing that is not perfectly modern.

Uphol. Your ladyship is in the right, Madam; there is no possibility of being in the fashion without new-furnishing a house at least once in twenty years; and indeed to be at the very top of the fashion you will have need of almost continual alterations.

Mrs. Wise. That is an extravagance I would never submit to. I have no notion of destroying one's goods before they are half worn out, by following the ridiculous whims of two or three people of quality.

Uphol. Ha! ha! Madam, I believe her ladyship is of a different opinion—I have many a set of goods entirely whole, that I would be very loth to put into your hands.

SCENE III.

To them MERCER, JEWELLER.

Mar. Oh, Mr. Sattin! have you brought those gold stuffs I ordered you?

Merc. Yes, Madam, I have brought your ladyship some of the finest patterns that were ever made.

Mar. Well, Mr. Sparkle, have you the necklace and ear-rings with you?

Jewel. Yes, Madam; and I defy any jeweller in town to shew you their equals; they are, I think, the finest water I ever saw; they are finer than the Duchess of Glitter's, which have been so much admired. I have brought you a solitaire too, Madam; my Lady Raffle bought the fellow of it yesterday.

Mar. Sure, it has a flaw in it, Sir.

Jewel. Has it, Madam? then there never was a brilliant without one; I am sure, Madam, I bought it for a good stone, and, if it be not a good stone, you shall have it for nothing.

SCENE IV.

LOVEGOLD, MARIANA, MRS. WISELY, JEWELLER, MERCER, UPHOLSTERER.

Love. It's lost, it's gone, it's irrecoverable; I shall never see it more!

Mar. And what will be the lowest price of the necklace and ear-rings?

Jewel. If you were my sister, Madam, I could not 'bate you one farthing of three thousand guineas.

Love. What do you say of three thousand guineas, villain? Have you my three thousand guineas?

Mrs. Wise. Bless me, Mr. Lovegold! what's the matter?

Love. I am undone! I am ruin'd! my money is stolen! my dear three thousand guineas, that I received but yesterday, are taken away from the place I had put them in, and I shall never see them again.

Mar. Don't let them make you uneasy, you may possibly recover them; or if you should not, the loss is but a trifle.

Love. How! a trifle! Do you call three thousand guineas a trifle?

Mrs. Wise. She sees you so disturbed, that she is willing to make as light of your loss as possible, in order to comfort you.

Love. To comfort me! Can she comfort me by calling three thousand guineas a trifle? But tell me what you were saying of them? Have you seen them?

Jewel. Really, Sir, I do not understand you. I was

telling the lady the price of a necklace and a pair of ear-rings, which were as cheap at three thousand guineas as——

Love. How? What? What?

Mar. I can't think them very cheap. However, I am resolved to have them; so let him have the money, Sir, if you please.

Love. I am in a dream.

Mar. You will be paid immediately, Sir. Well, Mr. Sattin, and pray what is the highest priced gold stuff you have brought?

Merc. Madam, I have one of twelve pounds a yard.

Mar. It must be pretty at that price. Let me have a gown and petticoat cut off.

Love. You shall cut off my head first. What are you doing? Are you mad?

Mar. I am only preparing a proper dress to appear in as your wife.

Love. Sirrah, offer to open any of your pick-pocket trinkets here, and I'll make an example of you.

Mar. Mr. Lovegold, give me leave to tell you this is a behaviour I don't understand. You give me a fine pattern before marriage of the usage I am to expect after it.

Love. Here are fine patterns of what I am to expect after it.

Mar. I assure you, Sir, I shall insist on all the privileges of an English wife. I shall not be taught to dress by my husband. I am myself the best judge of what you can afford; and if I do stretch your purse a little, it is for your own honour, Sir. The world will know it is your wife that makes such a figure.

Love. Can you bear to hear this, Madam?

Mrs. Wise. I should not countenance my daughter in any extravagance, Sir; but the honour of my family, as

well as yours, is concerned in her appearing handsomely. Let me tell you, Mr. Lovegold, the whole world is very sensible of your fondness for money. I think it a very great blessing to you that you have met with a woman of a different temper, one who will preserve your reputation in the world whether you will or no. Not that I would insinuate to you that my daughter will ever run you into unnecessary expenses; so far from it, that, if you will but generously make her a present of five thousand pounds to fit herself out at first in clothes and jewels, I dare swear you will not have any other demand on those accounts——I don't know when.

Mar. No, unless a birthnight suit or two, I shall scarce want any thing more this twelvemonth.

Love. I am undone, plundered, murdered! However, there is one comfort; I am not married yet.

Mar. And free to choose whether you will marry at all, or no.

Mrs. Wise. The consequence, you know, will be no more than a poor ten thousand pound, which is all the forfeiture of the breach of contract.

Love. But, Madam, I have one way yet. I have not bound my heirs and executors; and so, if I hang myself I am off the bargain——In the meanwhile I'll try if I cannot rid my house of this nest of thieves——Get out of my doors, you cut-purses.

Jewel. Pay me for my jewels, Sir, or return 'em me.

Love. Give him his baubles; give them him.

Mar. I shall not, I assure you. You need be under no apprehension, Sir; you see Mr. Lovegold is a little disordered at present; but if you will come to-morrow, you shall have your money.

Jewel. I'll depend on your ladyship, Madam.

Love. Who the devil are you? What have you to do here?

Uphol. I am an upholsterer, Sir, and am come to new-furnish your house.

Love. Out of my doors this instant, or I will disfurnish your head for you; I'll beat out your brains.

Mrs. Wise. Sure, Sir, you are mad.

Love. I was when I signed the contract. Oh! that I had never learnt to write my name.

SCENE V.

CHARLES BUBBLEBOY, LOVEGOLD, MARIANA, MRS. WISELY.

Cha. Your most obedient servant, Madam.

Love. Who are you, Sir? What do you want here?

Cha. Sir, my name is Charles Bubbleboy.

Love. What's your business?

Cha. Sir, I was ordered to bring some snuff-boxes and rings. Will you please, Sir, to look at that snuff-box; there is but one person in England, Sir, can work in this manner. If he was but as diligent as he is able, he would get an immense estate, Sir; if he had an hundred thousand hands, I could keep them all employed. I have brought you a pair of the new invented snuffers too, Madam. Be pleas'd to look at them: they are my own invention; the nicest lady in the world may make use of them.

Love. Who the devil sent for you, Sir?

Mar. I sent for him, Sir.

Cha. Yes, Sir; I was told it was a lady sent for me: will you please, Madam, to look at the snuff-boxes or rings first?

Love. Will you please to go to the devil, Sir, first, or shall I send you?

Cha. Sir?

Love. Get you out of my house this instant, or I'll break your snuff-boxes, and your bones too.

Cha. Sir, I was sent for, or I should not have come. Charles Bubbleboy does not want custom. Madam, your most obedient servant.

SCENE VI.

MARIANA, MRS. WISELY, LOVEGOLD, WHEEDLE.

Mar. I suppose, Sir, you expect to be finely spoken of abroad for this; you will get an excellent character in the world by this behaviour.

Mrs. Wise. Is this your gratitude to a woman who has refused so much better offers on your account?

Love. Oh! would she had taken them. Give me up my contract, and I will gladly resign all right and title whatsoever.

Mrs. Wise. It is too late now, the gentlemen have had their answers: a good offer, once refused, is not to be had again.

Wheed. Madam, the tailor whom your ladyship sent for is come.

Mar. Bid him come in. This is an instance of the regard I have for you. I have sent for one of the best tailors in town to make you a new suit of clothes, that you may appear like a gentleman; for as it is for your honour that I should be well dress'd, so it is for mine that you should. Come, Madam, we will go in and give farther orders concerning the entertainment.

SCENE VII.

LOVEGOLD, LIST.

Love. Oh, Lappet, Lappet! the time thou hast prophesy'd of is come to pass.

List. I am your honour's most humble servant. My name is List. I presume I am the person you sent for—the laceman will be here immediately. Will your honour be pleased to be taken measure of first, or look over the patterns; if you please, we will take measure first. I do not know, Sir, who was so kind as to recommend me to you, but I believe I shall give you entire satisfaction. I may defy any tailor in England to understand the fashion better than myself; the thing is impossible, Sir. I always visit France twice a year; and though I say it, that should not say it——Stand upright, if you please, Sir——

Love. I'll take measure of your back, sirrah——I'll teach such pickpockets as you are to come here——Out of my doors, you villain.

List. Heyday! Sir; did you send for me for this, Sir?—I shall bring you in a bill without any clothes.

SCENE VIII.

LOVEGOLD, JAMES, PORTER.

Love. Where are you going?—What have you there?

James. Some fine wine, Sir, that my lady sent for to Mr. Mixture's.—But, Sir, it will be impossible for me to get supper ready by twelve, as it is ordered, unless I have more assistance. I want half a dozen kitchens,

too. The very wildfowl that my lady has sent for will take up a dozen spits.

Love. Oh! oh! it is in vain to oppose it: her extravagance is like a violent fire, that is no sooner stopped in one place than it breaks out in another.——[*Drums beat without.*] Ha! what is the meaning of this? Is my house besieged? Would they would set it on fire, and burn all in it.

Drum. [*Without.*] Heavens bless your honour! Squire Lovegold, Madam Lovegold; long life and happiness, and many children attend you——and so God save the King. [*Drums beat.*

[Love. *goes out, and soon after the drums cease.*

James. So, he has quieted the drums, I find—this is the roguery of some well-wishing neighbours of his. Well, we shall soon see which will get the better, my master or my mistress. If my master does, away go I; if my mistress, I'll stay while there is any housekeeping, which can't be long; for the riches of my lord mayor will never hold it out at this rate.

SCENE IX.

LOVEGOLD, JAMES.

Love. James! I shall be destroy'd; in one week I shall not be worth a groat upon earth. Go, send all the provisions back to the tradesmen; put out all the fires; leave not so much as a candle burning.

James. Sir, I don't know how to do it: Madam commanded me, and I dare not disobey her.

Love. How! not when I command thee?

James. I have lost several places, Sir, by obeying the master against the mistress, but never lost one by obeying the mistress against the master. Besides, Sir, she is

so good and generous a lady, that it would go against my very heart to offend her.

Love. The devil take her generosity!

James. And I don't believe she has provided one morsel more than will be eat; why, Sir, she has invited above five hundred people to supper; within this hour, your house will be as full as Westminster Hall the last day of term——But I have no time to lose.

Love. Oh! oh! What shall I do?

SCENE X.

LAPPET, LOVEGOLD.

Lap. Where is my poor master? Oh, Sir! I cannot express the affliction I am in to see you devoured in this manner. How could you, Sir, when I told you what a woman she was—how could you undo yourself with your eyes open?

Love. Poor Lappet! had I taken thy advice, I had been happy.

Lap. And I too, Sir! for alack-a-day, I am as miserable as you are; I feel every thing for you, Sir; indeed I shall break my heart upon your account.

Love. I shall be much obliged to you if you do, Lappet.

Lap How could a man of your sense, Sir, marry in so precipitate a manner?

Love. I am not married; I am not married.

Lap. Not married!

Love. No, no, no.

Lap. All's safe yet. No man is quite undone till he is married.

Love. I am, I am undone. Oh, Lappet! I cannot tell

it thee. I have given her a bond, a bond, a bond of ten thousand pound to marry her.

Lap. You shall forfeit it——

Love. Forfeit what? my life and soul, and blood, and heart?

Lap. You shall forfeit it——

Love. I'll be buried alive sooner; no, I am determined I'll marry her first, and hang myself afterwards to save my money.

Lap. I see, Sir, you are undone; and if you should hang yourself, I could not blame you.

Love. Could I but save one thousand by it, I would hang myself with all my soul. Shall I live to die not worth a groat?

Lap. Oh! my poor master! my poor master!

[*Crying.*

Love. Why did I not die a year ago! what a deal had I saved by dying a year ago! [*A noise without.*] Oh! Oh! dear Lappet, see what it is; I shall be undone in an hour—Oh!

SCENE XI.

LOVEGOLD, CLERMONT, *richly dress'd.*

Love. What is here?—Some of the people who are to eat me up?

Cler. Don't you know me, Sir?

Love. Know you! Ha! What is the meaning of this? —Oh! it is plain, it is too plain; my money has paid for all this finery. Ah! base wretch, could I have suspected you of such an action, of lurking in my house to use me in such a manner?

Cler. Sir, I come to confess the fact to you; and if

you will but give me leave to reason with you, you will not find yourself so much injured as you imagine.

Love. Not injured! when you have stolen away my blood!

Cler. Your blood is not fallen into bad hands; I am a gentleman, Sir.

Love. Here's impudence! a fellow robs me, and tells me he is a gentleman——Tell me who tempted you to it?

Cler. Ah, Sir! need I say——Love.

Love. Love!

Cler. Yes, love, Sir.

Love. Very pretty love, indeed; the love of my guineas.

Cler. Ah, Sir! think not so! Do but grant me the free possession of what I have, and, by Heaven, I'll never ask you more.

Love. Oh, most unequall'd impudence! was ever so modest a request!

Cler. All your efforts to separate us will be vain; we have sworn never to forsake each other; and nothing but death can part us.

Love. I don't question, Sir, the very great affection on your side; but I believe I shall find methods to recover——

Cler. By Heavens! I'll die in defending my right: and if that were the case, think not, when I am gone, you ever could possess what you have robb'd me of.

Love. Ha! that's true; he may find ways to prevent the restoring it. Well, well, let me delight my eyes at least; let me see my treasure, and perhaps I may give it you; perhaps I may.

Cler. Then I am blest! Well may you say treasure, or to possess that treasure is to be rich indeed.

Love. Yes, truly, I think three thousand pounds may

be well call'd a treasure.—Go, go, fetch it hither; perhaps I may give it you—fetch it hither.

Cler. To shew you, Sir, the confidence I place in you, I will fetch hither all that I love and adore. [*Exit.*

Love. Sure, never was so impudent a fellow; to confess his robbery before my face, and to desire to keep what he has stolen, as if he had a right to it.

SCENE XII.

LOVEGOLD, LAPPET.

Love. Oh, Lappet! what's the matter?

Lap. Oh, Sir! I am scarce able to tell you. It is spread about the town that you are married, and your wife's creditors are coming in whole flocks. There is one single debt for five thousand pounds, which an attorney is without to demand.

Love. Oh! Oh! let them cut my throat.

Lap. Think what an escape you have had; think if you had married her——

Love. I am as bad as married to her.

Lap. It is impossible, Sir; nothing can be so bad: what, you are to pay her ten thousand pounds!—Well ——and ten thousand pounds are a sum——they are a sum, I own it—they are a sum; but what is such a sum, compared with such a wife? Had you married her, in one week you would have been in a prison, Sir——

Love. If I am, I can keep my money; they can't take that from me.

Lap. Why, Sir, you will lose twice the value of your contract before you know how to turn yourself: and if you have no value for liberty, yet consider, Sir, such is the great goodness of our laws, that a prison is one of the dearest places you can live in.

Love. Ten thousand pounds!——No——I'll be hang'd, I'll be hang'd.

Lap. Suppose, Sir, it were possible, (not that I believe it is) but suppose it were possible to make her abate a little; suppose one could bring her to eight thousand——

Love. Eight thousand devils take her——

Lap. But, dear Sir, consider; nay, consider immediately; for every minute you lose, you lose a sum—— Let me beg you, intreat you, my dear good master, let me prevail on you not to be ruin'd. Be resolute, Sir; consider, every guinea you give saves a score.

Love. Well, if she will consent to, to, to eight hundred. But try, do, try if you can make her 'bate any thing of that——if you can——you shall have a twentieth part of what she 'bates for yourself.

Lap. Why, Sir, if I could get you off at eight thousand, you ought to leap out of your skin for joy.

Love. Would I were out of my skin——

Lap. You will have more reason to wish so when you are in the hands of bailiffs for your wife's debts——

Love. Why was I begotten! Why was I born! Why was I brought up! Why was I not knock'd o' th' head, before I knew the value of money?

Lap. [*Knocking without.*] So, so, more duns, I suppose——Go but into the kitchen, Sir, or the hall, and it will have a better effect on you than all I can say.

Love. What have I brought myself to! What shall I do! part with eight thousand pounds! Misery, destruction, beggary, prisons! But then on the other side are wife, ruin, chains, slavery, torment! I shall run distracted either way!

Lap. Ah! would we could once prove you so, you old covetous good-for-nothing.

SCENE XIII.

MARIANA, LAPPET.

Mar. Well, what success ?

Lap. It is impossible to tell; he is just gone into the kitchen, where if he is not frighten'd into our design, I shall begin to despair. They say, fear will make a coward brave ; but nothing can make him generous : the very fear of losing all he is worth, will scarce bring him to part with a penny.

Mar. And have you acquainted neither Frederick nor Harriet with my intentions ?

Lap. Neither, I assure you. Ah, Madam, had I not been able to have kept a secret, I had never brought about those affairs that I have. Were I not secret, lud have mercy upon many a virtuous woman's reputation in this town.

Mar. And don't you think I have kept my real intentions very secret ?

Lap. From every one but me, I believe you have. I assure you I knew them long before you sent for me this afternoon to discover them to me.

Mar. But could you bring him to no terms, no proposals ? Did he make no offer ?

Lap. It must be done all at once, and while you are by.

Mar. So you think he must see me, to give any thing to be rid of me.

Lap. Hush, hush, I hear him coming again.

SCENE XIV.

LOVEGOLD, LAPPET, MARIANA.

Love. I am undone! I am undone! I am eat up! I am devour'd! I have an army of cooks in my house.

Lap. Dear Madam, consider; I know eight thousand pounds are a trifle. I know they are nothing; my master can very well afford them; they will make no hole in his purse: and if you should stand out, you will get more.

Love. [*Putting his hand before* Lappet's *mouth.*] You lie, you lie, you lie, you lie, you lie. She never could get more, never should get more: it is more than I am worth; it is an immense sum; and I will be starv'd, drown'd, shot, hang'd, burnt, before I part with a penny of it.

Lap. For Heaven's sake, Sir, you will ruin all—— Madam, let me beg you, intreat you, to 'bate these two thousand pounds. Suppose a lawsuit should be the consequence, I know my master would be cast, I know it would cost him an immense sum of money, and that he would pay the charges of both in the end; but you might be kept out of it a long time. Eight thousand pounds now, are better than ten five years hence.

Mar. No; the satisfaction of my revenge on a man who basely departs from his word, will make me amends for the delay; and whatever I suffer, as long as I know his ruin will be the consequence, I shall be easy.

Love. Oh, bloody-minded wretch!

Lap. Why, Sir, since she insists on it, what does it signify? You know you are in her power, and it will be only throwing away more money to be compell'd to it

at last: get rid of her at once; what are two thousand pounds? Why, Sir, the Court of Chancery will eat it up for a breakfast. It has been given for a mistress, and will you not give it to be rid of a wife?

SCENE XV.

THOMAS, JAMES, MARIANA, LOVEGOLD, LAPPET.

[LOVEGOLD *and* LAPPET *talk apart.*]

Thomas. Madam, the music is come which your ladyship order'd; and most of the company will be here immediately.

James. Where will your ladyship be pleas'd the servants shall eat? for there is no room in the house that will be large enough to entertain 'em.

Mar. Then beat down the partition, and turn two rooms into one.

James. There is no service in the house proper for the dessert, Madam.

Mar. Send immediately to the great china-shop in the Strand for the finest that is there.

Love. How! and will you swear a robbery against her? that she has robb'd me of what I shall give her.

Lap. Depend on it, Sir.

Love. I'll break open a bureau, to make it look the more likely.

Lap. Do so, Sir; but lose no time: give it her this moment. Madam, my master has consented, and, if you have the contract, he is ready to pay the money. Be sure to break open the bureau, Sir.

Mar. Here is the contract.

Love. I'll fetch the money. It is all I am worth in the world.

SCENE XVI.

MARIANA, LAPPET.

Mar. Sure, he will never be brought to it yet.

Lap. I warrant him. But you are to pay dearer for it than you imagine; for I am to swear a robbery against you. What will you give me, Madam, to buy off my evidence?

Mar. And is it possible that the old rogue would consent to such a villainy!

Lap. Ay, Madam; for half that sum he would hang half the town. But, truly, I can never be made amends for all the pains I have taken on your account. Were I to receive a single guinea a lie for every one I have told this day, it would make me a pretty tolerable fortune. Ah! Madam, what a pity it is that a woman of my excellent talents should be confin'd to so low a sphere of life as I am! Had I been born a great lady, what a deal of good should I have done in the world!

SCENE XVII.

MARIANA, LAPPET, LOVEGOLD.

Love. Here, here they are—all in bank-notes—all the money I am worth in the world.——(I have sent for a constable; she must not go out of sight before we have her taken into custody.) [*Aside to* Lappet.

Lap. [*To* Lovegold.] You have done very wisely.

Mar. There, Sir, is your contract. And now, Sir, I have nothing to do but to make myself as easy as I can in my loss.

SCENE XVIII.

LOVEGOLD, FREDERICK, CLERMONT, MARIANA, LAPPET, HARRIET.

Love. Where is that you promis'd me? where is my treasure?

Cler. Here, Sir, is all the treasure I am worth. A treasure which the whole world's worth should not purchase.

Love. Give me the money, Sir, give me the money; I say give me the money you stole from me.

Cler. I understand you not.

Love. Did you not confess you robb'd me of my treasure?

Cler. This, Sir, is the inestimable treasure I meant! Your daughter, Sir, has this day blest me by making me her husband.

Love. How! Oh, wicked, vile wretch! to run away thus with a pitiful mean fellow, thy father's clerk!

Cler. Think not your family disgrac'd, Sir. I am at least your equal born; and though my fortune be not so large as for my dearest Harriet's sake I wish, still it is such as will put it out of your power to make us miserable.

Love. Oh! my money, my money, my money!

Fred. If this lady does not make you amends for the loss of your money, resign over all pretensions in her to me, and I will engage to get it restor'd to you.

Love. How, sirrah! are you a confederate? Have you help'd to rob me?

Fred. Softly, Sir, or you shall never see your guineas again.

Love. I resign her over to you entirely, and may you both starve together. So, go fetch my gold—

Mar. You are easily prevail'd upon, I see, to resign a right which you have not. But were I to resign over myself, it would hardly be the man's fortune to starve, whose wife brought him ten thousand pounds.

Love. Bear witness, she has confess'd she has the money; and I shall prove she stole it from me. She has broken open my bureau; Lappet is my evidence.

Lap. I hope I shall have all your pardons, and particularly yours, Madam, whom I have most injur'd.

Love. A fig for her pardon; you are doing a right action.

Lap. Then, if there was any robbery, you must have robb'd yourself. This lady can be only a receiver of stolen goods; for I saw you give her the money with your own hands.

Love. How! I! you! What! What!

Lap. And I must own it, with shame I must own it——that the money you gave her in exchange for the contract, I promis'd to swear she had stole from you.

Cler. Is it possible Mr. Lovegold could be capable of such an action as this?

Love. I am undone, undone, undone!

Fred. No, Sir, your three thousand guineas are safe yet! depend upon it, within an hour, you shall find them in the same place they were first deposited. I thought to have purchas'd a reprieve with them; but I find my fortune has of itself bestowed that on me.

Love. Give 'em me, give 'em me, this instant—but then the ten thousand, where are they?

Mar. Where they ought to be, in the hands of one who I think deserves them. [*Gives them to* Frederick.] You see, Sir, I had no design to the prejudice of your

family. Nay, I have prov'd the best friend you ever had; for, I presume, you are now thoroughly cur'd of your longing for a young wife.

Love. Sirrah, give me my notes, give me my notes.

Fred. You must excuse me, Sir; I can part with nothing I receive from this lady.

Love. Then I will go to law with that lady, and you, and all of you; for I will have them again, if law, or justice, or injustice, will give them me.

Cler. Be satisfied, Sir; I think the lady has acted nobly, in giving that back again into your family which she might have carried out of it.

Love. My family be hang'd; if I am robbed, I don't care who robs me. I would as soon hang my son as another——and I will hang him, if he does not restore me all I have lost: for I would not give half the sum to save the whole world—I will go and employ all the lawyers in town: for I will have my money again, or never sleep more.

Fred. I am resolv'd we will get the better of him now. But Oh, Mariana! your generosity is much greater in bestowing this sum than my happiness in receiving it. I am an unconscionable beggar, and shall never be satisfied while you have any thing to bestow.

Mar. Do you hear him——

Har. Yes, and begin to approve him—for your late behaviour has convinc'd me—

Mar. Dear girl, no more; you have frighten'd me already so much to-day, that rather than venture a second lecture, I would do whatever you wish'd—So, Sir, if I do bestow all on you, here is the lady you are to thank for it.

Har. Well, this I will say, when you do a good-natur'd thing, you have the prettiest way of doing it.

And now, Mariana, I am ready to ask your pardon for all I said to-day.

Mar. Dear Harriet, no apologies: all you said I deserv'd.

SCENE *the last.*

LAPPET, RAMILIE, FREDERICK, MARIANA, CLERMONT, HARRIET.

Lap. Treaties are going on, on both sides, while you and I seem forgotten.

Ramil. Why, have we not done them all the service we can? What farther have they to do with us?—Sir, there are some people in masquerading habits without.

Mar. Some I sent for to assist in my design on your father: I think we will give them admittance, though we have done without 'em.

All. Oh! by all means.

Fred. Mrs. Lappet, be assur'd I have a just sense of your favours; and both you and Ramilie shall find my gratitude.

[*Dance here.*]

Fred. Dear Clermont, be satisfied I shall make no peace with the old gentleman, in which you shall not be included. I hope my sister will prove a fortune equal to your great deserts.

Cler. While I am enabled to support her in an affluence equal to her desires I shall desire no more. From what I have seen lately, I think riches are rather to be fear'd than wish'd; at least, I am sure, avarice

which too often attends wealth, is a greater evil than any that is found in poverty. Misery is generally the end of all vice: but it is the very mark at which avarice seems to aim; the miser endeavours to be wretched.

> He hoards eternal cares within his purse;
> And what he wishes most, proves most his curse.

EPILOGUE:

WRITTEN BY COLLEY CIBBER, ESQ.; SPOKEN BY MISS RAFTOR.

Our Author's sure bewitch'd! The senseless rogue
Insists no good play wants an Epilogue.
Suppose that true, said I, what's that to this?
Is your's a good one?——No, but Molière's is,
He cry'd, and zounds! no Epilogue was tack'd to his.
Besides, your modern Epilogues, said he,
Are but ragouts of smut and ribaldry.
Where the false jests are dwindled to so few,
There's scarce one double entendre left that's new.
Nor would I in that lovely circle raise
One blush, to gain a thousand coxcombs' praise.
Then for the threadbare joke of cit and wit,
Whose foreknown rhyme is echo'd from the pit,
'Till of their laugh the galleries are bit.
Then to reproach the critics with ill-nature,
And charge their malice to his stinging satire:
And thence appealing to the nicer boxes,
Tho' talking stuff might dash the Drury doxies.
If these, he cry'd, the choice ingredients be
For epilogues, they shall have none for me.
Lord, Sir, says I, the gallery will so bawl;
Let 'em, he cry'd, a bad one's worse than none at all.
Madam, these things than you I'm more expert in
Nor do I see no Epilogue much hurt in,
Zounds! when the play is ended—Drop the curtain.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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